75¢
JULY

VOGUE

EDITORS' FORECAST

THE LOOK THAT PUTS YOU WAY AHEAD IN FASHION

YOUR HAIR
NEW WAYS TO WEAR IT LIKE A BEAUTY

SHIRTS AND TIES
HOW THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WEAR THEM

ISRAEL: A SPECIAL REPORT — THE PEOPLE, THE PLACES, THE FASHION, THE UNIQUE VITALITY



Seabirds (and shorebirds) adore "Blue Grass". Reef cool. Wave fresh. By Elizabeth Arden



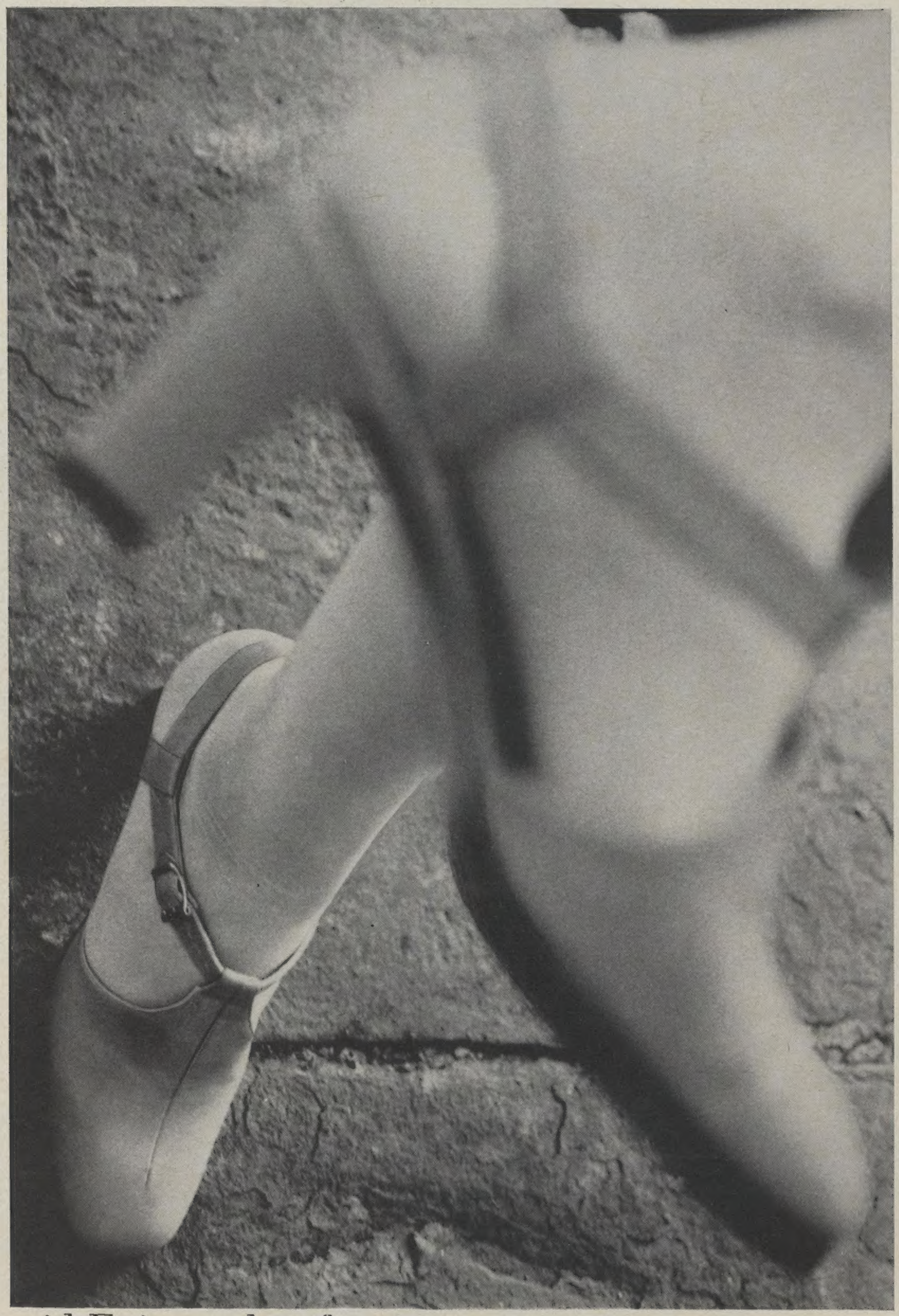
COPYRIGHT 1969

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The way to outshine is to glow. In glistening swirls of pink-blue-gold cuffed with mink, $160.



The woman with fashion on her mind



has David Evins at her feet.

I. Miller
at 734 Fifth Avenue

Also I. Miller Salons in Eastchester, N.Y.; Chicago; Boston; Baltimore; Washington; Palm Beach; Houston (Battelstein's); Cincinnati (Newbold's).

AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017
DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editor: ALLENE TALMEY
Art Director: PRISCILLA PECK
Managing Editor: ROSEMARY BLACKMON
Feature Editor: KATE LLOYD
Special Features Editor: MARGARET CASE
Associate Editor, Fashion: GRACE MIRABELLA
Fashion Editors:
BABS SIMPSON CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG CARRIE DONOVAN
POLLY ALLEN MELLEN ROBIN BUTLER
KEZIA KEEBLE HOVEY LINDA FRANKEL
KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics
JOYCE MACRAE Fabrics Associate
DOROTHEA MCKENNA Foundations, Lingerie, Children
KARIN-MARIA WINKELHORN Accessories
Beauty Editor: JESSICA CANNÉ
Special Projects Editor: GLORIA SCHIFF
Editor-at-Large: FRANÇOISE DE LANGLADE
Los Angeles Editor: ELEANORE PHILLIPS
Paris Editor: SUSAN TRAIN
ANNA-LENA FAUCONNIER Assistant
Rome Editor: CONSUELO CRESPI
Madrid Editor: ALINE ROMANONES
London Editor: PAMELA COLIN
Copy Editor: EDITH LOEW GROSS
Fashions in Living Editor: ALISON HARWOOD
Fashions in Travel Editor: DESPINA MESSINESI
Feature Associates:
MARY ROBLEE HENRY POLLY DEVLIN
Feature Researcher: SIMONA TUTEN
Fashion Copy: LYDIA MCCLEAN MARY KLEVE
JANE OGLE KAREN WEED SUSAN GREENSTEIN
Associate Beauty Editor: JEAN PIERSON
Men's Page Editor: CAMILLE DUHÉ
Contributing Editors: CECIL BEATON
MARY KRUMING DOROTHEA WALKER
SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
Administrative Coordinator: BETTY HOUSTON
Copy Executive: JEANNE BALLOT
Art Department:
EDMUND WINFIELD GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH MARION SACKETT
Administrative Assistants: GLADYS POHL
GLORIA GERSH Art FRANCES DECKER Features

Editorial Business Manager:
WILLIAM P. RAYNER

Publisher: S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
Associate Publisher: RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Marketing Director: RUTH MCCARTHY
Promotion Director: NADINE BERTIN STEARNS
Merchandising Director: EDIE BEESON SMITH
Fashion Projects Editor: BARBARA MCKIBBIN
Fashion Promotion Editor: JAYNE INGRAM
Special Projects Director: CAROL HARVEY
Promotion Art Director: ROBERT WALKER
Fashion Merchandising Editor: KATHERINE DOWNES
BEVERLY PURCELL
Fashion Credits: ROSAMOND BELT
Fabric Room: MAUREEN LIPPE SUZANNE GRACE
Public Relations Director: GLORIA LISTER
Advertising Director: ROBERT E. YOST
Advertising Sales Manager: JOHN RODNEY
Beauty-Cosmetics Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM D. LEAHON
Marketing Manager, Fibres and Fabrics:
CHARLES H. REINHARDT
Retail Manager: ANDREW MORGAN
Fashion Advertising Manager: ROBERT L. GROBERG

BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
Thomas J. Stewart, Mgr.
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
Cyril N. Kuhn, European Manager

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney
ITALIAN VOGUE
Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON GILBERT

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Chairman
PERRY L. RUSTON President
BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President
ROBERT J. LAPHAM Vice Pres.-Adv. Dr.
DANIEL SALEM Vice President (Overseas)
J. PAUL YOUNG Vice President-Circ. Dir.
FRED C. THORMANN Treasurer
MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary

JULY, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, Chairman
PERRY L. RUSTON, President
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director



COVER: The small wrapped head—one of the great new looks in fashion. Everything is neat and sleek and delicious—scarlet velvet cording over a bright purple scarf of crêpe-backed satin and the palest violet-sky chiffon. Head wrapped by Christophe Carita with Glentex scarfs. At Altman's. . . . The face, literally in Love: Love's Sunlit Moisture, a creamy-dreamy liquid with just a whisper of colour, starts it glowing. Then the sheerest topcoat of Sunlit Love's a Little Color. Cheeks polished a tawny-gold with Sunlit Loveshine; a bare shimmer of Love Sunlit Lovestick on the mouth. All by Menley & James. . . . Cover, photographed in Israel, by John Cowan.

FASHION

67 Vogue's Eye View: Fall Fashion Forecast
68 The way-ahead look—long, languorous lines in fur mufflers, fringed scarfs. Longer tunics. Longer jackets for suits and pants tailleurs. The long-jacket dinner suit, black crêpe to the ankle. Long, little covered evening dresses. The never-out-of-season short satin dress. The hugger-snugger dress. Belted coats, long and short. Wide coats. Caped coats. The perfect brown Melton cape. Wrapped furs and the small wrapped head. Young-Napoleon hair; new coifs that curve. Chrome jewellery; brass on leather. Great evening poncho.
100 Vogue Patterns: Satin for day and evening
116 New Fashion Manna from Israel, worn by Daliah Lavi
128 Shoe-and-stocking news: The Decorated Leg, photographed in Israel
142 The Beautiful People in Shirts and Ties
148 Yves's Other Eden—Saint Laurent at his Marrakech house, in clothes from his first ready-to-wear collection for men
152 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

24 The Films of Alain Resnais. By Frederic Tuten
102 People Are Talking About . . . Nicol Williamson
104 Isadora, Really. By Sir Francis Rose
106 Israel Onrush: Its Surprises, Pleasures, and People. By Anne Chamberlin

FASHIONS IN LIVING

63 Vogue's Decorating Finds and Ideas

BEAUTY

6 Beauty Checkout: Hair—one woman's wig wardrobe; the Napoleon
10 Beauty Checkout: The easy streak, how to do it
27 Vogue's Ready Beauty
136 Beauty Bulletin: The pretty girl is back—her ways and means
140 Beauty Bulletin: The great sauna plot—who, when, where, and how much; facts, fancies, figures

DEPARTMENTS

46 Vogue's Notebook: Ball in New York
48 Vogue's Notebook: Art Evening in Washington
50 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Elizabeth Hardwick
52 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
54 Vogue's Spotlight: Art. By Barbara Rose
56 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Margot Hentoff
58 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Ann Birstein
65 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
158 Vogue's Fashions in Travel: Israel. By Anne Chamberlin
164 Vogue's Travelog
166 Vogue's School Directory

Vol. 154, No. 1, Whole No. 3021

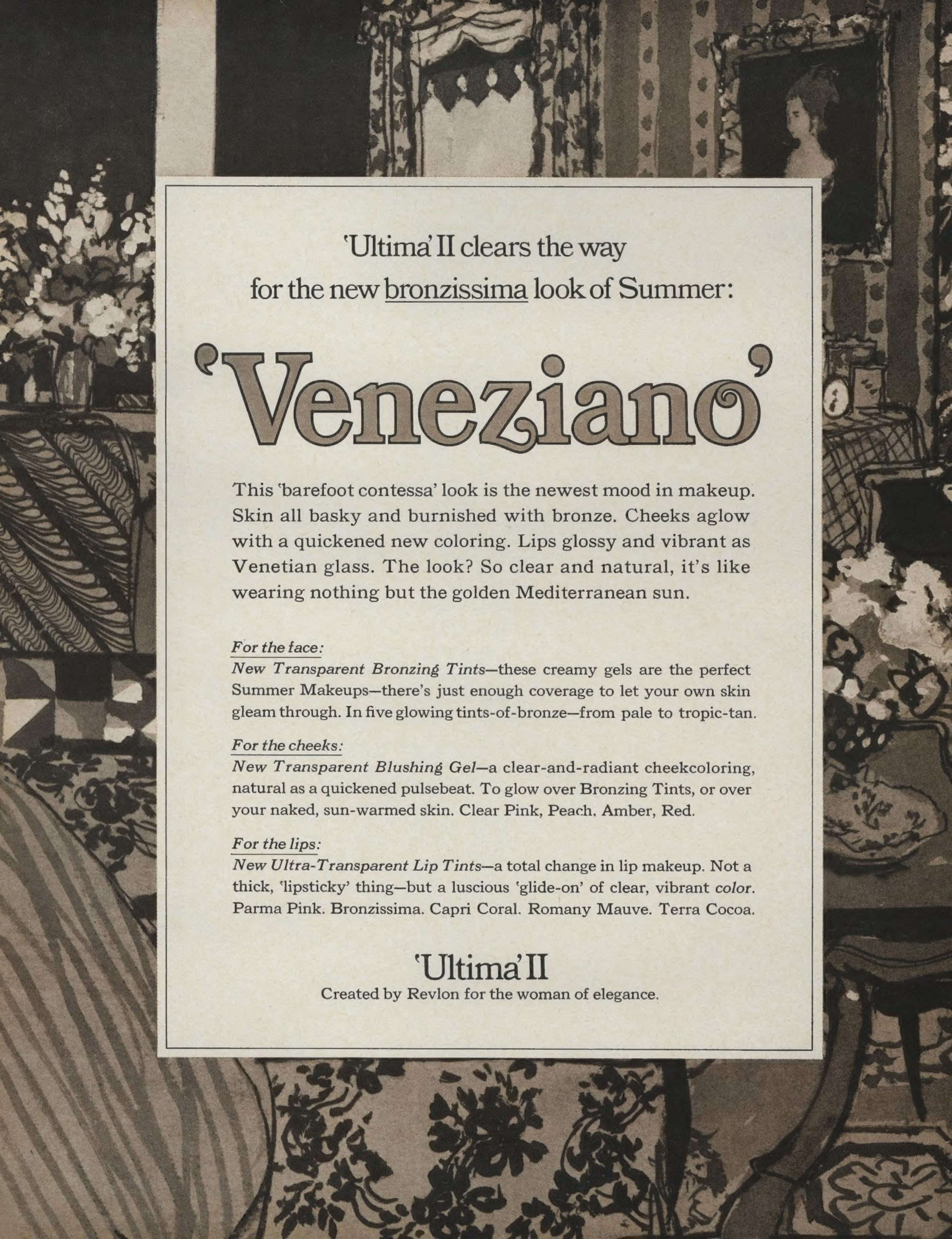
Copyright © 1969 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 2201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 2201, Boulder, Colorado 80302







'Ultima' II clears the way
for the new bronzissima look of Summer:

'Veneziano'

This 'barefoot contessa' look is the newest mood in makeup. Skin all basky and burnished with bronze. Cheeks aglow with a quickened new coloring. Lips glossy and vibrant as Venetian glass. The look? So clear and natural, it's like wearing nothing but the golden Mediterranean sun.

For the face:
New Transparent Bronzing Tints—these creamy gels are the perfect Summer Makeups—there's just enough coverage to let your own skin gleam through. In five glowing tints-of-bronze—from pale to tropic-tan.

For the cheeks:
New Transparent Blushing Gel—a clear-and-radiant cheekcoloring, natural as a quickened pulsebeat. To glow over Bronzing Tints, or over your naked, sun-warmed skin. Clear Pink, Peach, Amber, Red.

For the lips:
New Ultra-Transparent Lip Tints—a total change in lip makeup. Not a thick, 'lipsticky' thing—but a luscious 'glide-on' of clear, vibrant *color*. Parma Pink. Bronzissima. Capri Coral. Romany Mauve. Terra Cocoa.

'Ultima' II
Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

THE ART OF

Justin McCarty



The tunic look is everywhere . . . nowhere more complete than Justin McCarty. Two parts, the image of three plus ascot, double knit of Dacron® polyester and wool. Blue or gold with winter white. Sizes 10 to 18. About $55. JUSTIN McCARTY, a division of Parkland of Dallas, 429 Second Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75226.

HYTKEN'S . . . . . *Louisville, Ky.*
DANA'S. . . . . *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

July

One woman's ten ways with somebody else's hair

Seen as often in Paris and Portugal as she is in New York, the stunning, Brazilian-born Mrs. Graham Mattison is as witty with her wigs as she is with her enchantingly-accented conversation. Not that there's anything wrong with her own thick, short, jet-black hair, which she keeps as sleek as onyx by washing every three days with a fresh egg shampoo or coconut soap, shines with a little lanolin. It's just that she feels one head of hair, one coif, can't possibly make the grade through a day that often involves getting off a plane in the morning, luncheon on a patio, swimming and post-swimming revelry, a cocktail here, a gala there. She is, in consequence, an avid hairpiece collector (each trip to Carita tempts her to order yet another), and wherever Mrs. Mattison goes at least ten favourites, listed below, go, too. Each labelled to tell which piece needs to go to the hairdresser, which to be curled, which to be cleaned, and when. Basic of this quick-change wardrobe: a mini-wig that's a ringer for her own hair, keeps her impeccably bailed out through the swimming summer. Newest: the long wavy switch she loves to twine with flowers. Much thought goes into the wearing and on one point she is quite firm: you can't wear long hair *and* heavily embroidered tops, the hair catches. Once things like necklines, skirt proportions, and jewellery are established, it's this switch or that postiche or a combination of several applied with an enviable expertise. No wonder Perla Mattison is seldom caught at dinner with the same coif she sported at noon. . . . Here's her current hairpiece inventory:

1. *Mini-wig*—for day, exactly the length of her own hair.
2. *Short half-wig*—brushed curls, her "little lioness."
3. *Longer half-wig*—uncurled, sleek.
4. *Long fall*—for gala occasions.
5. *Small Cadogan*—a curled-under ponytail she adds to her own hair.
6. *Thick braid*—goes on top of wig for elaborate coif.
7. *Huge bow of hair*—for top or back of wig.
8. *Long wavy switch*—to flow down her back.
9. *Skinny braids*—to tie, band, loop.
10. *Small curl clusters*—for variety.

Napoleon had the knack

He also had Josephine, most of Europe, and what an indisputable authority tells us was the swinging haircut of the 1790's. A casually flicked-around-the-face look which is the current inspiration for hairdoers, hair makers, on both sides of the Atlantic. What's rakish about it: the soft, wind-riffled tousle over the forehead, lengths at once ear-tip and nape-of-neck (see his, right; our wiggy version on page 70). Not the first time the distaff side of the family has taken male ideas onto their own heads, but possibly one of the most amusing. . . . Exponents of other enchanting, breezy little looks on these shores: Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel, who rounds a cut to the face, curves it from forehead to collarbone, and Alfredo of Alfredo and John, who cuts a small-boy shape, close to head and neck. . . . A haircut wasn't on your July agenda? Both Paul and Alfredo will make you a wig. Of the marvellous little stretchy summertime wigs extant, Lisa's Shag (a small, pull-on, toss-off, self-minding travelling companion) and Joseph Fleischer's Sport Wig (a short fall on a wide encircling band that swoops up and holds down hair), belong to the new breed of *after* bathing caps. . . .



PHOTO FROM THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

(More Beauty Checkout, page 10)



ours, only ours, this p.m. pantdress flying panels and wearing the fashion world's newest label... Estévez for Neal

JACK COWLEY

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX

NEIMAN-MARCUS



Max Factor introduces new Peak-a-Boo Lashes to give you that wide-eyed look of innocence

(Whether you are or not)



Finally, spike-y upper and lower lashes so innocent-looking it's almost wicked. We did it by grouping very long lashes with very short ones into natural peaks. Top and bottom, you get a feathery fringe that looks like nature grew it. Each goes on in a wink. Stays secure. Feels natural. Colors are natural, too. Undyed black or brown. Like your own. So, when he wonders if your look of innocence is for real, tell him yes. After all, only your innocent-looking lashes are a put-on.



Peak-a-Boo Lashes only by Max Factor

"For the woman who wants to look younger—

IS FACE-LIFTING THE ONLY ANSWER?"



IRMA SHORELL

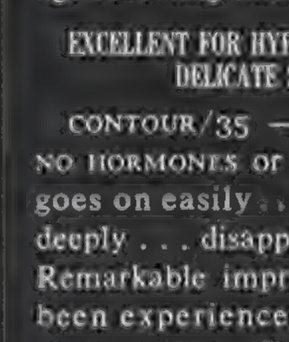
For the last 30 years women have felt that Cosmetic Plastic Surgery was the only way to really improve the mature skin of face and neck. For some it still is—but today tens of thousands have been prescribed CONTOUR/35 to retain or regain a youthful appearance to old-looking skin.

CONTOUR/35 has been responsible for the vibrant, youthful-looking skin of the world's most famous and attractive women. In the short space of 21 days they saw their contours tightened, face and neck firmed, color and tone dramatically improved and age-revealing lines erased.

EXCELLENT FOR HYPER-SENSITIVE, DELICATE SKIN

CONTOUR/35 — containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS — goes on easily . . . penetrates deeply . . . disappears quickly. Remarkable improvement has been experienced by almost every woman who applied my creme nightly as directed — it rolled back the years to a younger, firmer skin.

CONTOUR/35 is now regarded as the most effective and beneficial single creme in the world to restore a youthful appearance to over-35 skin. Start today — and see for yourself.



Irma Shorell

Write or phone

HENRI BENDEL, New York
REGENSTEIN'S, Atlanta
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit
FROST BROS., San Antonio
NEUSTETERS, Colorado
ROBINSON'S, California
NORDSTROM BEST, Seattle, Portland

© IRMA SHORELL, INC., N.Y.C.

July

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



BERRY BERENSON

Streaks on easy street

Streaking. That soft, delicious highlighting drifting through your hair. Immensely feminine, romantic, and what's more very easy on the eye. Not so easy to acquire (it takes 1 to 3 hours of bleaching time) and then, of course, you're stuck with them. . . . Not any more. Newest streaks here, the brainwave of Ara Gallant, are very easy to take. You simply buy them, twenty to the packet, and glue them in—one, two or all twenty—with a specially strengthy, easily brushed out glue that's provided, too. The bliss of them stems from their simplicity—they need no care, just keep them wound round the roll they come on to maintain their springy shape. The fun is their flexibility. Cut them any length from the basic sixteen-inches-when-straight. Current colours to choose are pale or golden blond, light brown, and russet. (You'll need to buy a packet of each if you want to whip up your own lightening mix.) A mix you can wear today, drop back in the drawer tomorrow. . . . Can you tell a woman by her streaks any more? From Bob Kelly, 151 W. 46th St., N. Y.

Glueing in the Gallant streak

Take a quarter-inch section of your hair. Glue to it the half-inch-wide streak, close to the scalp. Less than luxuriant hair takes them half an inch from hairline. Fasten with metal clip, leave 5 minutes. Remove clip, brush streak into hair, holding the base. Just brush out when you decide to change your stripes. . . .

The eloquence of the Jadoli look
speaks for itself. Superbly constructed. Shaped for
you, the fashion individual. Pure worsted wool
plaid. Entirely hand-stitched. At fine stores everywhere.

Jadoli
OF ISRAEL





THE FOUR SEAS OF ISRAEL

Man springs from the sea, and has never lost his love for it. Israel is blessed with four outstanding resort areas on each of her four seas. All have a year-round pleasant climate and modern hotel accommodations.

THE RED SEA (right) enjoys continuous sunshine all year. Swim from a coral beach overlooked by granite mountains or spy on tropical fish from a glass-bottomed boat. Visit Eilat, Israel's Red Sea port, where the Queen of Sheba landed on her way to Jerusalem, and see the copper mines worked by King Solomon.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA: spectacular view (top, left) of Israel's coastline from the Shalom Tower, Tel Aviv. The shore is studded with attractive resorts and historic sites —like Acre, once unsuccessfully attacked by Napoleon, and Caesarea, where an 18-hole golf course has been built on silt accumulated over the ancient Roman city.

THE DEAD SEA (left, middle), the earth's lowest point and its safest swimming pool. You cannot sink because of the high salt content of the water. Float among salt-encrusted trees, visit the local mineral spa of Ein Bokek or mail a letter stamped with the name of a nearby post-office—Sodom (of Sodom and Gomorrah).

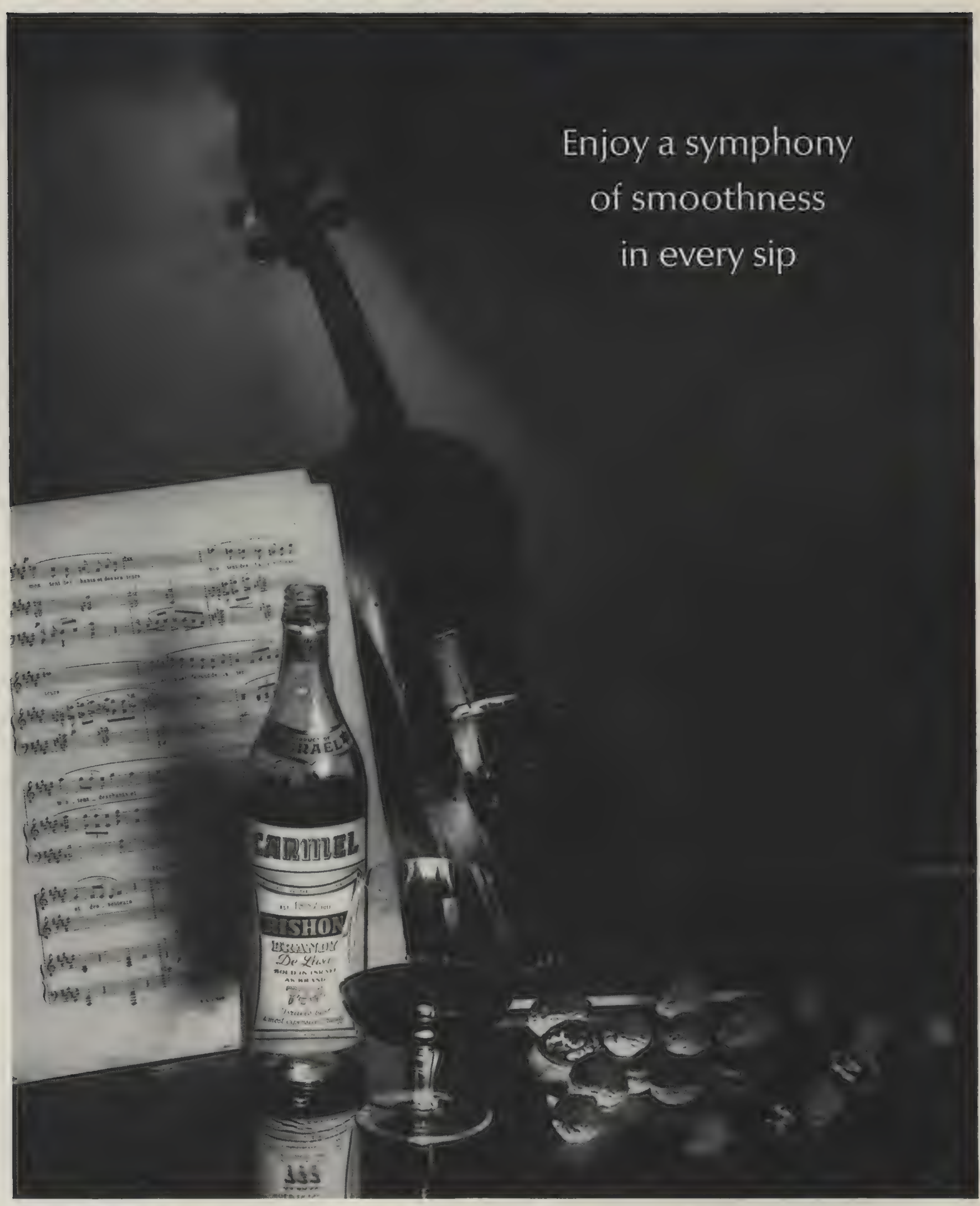
THE SEA OF GALILEE (left, bottom) sacred to Christians, is a fresh water lake edged with eucalyptus trees. Excellent swimming, water-skiing boating. A local gourmet specialty is deep-fried St. Peter's fish. The round tower by the lake was built by the Turks to protect the city of Tiberias. Visit the medicinal spas in use since Roman times which ring the lake.

ישראל
ISRAEL

For further information, contact the Israel Government Tourist Office, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036. Also: Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Boston, Montreal.

(Advertisement)





from the maestros who have been producing fine brandy since 1882

The CARMEL Family also includes Rose of Carmel, Hock, Avdat Red and White Deluxe Wine,
The President's Sparkling Wine (Champagne), Chateau Richon Vin Blanc and Adom Atic (Red Burgundy)

CARMEL

DESERT SCENE FROM FRONTISPIECE "THE ISRAEL I LOVE", TUDOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.





ISRAEL

a great new State with a "Sportswear" point of view

You'd expect a nation that makes deserts bloom to take leadership in sportswear. Israeli designed clothes have silhouettes candid and uncluttered, rich in color and inventive motifs. A land of sea and sky, mountain and desert, and incredibly beautiful women, Israel has produced a collection of important new fashions that capture the vital, international tempo of today. Israel is amazing. These clothes are delightful. Discover it all now, at Altman's.

B Altman & Co

Her sweater: multi-ply cashmere turtle; white, navy, gold, black, green, grey, beige, maroon or orange, 34 to 40. By Lena. 26.00. Third floor. His sweater: lambswool and cashmere mock turtle; beige with white and navy, grey with navy and maroon, grenoble blue with white and gold, s-m-l-xl. By Lena. 16.00. Main floor.

ISRAEL



Turtle neck maillot;
pink and white, or navy and white.
Nylon, 8 to 14. By Gottex. 26.00.
B. Altman & Co., Beach Shop,
third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

Opposite page,
featured: paint brush plaid leather skirt;
topaz green, 100.00.
Leather vest; topaz green, 70.00.
Above: paint brush plaid leather pants;
topaz green and white, 95.00.
Leather vest; off white, 90.00.
All, 8 to 14. By Beged-Or.
Design Sportswear III, Fifth Avenue store.



ISRAEL

Featured: double breasted trench coat;
deep wine or tortoise brown.
Below: single breasted trench coat;
olive or tortoise brown.
Each, wet look vinyl coated calfskin,
8 to 14. By Jadoli. 180.00.
B. Altman & Co., Sports Coats, third floor,
Fifth Avenue, and branches.





Featured: matching smock dress,
95.00 and pants, 40.00.
Above: wool knit shirt dress,
white with red embroidery, 90.00.
All, 8 to 14. By Dorina.
B. Altman & Co., Knit Shop, third floor,
Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

Yemenite jewelry from
our beautiful collection
on the main floor.

Meet the Quiet Fantastic

(the more you look at it,
the more you see)



aled
OF ISRAEL

Take a good look at an Aled knit. From any angle. Notice all the special little extras. The uncompromising details. Israel's largest knitwear-maker believes a woman should be spectacular in a subtle way. Don't you? Shown: dress with lined jacket in black and white checked wool with touches of red. Size 8-20. $215.

ALED KNIT COUTURE, 811 Madison Avenue, New York City; BOSTON STORE DRY GOODS, Ft. Smith, Ark.; CLEOPATRA'S LADIES APPAREL, at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.; FANTASIA SHOPS INC., Camelback, Phoenix, Ariz.; GREENWICH VILLAGE SHOP INC., Indianapolis, Ind.; THE HOWARD CO., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; MARION's 335 E. Shields, Fresno, Calif.; THE NEBRASKA, Omaha, Nebraska; ELIZABETH NOBLE, 9002 Melrose, Los Angeles, Calif.; ROWENA, Palm Springs, Calif.; SAGE ALLEN CO., Hartford, Conn.; ESTHER WOLF, Houston, Texas.



Bloomingdale's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles and other fine stores.

Photo by Dick Richards.

Have we got a nice Jewish boy for you!

But remember—our boys are men.

They are "sabras," named for our cactus: Hard outside, sweet inside.

You'll get a free sample of our people when you come to Israel on an EL AL jet.

Our men know our land.

Every Israeli you meet learned his history and geography from the Bible. (And probably wrote a bit of history himself.)

They are not just quaint, simple natives.

They are artists and archeologists, historians and humorists, scientists and soldiers, pilots and pioneers.

They can show you where Samson loved Delilah yesterday, and where a new city will be born tomorrow.

This summer, you'll have 22 chances a week to meet a nice Jewish boy. (There are 22 EL AL flights a week from New York to Tel Aviv, including 11 non-stop.)

Our men are easy to talk with, good to fly with and the eligible ones are hard to catch.

But you're welcome to try.

The Airline of Israel

For more information contact your travel agent or EL AL Israel Airlines.
610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, Mexico City, Miami Beach, Montreal, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.





THE FILMS OF ALAIN RESNAIS

"The sensibility of a Camus with the vision of a Proust"

By Frederic Tuten

The Alain Resnais retrospective recently held at The Museum of Modern Art in New York was a wholly successful event, more satisfying and important than it would have been had it presented only Resnais's films. The retrospective, organized by Richard Roud, set Resnais's work in the context of films by Resnais's "group," Agnès Varda, Chris Marker, and Alain Robbe-Grillet, as well as films that Resnais had openly acknowledged as influences on his own work, including Jean Renoir's masterpiece *Rules of the Game* (1939) and Louis Feuillade's eight-hour *Barrabas* (1919), one of several of Feuillade's extraordinary silent-screen thrillers to have enchanted Resnais.

The treatment of influences on Resnais was no mere academic exercise but illuminated the work of all these directors by simply letting the films speak for themselves. Feuillade's *Barrabas,* for instance, must have left an impression on Resnais on a level deeper than the technical, although one can see that Feuillade's attempt to project a character's thoughts through images closely resembles Resnais's method of creating simultaneity of idea and image in the minds of his characters. Feuillade's films must have permeated Resnais's deepest level of dream and fantasy, for these films resound in the pre-critical childhood self: secret criminal organizations, arch criminals, kidnappings, escapes—the whole latently erotic world of dark tunnels, secret passages, and molested heroines. Are these recognizable elements in Resnais's films? Perhaps in the theme of pursuit and in the imagery of corridors, but who can say precisely what Resnais meant when he called Feuillade his god?

Perhaps Jean Renoir's rôle is more explicit. Resnais's *Last Year at Marienbad* (1961) seems a Minimal *Rules of the Game;* elements of both are similar: the love triangle, the woman in flight from a pursuing lover, life among the elegant rich, the play within the play, a château-like hotel in *Marienbad* and a hotel-like château in *Rules of the Game,* and the recurring images of corridors and staircases. Naturally, what Resnais left out of *Marienbad* was Renoir's overt social concerns: Renoir was describing a class, Resnais was defining a visual style.

An issue raised obliquely by the inclusion of Robbe-Grillet's film *Trans-Europ Express* (1967) in the retrospective was the nature of Resnais's relationship to his film scripts. Some critics have claimed that Resnais was fortunate in having such excellent writers as Marguerite Duras (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour,* 1959) and Robbe-Grillet (*Marienbad*) to provide scripts for him and that Resnais did little to transcend basically splendid material. It is interesting to compare the film Robbe-Grillet both wrote and directed, *Trans-Europ Express,* with *Marienbad.* Ostensibly an international crime thriller, *Trans-Europ Express* is a superficial and gimmicky treatment of the themes of time and reality, thickly larded with irrelevant, erotic, sado-bondage sex scenes. The point is that while Robbe-Grillet's mediocre directing did nothing to salvage his inferior script, *Marienbad* remains an extraordinary film for Resnais's orchestration of the purely visual elements alone. Resnais's value as an artist does not lie in his ability simply to animate plots but, as in his best films, to elevate the plot to the level of his style.

It may be presumptuous to speak of Resnais's style as if it were fixed into a convention, especially (Continued on page 26)

Sabra



PHOTOGRAPHED IN JAFFA, ISRAEL • BY A. BERGER

...born in this
land, coloured to be seen
against the stones of the
Old City.

Sabra... spirited, alive,
warm with the promise of
this new day.
Here is the elegance of
a master shoemaker
who loves his craft:

Sabra... a fashion look
anywhere,
a wonderful feeling!

◆
◆
◆

Made in Israel for stores of quality, beginning at about thirty dollars. Write, we'll tell you where you can start your fashion adventure.

SABRA SHOE CO. INC. • 350 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001



The Films of Alain Resnais

(Continued from page 24)

since Resnais has made only five feature films (the most recent, *Je t'aime, je t'aime,* 1968, has not yet been shown in the United States) and several thirty-five-millimetre shorts, but there are cohesive elements in Resnais's work. The early shorts show his method and the major themes of the feature films—his concern with broad social issues, time, and how memory negotiates time, his preoccupation with innovation in editing and in creating a visual vocabulary to coordinate with and express his themes.

Night and Fog (1955), a documentary on the Nazi extermination camps, exhorts us, for the sake of preventing future inhumanities, not to let our memory of what occurred there fade. Except for *Marienbad,* Resnais's major films all deal with the disasters of the modern age—the Spanish Civil War, Hiroshima, the Algerian War. Resnais does not polemically rake these events through the films but merges the personal concerns of his characters into the larger social context. The actress who comes to Hiroshima to make a film understands the suffering of that city's atomic cataclysm through a love affair with a Japanese architect. In *Muriel* (1963), the Algerian War nightmare is epitomized in the guilt and anguish of a young soldier who had participated in the torture of an Algerian girl. Resnais acts as a conscience on an individual and on the collective memory prone to amnesia.

In its tone, imagery, and visual treatment, *All the Memory of the World* (1956), a film about the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, is a miniature precursor of *Marienbad,* and one of the most fascinating shorts ever made. Resnais takes a potentially dreary subject—how a library gathers, catalogues, and files books—and makes it a mystery of time and space. The camera tracks along stacks and galleries, glides through corridors of books, rises up elevator shafts, backtracks and recedes along book-lined passages, creating a psychological and physical sensation of a continuous band of infinity and timelessness.

Eight years have passed since *Marienbad* stirred the film world. What then may have seemed incomprehensible, a mystification, today is invested with a classical repose and accessibility. After all the questions are asked (When does the story take place? Is the viewer witness to the memory or the fantasy of love?) there remains, as in *All the Memory of the World,* a pure cinema of forms in a geometry of time and space. This kind of abstract cinema has its limits, but in *Marienbad* Resnais has brought it to perfection.

Muriel has a greater balance of ideas and form and shows a greater concern for the psychology of character than any other of Resnais's films. In the almost soap opera story of a frazzled middle-aged woman dabbling with love, Resnais suggests the decline of a class killed by nostalgia and lies. *Muriel* is to the French bourgeoisie what *Rules of the Game* is to the French aristocracy.

In many ways Resnais is in a unique position in contemporary cinema. The enormous impact made by his films eight, ten years ago has diminished. His formal innovations, still valid today, seem less radical now than they did then. Indeed, compared to Godard, who tortures the film medium in hopes of making it speak a new language, Resnais's experiments to redefine and extend the cinema vocabulary seem tame. Then, too, Resnais has not engaged in the sexual brinksmanship played by so many directors —no perversions, no Kama Sutra sideshows—nor have his thematic concerns kept abreast of fashion: He has no cult of radical youth (his characters are mostly educated, middle-aged middle class); no existentialist or metaphysical despair (his characters suffer from human not cosmological disaster). Resnais's is a mature cinema, humanistic, ethical, engagé but skeptical, a cinema in search of moral and aesthetic order. His is the sensibility of a Camus with the vision of a Proust.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Deep breathing is good for you

Deep breathing is enhancing for your image, splendid for your disposition, and heaven on wheels for your amour propre. You understand, of course, that someone else has to be doing the breathing—a man, in brief, who can not be near you without dousing his nose in your hair and murmuring brokenly that you smell like moonlight on a field of heady poppies. No need to tell him you're saturated with Revlon's insidious Ultima unless you want him to rush out and buy you some more. In which case, it's good to know that there are two new sniffables: Spray Bath Powder, which swooshes refreshingly from its aerosol container, and a generous, splashworthy Eau de Parfum. These, as well as all the other Ultima-drenched lotions, soaps, and scents, are radiantly repackaged for summer in brilliant yellow.

Cream passionnel

There is nothing to compare with a nice, wholesome orgy to leave a girl looking her best. Not a bacchanalia, of course, (all those grapes play havoc on the digestive tract, and staying up all night makes for hammocks under the eyes). No, what we had in mind was getting into bed early with a gorgeously trashy novel, a bowl of boysenberry sherbet, and a faceful of Formule Bio-Nutrene, which costs a sinful hundred and twenty dollars for the new sixteen-ounce size. It is oozing with nutrients, humectants, and all those other marve's that make us know we will wake up the next morning looking like a ripe peach. Michel, who makes Bio-Nutrene, has even incorporated into the fabulous Formule an anti-blemish ingredient that apparently slaves while you sleep. It should be noted that the extravagant super-jar is made of porcelain and frolicking with cupids.

How did the mink get its mink coat?

Never mind the old joke about how the mink got its coat. It *got* it, and thank goodness (however little goodness had to do with it). One can't help but think that mink's lustre must shine all the brighter for the splendid oils within it. That's the idea behind Jovan's new Mink & Pearls bath oil. On the theory that some oils just slick the surface and mink oil burrows deeper, the bath oil is a companion to the original Mink & Pearls—lightly-perfumed essence of mink oil encapsulated in pseudo pearls. Tossed recklessly in the tub, the pearls unleash their precious cargo to enchant the skin and brighten the morale of Beautiful Bathers. But where did that leave the Shower People? Sulky. Until the golden liquid bath oil came along in a bottle for silkening up pre-shower skin before it takes the plunge. . . . Everybody now can wear a mink coat under water. (More Ready Beauty, page 44)

Rediscovery of ancient secrets



Perfumes

Bat-Sheba

JUDITH MULLER

ISRAEL

PARFUM PARFUM TOILETTE EAU DE TOILETTE

EXOTIC ORIENTAL The perfume for special occasions... the lingering, exciting, sophisticated scent.

WOODY MODERN The caress of Spring... fresh, young and vibrant.

Each bottle *Hand-Painted.*



First-hand report: The next great look for nails.

'The Goldspun Nailfrosts'

by Revlon

A whole new kind of nailfrost. Gold-dusted palefrost! 3 little 'softling pastels'—spun through and through with a powdering of palest gold. Doesn't it pan out beautifully? It's a soft (unflashy) look you'll adore—even if you've been anti-frosted before. Dig the colors: a precious-little peach...a hand-carved ivory... and a pale, pinky-fingered pink.



These delicate little goldspuns wear like iron. And they're practically mistake-proof—not a mean 'streak' in them! (You could almost put them on with your hands behind your back.) Isn't that nice?

GOLDSPUN PINK! GOLDSPUN PEACH! GOLDSPUN IVORY!

From the complete collection of Crystalline Nail Enamels by Revlon. There are 35, in all.

© REVLON 1969

The see-through leg.



actionwear

Actionwear by Monsanto

To go with the rest of you.



they do a lot more than fit.

Dress by Bill Blass

A young girl's hair needs Gentle Care to keep it soft and shining.



Gentle Care is a truly fabulous hair conditioner.
Because in just one minute, it can turn damaged hair into soft, silky, shining hair.
Hair that's bright, alive, and like satin to touch.
Hair that glows with youth, swings, glints, gleams.
Romantic hair. Fantastically fast. With Gentle Care.

Gentle Care® instant hair conditioner

© Wella Corp. 1968

Clothes designed by Catherine Capriotti available at I. Miller General Store departments.



can you live up to I. Miller shoes?



Knitted manna from Israel



Wonderful, wearable, smash-dashy knits . . . all from Israel . . . all photographed against the green hills of Galilee, on the road to Tiberias. . . .
More fashion manna from Israel, beginning on page 116.
Parade white, above—a long side-slit jersey tunic with tiny gilt buttons lined up to a gold-braided collar . . . white pants side-striped in gold braid. By Elanit, of wool and Lurex. About $90. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Napier armbands. Flemming belt.
A little dazzle for a nifty little black shirtdress, above left—outlines of gold, golden studs, a zipped-up front, and wide shiny belt. By Galia, of wool and Lurex. About $80. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Juliano scarf. Sandor Goldberger rings. Sant' Angelo belt.
The elongated tunic, left—cabled ribs of white mohair-and-wool stretching almost to the knee, buttoned up in black and double-belted here over a long-sleeved black turtleneck, straight black pants. Tunic by Elmo. About $45. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida.
Odyssey scarf. Latinas bag. Belts by Elegant. All coiffures by Carita.

VOGUE, July, 196

JOHN COWAN

Our original concept was to go all mood relying
on the super cool of the status model.

We thought of tripping to Alaska and taking the
shot on an ice floe at sunny midnight.

There was the possibility of inducing a leading literary light
to elucidate upon the
numerous merits of our superlative foot apparel.



Then we saw.
Mademoiselle shoes speak for themselves.

Mademoiselle Shoes / 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10001



Koscot started a lovely revolution

Fresh. Exciting. A whole new thing. That's Koscot's revolutionary new line of kosmetics. They're enriched with a rare beautifying emollient — natural, moistening oil of mink. Koscot's exclusive oil of mink formulations are rapidly absorbed. They complement the youthful oils that keep your skin soft and smooth. When you feel beautiful, you radiate your own special feminine mystique. So try Koscot kosmetics today and you'll join the lovely revolution. Available now through Beauty Advisors, House of Koscot Beautiques, and other select locations.

For the name of your local Koscot Beauty Advisor write to: Koscot Interplanetary, Inc., Dept. V, 350 Wymore Road, Winter Park, Florida 32789



Interplanetary Koscot Incorporated



BLUE CHIP KNITS

Rich textured doubleknits in Encron® polyester pay fabulous dividends now thru fall. Midas-touch colors: Royal Purple, Banknote Green, Ruby Red, Blue Chip Blue, Bonus Black. Sizes 12½-24½. Each about 26.00. Slightly higher in the West. At these

Lady Laura

stores and their branches and other fine stores: L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Downtown and La Habra; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Rich's, Atlanta. Or write R. & M. Kaufmann, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 10018

ANDREW GELLER SHOES

'ENCRON IS A REG. T.M. OF AMERICAN ENKA CORP

To call it
luxurious
would be an
understatement.





7 FULL COLOR BROCHURES, ONLY 50¢ Portfolio contains individual brochures on the UltraBath, Spectra 70 Bath Group, Bathroom Modernization, Bathroom New Construction, Hydronic Heating, Central Air Conditioning and a Kitchen Planner & Problem Solver. Mail 50¢ and this coupon to:
American-Standard, 40 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

I am interested in modernizing my ☐ bathroom ☐ kitchen ☐ heating system; ☐ installing air conditioning. I am interested in ☐ building a new home ☐ buying a new home.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

American-Standard

The Ult

This is it. The UltraBath*. Fabulously fem
conveniences you've ever dreamed of. And mo
a bath. It's the most lavishly elegant bathing a
Control Console, Bathing Pool—all design
subtly sensational in Bone. The fabulous ne
bathroom color you can live with now
forever. The UltraBath. Now you know how i
feels to be really cherished.



The ultra luxury of Stereo* Showerheads top off the Shower Tower* column. The low shower leaves your hair high and dry and out of the water between visits to your hairdresser. The high one's for head-to-toe showering. Or use both in concert for the world's most glorious shower.



The ultra convenience of automatic controls. Flick a lever on the Control Console* panel and the water mixes automatically to the pre-set temperature you select. Another control shuts the water off at your own pre-selected depth even when you're not in the room.

The ultra-relaxing whirlpool attachment turns the UltraBath into a tension-dissolving whirlpool. The spacious oval design of the pool, "contour" back and comfortable beveled rim are other luxury features that make bathing utter bliss.



creates

raBath

ale. With all the luxuries, all the personal
re. Because the UltraBath is more than
d showering center ever! Shower Tower,
ed to pamper you. To protect you. All
w
and AMERICAN STANDARD



The ultra-safe Stan-Sure* surface
not only forms a beautiful sunburst pattern on the bottom of the Bathing Pool*, it makes it 4 times safer than regular bathtubs.



Hide-away* Rinsing Spray.
Great for rinsing down you or the pool. Tucks away neatly inside its own private storage cabinet in the Shower Tower.



Matching Ultra* Lavatory
complements the UltraBath in both its graceful oval design and subtle Bone color. Unique Ultra Font* faucet directs the water up and out in a graceful arc for easy, non-splash shampooing.

*Trademarks of American-Standard ©AMERICAN-STANDARD 1969

This is the year of see-through fashions. By Ray-Ban.

Ray-Ban sunglasses, the original see-throughs, take the glare out of looking. And lure long glances. Two dozen flattery, costume-conscious styles. Round, square, oval and wraparound, classic or kicky, fine plastic or metal frames. Superb, eye-loving lenses. (Ray-Bans are made by the wizard of optics, Bausch & Lomb.) $10 to $27.



You have nothing to fear about driving in Europe but fear itself.

If you can speak English and read a map you can drive in Europe as easily as you drive in Cleveland.

In one way, driving in Europe is easier than driving in America.

Unlike the traffic signs one finds in the States, traffic signs in Europe were designed for people who can't read the language of the country they're driving in.

All the signs in Europe, the British Isles, and Scandinavia are the same. And only one of them relies on words to make its point, and that is in English: STOP.

"They all drive on the wrong side of the road." And other misconceptions.

Every man has his own misconceptions about driving in Europe, but many people share at least one of these:

(a) Europeans drive on the wrong side of the road, (b) European roads are pretty but narrow and impossible to make good time on and (c) renting a car there is expensive, especially if you want to go any distance.

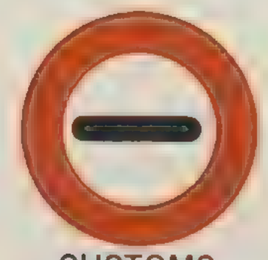


These are misconceptions, not falsehoods. First, in the British Isles they do drive on the left.

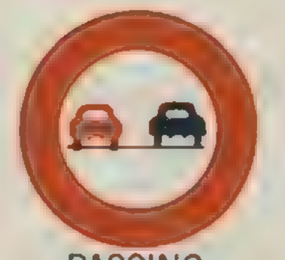
But everywhere else they drive on the right like we do.

Second, many back roads in Europe are narrow and winding, and so beautiful you wouldn't want to take them to get someplace fast. But thousands of miles of roads connecting major cities are not only wide and well paved; they're frequently four-lane divided highways.

And last, Hertz cars are available at almost any price. Our European rates on smaller cars, like the Ford Cortina, are a true European bargain. Or you can go to the other end of the scale and get a chauffeur-driven car from us.



CUSTOMS



PASSING PROHIBITED



PEDESTRIAN CROSSING



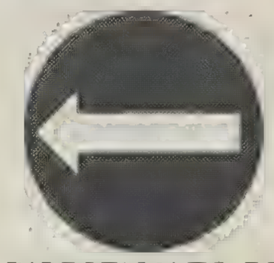
STOPPING PROHIBITED



SLIPPERY ROAD



ROAD NARROWS



DIRECTION TO BE FOLLOWED



NO LEFT TURN

And for the ambitious traveler who wants to see it all, Hertz is now introducing the first weekly unlimited-mileage rate for all of Europe, the British Isles, and Scandinavia. (Your Travel Agent, most airlines, and any Hertz office can give you all details.)



The only language you need to know is English.

When you go into a Hertz office in France you will usually find a French girl. An *English-speaking* French girl. In every Hertz office around the world there is someone who speaks English.

The maps and guide books we give you are in English.

The special driving tours we can arrange include hotels where they speak English.

When you put the English-speaking girls together with the English-language maps, and the no-language signs, and the good roads, and the reasonable rates, having a car becomes simply a beautifully convenient way to see Europe.

If you're thinking about a trip in the near or distant future, we think you'd appreciate our Motoring Guide to Europe, and we'd like to send you a free copy, along with a short plug for our new unlimited-mileage rate.

Just clip the coupon and send it along to us.

The biggest should do more. It's only right.

Hertz®

Please send me a free copy of the Hertz Motoring Guide to Europe and the Big Apple Unlimited Mileage Brochure.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Hertz Europe, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021. ©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1969 V

MASKIT

famous for beautiful things



The Biblical name "Maskit" means treasure. The treasure of beautiful things.

At Maskit you will find the most beautiful things in all Israel. Original. Unique. Designed by Israel's leading artists.
Made by Israel's most gifted craftsmen.

Maskit's stamp of beauty is on everything, from hand-made silver jewelry, fashions and fabrics, carpets, silverwork, ceramics, to artistic home furnishings and decorations.

When you come to Maskit, you will recognize the Hamsah sign, a sign of good fortune and blessing famed throughout the East.

you will recognize it delicately worked into an earring, as the motif of a batik wall hanging and many other gift items because it is a favored omen. And because when you shop at Maskit and take home its manifold treasures, good fortune is with you.

"Maskit"

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold, ornaments of silver (Prov. XXV 11)

Tel Aviv. Jerusalem. Haifa. Natanya.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Play group for the young

Word has been making the circuit from sandbox to seesaw that the grown-up girls have tagged a new way of making themselves even more infuriatingly pretty. The bag of tricks is a seemingly bottomless one, assembled by DuBarry and called Playthings. Everything is gay and gossamer and full of fantasy for young skins, most especially an ingenious group of tinted gels meant to skim your skin with transparent colour, and put a guileless, sun-polished gloss on complexion (Face Tint Gel), cheeks (Cheek Tint Gel), and lids (Eye Shadow Gel). More flattery from a blue Lower Lid Liner makes your eyes look rivettingly clear and compelling; Lash Lengthener plants fern fronds around them; Translucent Face Powder glows in no-colour. Besides all this: brush-ons and an easygoing liquid eyeliner. Attached to every tube, bottle, box, a chip clues you on shade.

Showers that cover more territory

One reason we had to allocate all of five minutes to the morning shower is the measured soaping, including a few swift seconds between each toe. Out of hiding comes a surprise attack on the shower schedule, Dana's famously nonplatonic Ambush, slinked into three shower-exhilarators. An old floral conspiracy planned to make mice out of men, Ambush has three new mousetraps. 1. Ambush Shower Gelée squeezes from tube into pink mitt, complete with hang-on-tap apparatus. It lathers expansively, reduces out-of-action time. 2. Ambush after-shower oil aerosols on to soothe troubled daughters, and lingers dangerously. 3. Not content with these accomplishments, Ambush mischief is pressed into a solid bath powder, which solidifies its impact. . . . Ambush covers a lot of latitude and longitude, but fortunately not its traces. Zing clings on. . . .

Speed the tan on

Scratch the earliest, most glittering tan on the beach, and you're apt to find a teen-ager—sautéeing as if she'd never turn 20. But she will—and will she be sorry? Probably not, if she's caught on to good old cocoa butter, prime skin softener in Coppertone's collection of sun protection. . . . After studying Coppertone's impressive documentation of which of their products does what, we figured out why their Tanning Butter is scoring with the college types: it tans them faster, lets in more tanning rays than any other Coppertone sunscreen. Cocoa butter and coconut oil newly put up in an aerosol spray, Tanning Butter mists on a frosty film to keep a skin dulcet while it tans, is such a pleasantly effective moisturizer that even fugitives from the sun are buttering up face and hands with it—on general principles that have nothing to do with tanning. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 168)

The ARBÉ Imports shown are available at the following fine stores:

Los Angeles, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Manchester, N.H. .....Judy's
Marysville, Calif. .....Four Seasons
Memphis, Tenn. .....Cathryn Young
Miami Beach, Fla. .....Louis Haftel
Milwaukee, Wisconsin .....Hixons
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Jackson Graves
Montgomery, Ala. .....Al Levy
Mountain Brook, Ala...Village Sportswear
Napa, Calif. .....Rosee
Newport Beach, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Newton Centre, Mass.
Doris Segall Dress Shoppe
New York, N.Y...Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
Norfolk, Va. .....Nicholson & Marks
Oakland, Calif. .....Evelyn Kay
Ogden, Utah.....Fred M. Nye Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Handel's at Discoveries
Orinda, Calif. .....Virginia Hammond
Panorama, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Pasadena, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Passaic, N.J. .....Belle's
Paterson, N.J. .....Anne Shoppe
Pendleton, Oregon .....The Frances Shop
Perth Amboy, N.J. .....S. Fine
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Diamond & Co.
Pikesville, Md. .....Cross Country Clothes
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Kaufmann's Vendome
Port Washington, N.Y. .....Connie Bass
Portland, Oregon .....Nordstrom Best
Providence, R.I. .....Topal-Carlson
Pueblo, Colo. .....Peggy Sue Dress Shop
Reno, Nevada .....Arlington House
Ridgewood, N.J. .....Shayne's
Rochester, Minn. .....Julius Estess
Rochester, N.Y. .....Surburban Fashions
Rockville, Md. .....Mark Daniels
Rockville Centre, N.Y.....Mal Leibert
Rocky Mount, N.C. .....Daniel's
Rocky River, Ohio .....Captain's Quarters
Sacramento, Calif. .....Charlotte Green
St. Paul, Minn. .....Jackson Graves
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Raymond's
San Antonio, Texas.....Margo's Vogue
San Luis Obispo, Calif. .....Madonna Inn
San Marino, Calif. .....Damon's
Santa Barbara, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Santa Cruz, Calif. .....Schipper-Dillon
Santa Rosa, Calif.
Elizabeth's Flamingo Fashions
Schenectady, N.Y. .....Musler's
Scottsdale, Ariz. .....Maryon's
Seaside, Oregon .....Kay Lynn's
Seattle, Wash. .....Nordstrom Best
Shaker Heights, Ohio.....Rae Phillips
Shelby, Montana .....Wallie's Style Shop
Spokane, Wash. .....Hannah Kohn
Springfield, Mass. .....Forbes & Wallace
Steubenville, Ohio .....The Hub
Stockton, Calif. .....Brown House
Sun City, Calif.
Irene's Corner on Fashion
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Flah & Co.
Tacoma, Wash. .....Nordstrom Best
Towson, Md. .....Miller Bros.
Tri Cities, Wash. .....Patterson's
Tucson, Ariz. .....Cele Peterson
Tulsa, Okla. .....Virginia Garrison Shop
Upper Montclair, N.J. ....La Belle Boutique
Vallejo, Calif. .....Rosee
Ventura, Calif. .....Scott's Apparel
Walla Walla, Wash...Dorothy Greenough
Walnut Creek, Calif. .....Irene Thies
Washington, D.C. ..Julius Garfinckel & Co.
West Hartford, Conn. .....Ann's
Westport, Conn. .....Ethel Wally
Westwood, Calif. .....Bullock's
Wilmington, Del. .....Hickman's
Worcester, Mass. .....Gladys Cohen
Wurtsboro, N.Y. .....Helen Morrell
Youngstown, Ohio .....Strouss'

ARBÉ

IMPORTS

Designed by

DOROTHY ARDEN

Dress of 100% pure wool doubleknit, made in Italy, in off white/dark grey, medium grey/blue. Sizes 6 to 18. About $65.* Arbé Imports, a division of Arbé Originals Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



The ARBÉ Imports shown are available at the following fine stores:

Akron, Ohio .....M. O'Neil Co.
Albany, Georgia .....Drunelle's
Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's of Albany
Allentown, Pa. .....Nan Carlby
Altoona, Pa. .....William F. Gable
Amarillo, Texas ..Mr. G. Especially For You
Anaheim, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Anniston, Ala. .....Ullman's
Ardmore, Okla. .....Jean Lee
Arlington, Va. .....Lady Hamilton
Astoria, Oregon .....Kay Lynn's
Atlanta, Georgia .....Leon Frohsin
Atlantic City, N.J. .....McAvoy's
Bala Cynwyd, Pa. .....Diamond & Co.
Baltimore, Md. .....Reba Phillips
Bayonne, N.J. .....Mademoiselle
Bellevue, Wash. .....Nordstrom Best
Berkeley, Calif. .....Bernice Dinwiddie
Berwyn, Ill. .....Sarah's
Bethesda, Md. .....Claire Dratch
Beverly Hills, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Biloxi, Miss. .....La Boutique
Binghamton, N.Y. .....Drazen's
Birmingham, Ala. .....Parisian
Birmingham, Mich. .....Faye Fields
Boston, Mass. .....C. Crawford Hollidge
Boulder, Colo. .....Brooks-Fauber
Bridgeport, Conn. .....The Lee Shop
Brookline, Mass.....Dora Koritz Dress Shop
Brooklyn, N.Y. .....Wellesley Casuals
Buffalo, N.Y. .....The Jenny Shop
Burlington, N.C. .....Kirkman's
Canton, Ohio .....Charlotte's-Canton
Casper, Wyoming .....Blakey's
Cedarbrook, Pa. .....Diamond & Co.
Charleston, W.Va.....Stone & Thomas
Charlotte, N.C. .....Town & Country
Chestnut Hill, Mass. .....Monet
Chicago, Ill. .....Bramson's
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Gidding Jenny Co.
Clarksburg, W.Va. .....Parsons Souders
Clayton, Missouri .....Leppert-Roos
Columbus, Ohio .....Cole of Columbus
Dallas, Texas..Handel's at the Quadrangle
Dayton, Ohio .....Gidding Jenny Co.
Denver, Colo. .....Cates
Des Moines, Iowa
Younker Bros. French Room
Duluth, Minn. .....Arthur Silver
Dundee, Ill. .....Beatrice Dorsey
East Orange, N.J. .....Don's
Elizabeth, N.J. ....Claire Angrist
Ellensburg, Wash. .....Kreidel's
Everett, Wash. .....C. C. Chaffee
Flint, Mich. .....The Vogue Store
Fort Smith, Ark. .....The Other Place
Fort Wayne, Ind. .....L. S. Ayres & Co.
Fort Worth, Texas .....Stripling's
Galesburg, Ill. .....Fred Schubach
Gary, Ind. .....Hudson's
Glendale, Calif. .....J. W. Robinson
Grand Blanc, Mich...The Carriage Shoppe
Granite City, Ill. .....Helman's Style Shop
Great Neck, N.Y. .....Jane Gail
Green Bay, Wisconsin.....Smart Fashions
Grosse Pointe, Mich. .....Walton-Pierce
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Haverford, Pa. .....Natalie Collett
Havre, Montana .....Patterson & Co.
Honolulu, Hawaii .....Liberty House
Houston, Texas .....Battelstein's
Indiana Harbor, Ind. Mademoiselle Shoppe
Indianapolis, Ind. .....L. S. Ayres & Co.
Ishpeming, Mich. ....Ishpeming Style Shop
Kansas City, Missouri.....Adler's
La Canada, Calif. .....Eve's Fashions
Lafayette, Ind. .....L. S. Ayres & Co.
Langley Park, Md. .....Ruth Rider
Las Vegas, Nevada .....H. B. Burnett
Longview, Texas .....Riff's
Longview, Washington ....The Style Shop

Continued on the facing page.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



ARBÉ

IMPORTS

Designed by

DOROTHY ARDEN

Dress of 100% pure wool doubleknit, made in Italy, in black/bone, blue/aqua. Sizes 6 to 18. About $70.* Arbé Imports, a division of Arbé Originals Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Fantastic and inventive, The Feather Ball in New York



1



2



3



4



5



6

Flared in storm lamps, The Feather Ball unfurled under billows of green-and-white gingham and stripes, "like a whimsical Brighton Pavilion," turning the Pierre Hotel ballroom into a garden with blackamoors and gilded palms. At this, one of New York's youngest, brightest balls, many of the women wore Romany patchwork, many evening pants, all got Adolfo skimmers, surprise prizes. Other surprises: fast music and fast food, ferried by guests from four delectable buffets to round tables. A flyaway success, The Feather Ball roused $185,000, the best evidence of how much how many care for Just One Break's pioneer work in helping the physically disabled find productive jobs and useful lives.

1. In the foyer, at The Feather Ball. 2. Mrs. Bruce Addison; Mrs. Iva S. V.-Patcévitch, Honorary Chairman. 3. Mrs. Ahmet Ertegün; Mr. Montague H. Hackett, junior. 4. Mrs. Samuel Pryor Reed, Chairman of Ball, at the microphone. 5. Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, junior; Mr. William G. McKnight, junior. 6. Mrs. Gordon Waddel; Mrs. Montague H. Hackett, junior. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Neil A. McConnell. 8. Vicomtesse Paul de Rosière, Mr. Ahmet Ertegün. 9. The ballroom; in the foreground, Mrs. William P. Rayner with Mr. Joel Schumacher. 10. Mr. Peter Gallo, Miss Diana Goedhuis. 11. Mr. Robert Alec Pilkington, Miss Susan Engelhard. 12. Miss Sophie Engelhard, Mr. Peter Rea at a buffet.



9



7



8



12

11

10

The dress by Lansford. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Art Kane.



Enka one of the great producers of man-made fibers.

Lansford's one-piece dress and blouse with matching vest is made of Encron® polyester fiber. No ordinary polyester, because Encron lives. Fabric by Calvert Textiles. Available in purple/red chamois stripe with chamois blouse, rust/elephant chamois stripe with chamois blouse. Sizes 3-13. About $50 at Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field, Chicago; Filene's, Boston.

ENCRON IS A REG. TM OF AMERICAN ENKA CORP. ENKA, N.C.



Get a Golden Tan with FASHION TAN*...

MOISTURIZES and CONDITIONS SKIN

Hold That Tan with AFTER TAN®

FASHION TAN is *different* because it is the *only* tanning lotion formulated with a *rich, pure concentration* of the stabilized*, precious 'gel' from the rare, tropical ALOE VERA Plant — *nature's own moisturizer.*

FASHION TAN allows you and your family to take more sun, safely. Apply as directed and you'll tan quickly and never have that dry, weather-beaten look. Your thirsty skin will seem to drink up and restore moisture while you absorb the Sun's tanning rays.

You won't have that greasy, oily look because FASHION TAN is *non-greasy, non-oily,* and *will not stain.*
Tan this year — don't fry and burn.

AFTER TAN helps you *keep your tan,* continues moisturizing and helps protect your skin against flaking after exposure to sun, wind and cold. AFTER TAN is richly formulated with the same *heavy concentration* of precious 'gel' from the rare, tropical ALOE VERA Plant and is non-greasy and non-staining.
Moisturize this year — hold that tan!

FASHION TAN®, AFTER TAN® by ALO Cosmetics®
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE



IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

*Aloe Creme Laboratories is the *first* and *only* company able to *stabilize a heavy concentration* of ALOE VERA 'gel' in a liquid cream base.

Look for these Labels — accept no substitutes . . . there are none

ALOE CREME LABORATORIES, INC., Distributor, FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33310

VOGUE'S

The romping lecture by Robert Scull at Washington's Corcoran Gallery

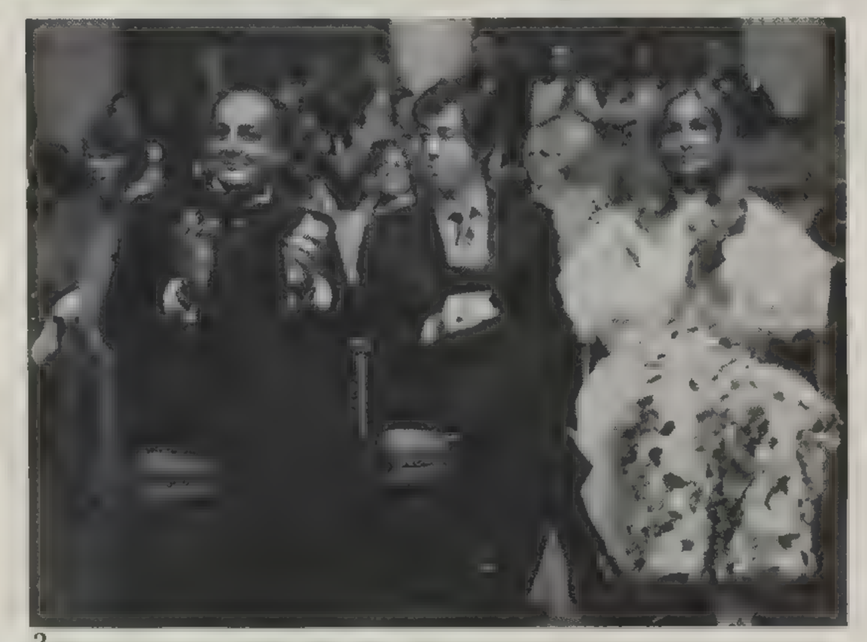


1



2

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, whose vibrant collection of contemporary paintings and sculpture has been an important focus on advanced art in New York in the sixties, were recently honoured at the white-marble Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., with an evening called, clearly, "Salute to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull." Before Mr. Scull's lecture on art and collecting, the Sculls gave a small dinner for



3



4



5

NOTEBOOK



6

friends, including a number of New York artists, at the Georgetown Club.

1. After the lecture in the Gallery Atrium. 2. Mr. James Harithas, Director of The Corcoran Gallery of Art, giving a toast during dinner at the Georgetown Club. 3. Mr. Robert C. Scull, his son Mr. Jonathan D. Scull, and Mrs. Scull, listening to Mr. Mark B. Sandground, President of The Friends of the Corcoran. 4. Mr. Walter De Maria, Dr. Hermann Warner Williams, Director Emeritus of The Corcoran. 5. Mr. James Rosenquist, Mr. Henry Geldzahler. 6. Mrs. Mark B. Sandground, Mrs. William Cafritz, in front of "Split" by Kenneth Noland. 7. Mr. Roger Stevens with Mrs. Scull. 8. Mr. Norman Bluhm, Mrs. James Harithas. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Battle. 10. Mrs. Joseph Hirshhorn, Mr. Aldus Chapin.



7



8



9



10

Tip-Top babies

select their crawlers, cardigans, jackets, dresses and fully-fashioned garments from Tip-Top made of Acrilan fibers for easy-care and easy-wear.

Sales through: Acker Knitting Mills, Inc.
215 Mill Street,
Lawrence, L.I., New York.
Telephone: 471-2200.
Sole Distributor in U.S.A.



ACRILAN
Monsanto

TIP-TOP
Haifa Knitwear LTD.
Haifa, Israel

All that is new in a land as old as the Bible.

Only at the Tel Aviv Hilton.

From the balcony of your climate-controlled room at the Tel Aviv Hilton you overlook the Mediterranean and Israel's youngest, biggest city, a great headquarters for a tour of nearby Jerusalem and all of Israel. All around you in the Tel Aviv Hilton are works by modern Israeli artists and craftsmen. Because it's a Hilton International hotel, it offers you 24-hour room service, a heated salt-water pool and splendid food served in a restaurant with doors like King Solomon's temple, and a friendly staff to greet and serve you. The Tel Aviv Hilton, the Israeli hotel with an American accent.

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

TEL AVIV HILTON

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

The Four-Gated City,

"ends with a Catastrophe"

Doris Lessing is a woman's writer—and in a very singular way. It is not in style, hyper-sensitivity, or delicacy of feeling that she shows her feminine nature but in plainness, extreme seriousness, a tendency to anguish over moral issues, in a rather bitter, engulfing need for love, in a dominating earnestness and anxious self-scrutiny. Perhaps that does not appear to be an engaging description, but in fact the emotions are very much engaged by these traits in the author. Anyone who has read her books, from the beautiful early stories of her native Rhodesia, to the downright and stubborn novels about her life in London, must feel, beyond the success of a particular work, the impressive, moving fact of the writer. You do not—or I do not—feel this about, for instance, Simone de Beauvoir, who has much the same clumsy pluck and attraction to scruple that one finds in Doris Lessing. But the French writer does not have the groping, aching, almost adolescent honesty that affects and exhausts us in Doris Lessing. In the English writer we are always in the presence of a serious mind, but one that is oddly unsophisticated. Her ideas, even her left-wing politics, are united with a simple heart.

Doris Lessing's new novel, *The Four-Gated City* (Knopf), is a very long work, over six hundred pages, which completes a five-volume series called *Children of Violence.* These novels, beginning with the 1950's works about Martha Quest in Rhodesia, are, along with the fascinating and ambitious *The Golden Notebook,* autobiographical. They are, like the name of the heroine, a "quest." The early books seek the identity and salvation of the self. This latest book is a search for civilization, for a world, a community. It ends with a Catastrophe, the final catastrophe of nuclear devastation.

Perhaps *The Four-Gated City* is not so literally biographical as the previous books, but the central figure is still "Martha," even if she is somewhat stripped of biographical detail and seems rather unexplained, as if the author were struggling under the yoke of personal feelings, not quite to be accounted for. In any case, Martha arrives in London from Africa, after World War II, divorced, confused, almost will-less. This is an unpromising mood and persists throughout the book. The girl, depressed and tired, seems to have no vocation and lives under the dominion of confusion, aimless suffering, and indecision. She soon enters the household of Mark Coldridge and falls, thereby, into his family life, several generations of it, and his London circle.

The Coldridges are upper-class, properly educated intellectual English people. They stand for much that the English scene can offer, in their house, their way of handling crises, in the existence of the money that pays for the psychiatrists and hospitals of Lynda, Mark's schizophrenic wife, in their retreat to their old nurse, their loyalties and blindnesses. One of the brothers, Colin, is a physicist. They are deeply troubled people and their lives are a series of outstanding disasters. Mark's wife, Lynda, is too "ill" to be a wife or to make any connection with their son. Colin, the physicist, is caught up in a spy scandal and vanishes into the Soviet Union. He leaves behind a wife, who quickly commits suicide, and a twice-abandoned, grief-stricken son, who later is sent home from school for stealing. Lynda's nutty friend, Dorothy, commits suicide. Mark is seriously damaged in his life by his brother's Communism. Martha, whose rôle is vague beyond "holding things together," is depressed and disturbed throughout the book, feels threatened by disintegration and actually does have a clinical breakdown.

In the world of the book, beyond the extraordinary happenings, there is a great deal of inner suffering and desperation. In spite of what would appear from the recital of events to be highly coloured and dramatic circumstances, everything is rendered in a flat, depressed, and often aimless way. The method of the book is, until the end, the conventional novel, with a shifting point of view and a seesaw motion back and forth among the characters. The dialogue has a negligent sort of adequacy, without being interesting for itself. Martha is the controlling intelligence, and this is a misfortune. In point of chronology she has not yet become the writer who will be Anna in *The Golden Notebook.* She has not yet found a rôle. "I shall tell Mark that I am leaving. Today. I don't want to be involved in all this." She does not leave but goes through the days, bleakly recording the life of the house. Her mood is unproductive, her sense of things repetitive, the style of her thoughts earnestly expository.

At the end of the book we find suddenly an Appendix of some fifty pages. Throughout the text there had been a flat intrusion of historical and political fact to accompany the life of the family. "1956 was particularly easy to see and to remember as extraordinary because of that one week when coincidentally the Hungarians rose against their Russian masters (impossible) and in Britain thousands of people made their views known about a view of Britain's rôle referred to as 'Suez'. . . ." The Appendix contains documents, letters, and diaries about the "Catastrophe." This is the nuclear catastrophe. Various persons of the plot tell of their sufferings and survival on contaminated islands amidst unspeaking children and two-headed fish, of radiation at rescue stations in Africa, of a universe dangerously altered when it had not been destroyed. Many of the characters are, of course, dead.

The ending seems to invite us to re-examine the earlier part of the novel and to see in Lynda's hallucinations and paranoia, in the fractured spirits of the others, a premonition of the disintegration of the whole order of life. The Coldridge house had been, without their necessarily planning it, an instance of contemporary communal living. The ambiguous relationships, the children with their vanished or incompetent parents, casually cared for by whomever was around, seemed an unconscious effort of a world facing nuclear disaster to cope with profoundly questioned traditional arrangements of social life.

It is hard to assent to this afterthought. Not, indeed, to the idea of nuclear devastation, but to a backward-glancing interpretation of what has gone on before in a purely novelistic landscape, a landscape of love affairs, teacups, party meetings, headaches, family crises, bills, work. A large, central image is wanting in the conception of the book. The effort stumbles in a mud of repetition. The accumulation of incident, a good deal of it unrevealing, the stacking of scene after scene do not take on life and meaning by the sudden appearance of our future.

The Four-Gated City is an impressive novel that is not very interesting. It is long and ambitious without being lively. It seems to be an act of the will, of enduring determination. The same dogged flatness marked *The Golden Notebook,* but there the back-breaking effort finally created its scene; the will that was so clearly present was, in the end, able to produce an unforgettable picture of the lonely anger, the threatened existence of a serious contemporary spirit. Grace and art have been sacrificed—or have disappeared. And perhaps, for the anguish Doris Lessing so painfully feels, the conventional novel of the routine of days and nights simply would not, could not, serve.

Now, you can do it with your eyes closed.



New Winkers by DuBarry.

Powdered eye shadow that goes on quick as a wink.

And catches his eye just as fast. (Even if yours are closed.)

Because New Winkers gives him such a beautiful eye-ful, he won't notice if you're wearing anything else.

New Winkers.

In 5 pillow soft colors with over-glaze. Or 5 lid-flipping frosted shades with over-glaze.

Brush on. Light up. And look out.

It's that easy with New Winkers.

The newest trick for eyes since the wink.

New Winkers from the MesmerEyes Collection by DuBarry.



'New Winkers' By DuBarry®

*Playtex is the trademark of International Playtex Corp., Dover, Del. © 1969 International Playtex Corp.



Playtex* invents the first-day tampon.™

(We took the inside out to show you how different it is.)

Outside: it's softer and silky (*not* cardboardy).
Inside: it's so extra absorbent...it even protects on your first day. Your worst day!

In every lab test against the old cardboardy kind... the Playtex tampon was always more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading regular tampon.

Because it's different. Actually adjusts to *you*. It flowers out. Fluffs out. Designed to protect every inside inch of you. So the chance of a mishap is almost zero!
Try it fast.
Why live in the past?

playtex self-adjusting tampons

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Midnight Cowboy, "*superb counterpoint*"

Midnight Cowboy is John (no relative) Schlesinger's first film shot in America. One feels in it the exhilaration of an imaginative director suddenly plunged into a new world of exotic sights and sounds. The concept of the American bus trip, for example, gives the film its frame. In a bravura beginning, the bus carries the cowboy from Texas to New York. The mood is lyrical though enigmatic, charged with glowing impressions of the past and hopes for the future. At the end another bus carries the cowboy and his dying New York friend from the shadows of Manhattan to the sunlight of Miami. The mood is sombre but now lucid; the time of the illusion has gone.

Waldo Salt's screenplay, drawn from the novel by James Leo Herlihy, is an inquiry into the fantasy life among the lonely crowd. Joe Buck is a dishwasher in a Texas hash house who dreams of dressing up as a cowboy, going to New York and living off rich women. Ratso is another illusionist, a hustler stumbling along the streets of the big city. They meet, fight, then drift together. Both, it becomes apparent, are traumatized men, Joe Buck by youthful sexual experience, Ratso by the memory of his father. Eventually, as their own (non-queer) relationship grows, reality abolishes their world of dreams.

Midnight Cowboy has the advantage of two entirely remarkable performances by Jon Voight as Joe Buck and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso. Voight, with slow, courteous speech and a self-satisfied smile, conveys marvellously the stubborn ingenuousness of the spurious cowboy, his naïve confidence in his capacity to master women and life, then the wounds within and the painful infiltration of reality. As for Hoffman, he shows what was not all that clear in *The Graduate:* He is a first-rate actor. He makes Ratso, with his ferret face, his crippled walk, his swindler's ingratiation on top of an ultimate sense of his own dignity, his repressed affections and loyalties, a memorable figure. The two play together in superb counterpoint and make their odd couple explicable and convincing.

The film is less impressive than the leading performances. John Schlesinger has a freshness of vision that bathes the American scene in a distinctive light. But at times his Americanization becomes insistent—need we have had, for example, quite so many pseudo-folk ballads on the sound track? He has a good instinct for American types, but sometimes this spills over into the grotesque. And, on occasion, as in his evocation of New York (and especially at a party featuring Andy Warhol's stock company), his images decline into cliché.

Moreover, he goes wild on what used to be called montage: the dissolution of linear narration into a whirl of images. Such impressionism can, of course, be tremendously effective in conveying states of mind and emotion, and John Schlesinger uses it well to deal with the power of memory and fantasy in the lives of his protagonists. But he uses it too often. At first, this is merely irritating. Then it becomes evident that it is not only self-indulgent but represents an escape from harder problems of characterization and structure. If only Schlesinger's directorial self-discipline had matched his luminous sense of scene and his extraordinary skill in handling actors, this would have been a far more considerable film.



This glen plaid knit costume is sure to be the object of much flattery. Designed by Cecil Raspberry in Taralan®, Talbott's own full fashioned Orlon* acrylic. All machine washable and dryable. Pullover with zippered back in sizes 34-42, about $16. Fully lined slim skirt in sizes 8-18, about $16.† Four attention getting colors to choose from. At recognized stores everywhere or write Talbott Knitting Mills, a division of U.S. Industries, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

Ever wear something that inspired compliments?

Well, *Talbott's like that.*

ORLON

*DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. †PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

HAT BY MR. JOHN JEWELRY BY K.J.L.



FROM THE HOUSE OF STYLE, DIVISION OF LA MAUR INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

☆ The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards – paintings by Italian and Flemish masters, drawings and sculpture, luminous medieval miniatures burnished with gold and silver, angels from an eighteenth century Neapolitan crèche, a champlevé enamel in precious colors, early woodcuts, and festive Victorian prints are among the more than 50 designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The forty-page catalogue – which also illustrates precise Museum copies of sculpture, ancient jewelry, early American blown glass, the brilliant new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first. Mail the coupon below now to reserve your copy.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York, 10028 G1

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____ ZIP _____

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Process and Protest, "*grate on the senses*"

In the twentieth century, the question "what is art?" has had several radical reformulations. Until recently the most extreme position was taken by Marcel Duchamp, who defined art as anything exhibited as such. Today a group of rebellious young artists, many of whom are participating in the Whitney Museum's "Anti-Illusion: Procedure/Materials," are defining art in an even looser way. Much of this art, often left lying around in scraps, heaps, or piles or found chalked, pencilled, and painted directly onto museum or gallery walls, is closely allied to theatre, and the Whitney, in keeping with its rejuvenated image, has logically included performances as part of the exhibition.

Like Dada and Constructivism, the new "anti-formal" art is more involved with theatrical gestures and theoretical matters than with creating objects to pacify the "nice nice bourgeois," as Tristan Tzara put it some years ago. Just as students are exposing the involvement of universities with the war machine, a growing number of younger artists are bent on revealing, through a series of subversive acts, the function of art in contemporary society. Their focus has shifted from creating well-made objects to questioning the status and use of the art work. Obviously worthless "paintings" that contain nothing more than statements concerning the sale, exhibition, and criticism of art are created; the United States mails and the communications media are enlisted as channels for disseminating art that can not be bought or traded. Artists photograph what's left of the countryside, calling attention to the horrors man is perpetrating on nature.

Where Pop Art, which started the current round of examination and commentary on the nightmare that the American Dream had become, was amusing and colourful, the new art is drab, nasty, and deliberately uninviting. A roomful of dirt, a pile of rags, a perfectly ordered "bed" of stainless steel spikes, offer little escape to Matisse's favourite patron, the tired businessman. Artists are asking again, as the Dadaists asked the last time an explosive political situation disrupted the steady progress of art, whether art should comfort the poor in spirit, weary from lugging their sacks of money home from the bank.

Since the banks themselves are exhibiting money as art, and nobody can shock the middle class any more, the best that the new art can do is unsettle, disorient, disrupt, subvert, and generally grate on the senses. It is meant, in opposition to the camp spirit of Pop, the easy titillation of Op, and the celebration of power and impact that is contemporary colour abstraction, to challenge whether it is ethically responsible to please, comfort, and decorate, given the present situation.

A lot of the new art is involved with literalizing isolated aspects of Pollock's art, such as the use of randomness in composing, the coincidence of process and form, and the emphasis on the physical qualities of materials. It supports itself on the rationale that art should be like nature, an organic process that does not end in a permanent product but in a series of ephemeral forms or acts. Aesthetically, it is too obvious, too slight, and too illustrational to amount to much. Morally, it represents the most damning *j'accuse* directed against a society at the same time so repressive and so permissive as to cause artists to lose conviction in their traditional modern rôle as the creators of beautiful objects to fill a spiritual vacuum.



...turn a timid tan into a screaming beauty

A Demi-Dish of CornSilk Blushing Creme. A gossamer blusher with special moisturizers. Skin won't dry of thirst. Gloriously evens out your uneven tan. You keep a glowing, sun-up look about you while all others are losing theirs.

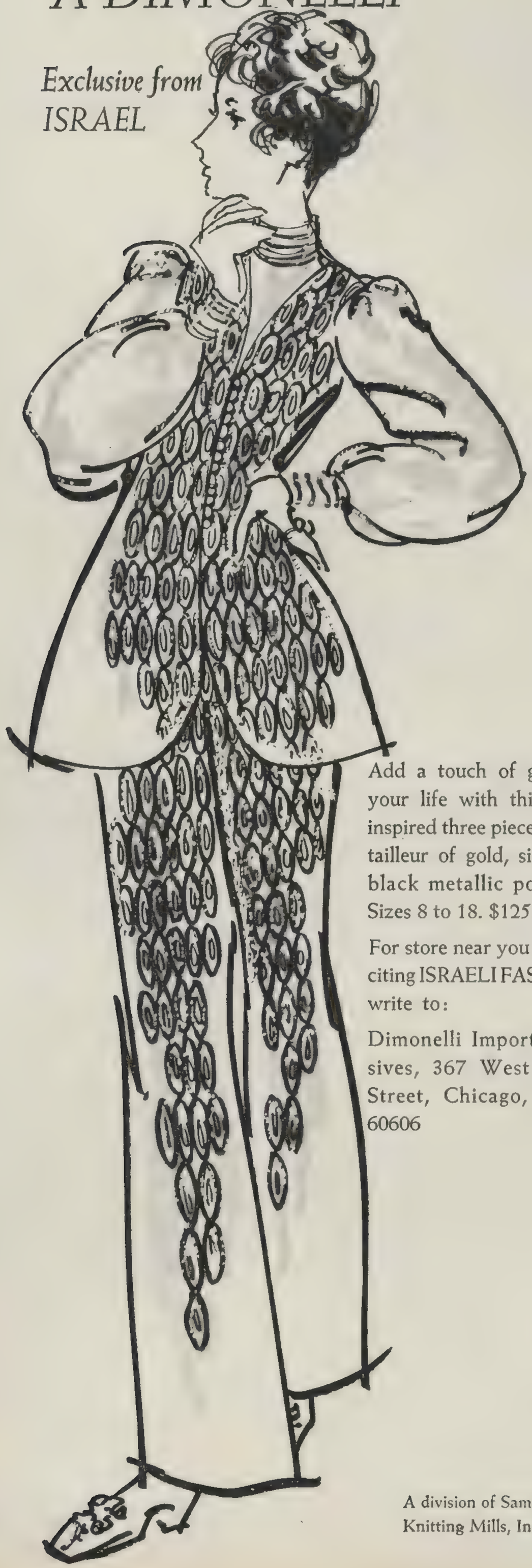
No-Color CornSilk Pressed Powder. A mini compact that lifts off oil without leaving a telltale powder trail over your tan. Tan Fans. Turn your sometime tan into a beautiful summertime tan. Packaged together for $3. At fine drug and department stores. From Shulton.



DISCOVER *cornSilk* TAN FANS

A DIMONELLI

Exclusive from ISRAEL



Add a touch of glitter to your life with this harem inspired three piece evening tailleur of gold, silver and black metallic polyester. Sizes 8 to 18. $125.

For store near you with exciting ISRAELI FASHIONS write to:

Dimonelli Import Exclusives, 367 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

A division of Sam Diamond Knitting Mills, Inc.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY MARGOT HENTOFF

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford,

"superb"

It was not really so long ago—during the late forties and well into the fifties, when short fiction was a high, precise art akin to poetry—that most of these stories first appeared, each one a literary event. But it might as well have been fifty years: We are so changed. Reading this collection now, one becomes aware of what a different time it was, what a lost world Jean Stafford has caught in amber, and, in retrospect, how splendid in its isolation and eccentric sensibility.

Oh, it was rotten out there in the nation, then. Dreary, indeed. But those of us coming to maturity at that time did not have to pay much attention to what was happening out there. We were so far from the seat of power, so removed from the machine, that powerlessness was implicit, even welcomed, in the life of sensibility. Our perceptions had not yet been blunted by assault. We were accustomed to subtlety, wondered what was beneath the skins of people we knew, and understood anomie as a personal disconnection rather than a societal definition. It was a time when evil existed within oneself rather than outside.

In a prefatory note, Jean Stafford writes of Mark Twain and Henry James, two of her favourite American authors "to whose dislocation and whose sense of place I feel allied." And there is something clearly Jamesian about these thirty stories—set in Europe, New England, the West, and Manhattan—that perhaps was not so evident when they were first published. Jean Stafford has always been a singular observer of mode and place, but the place has now become fixed in time.

These are stories of manner written when it mattered how things appeared; of character, when people did not talk of what was on their minds but communicated by nuance so that one was always deciphering codes; of the young and the old when the young were yet in awe of the old and the bonds between generations were forged steel (one spoke of breaking them, but knew that only death would do it). Here are Americans abroad when America was synonymous with youth and our innocence extended to believing in our own innocence so that, writing of Germany after the war, Jean Stafford was still able to see the Germans as a special people capable of dancing a *totentanz* as Americans could not.

There is a quality of Yankee granite and frontier toughness here, and a sense of character almost nonexistent in writing today when hardly anyone can bear to speak of anyone but "I." This collection is a gallery of aristocratic, autocratic old ladies holding fast to life, children as smart and funny and poisonous as they really are, and people who will never have what they want, who know that things are immutable—but, by God, they keep on.

There is often an icy privacy about Jean Stafford's work which is perversely warming. One is drawn back to a time when we were a nation of cranky individualists bound together by conventions rather than a "liberated" mass looking for a home. Here, one goes to one's own silent hell in one's own way. Pride is a cold pudding, but oddly nourishing. The writing, it is hardly necessary to say, is superb.



The tan you remember from Cannes, St. Tropez, Marbella has come to America

AMBRE SOLAIRE

a wondrous sun-tanning collection imported from France

Responsible for every chic tan in Europe, Ambre Solaire is an absolute necessity for the Continental sun-cult. Discover the tanning wonders of Ambre Solaire that make it a way of sun-life for everyone who tries it.

Ambre Solaire, Europe's largest-selling sun tanner.

1. "Total" Tanning Creme, non-greasy, moisturizing bronzer for all skin types.

2. Tanning Oil, a rich formula to protect, nourish, soften all types of skin.

3. Tanning Foam Mousse, for all skin types.
Tanning Spray Satin, for normal and oily skin.
Tanning Spray Satin Special, for dry skin.

4. Tanning Lotion, for normal or oily skin.
Moisturizing Tanning Lotion for delicate skin.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM

L'ORÉAL®

© Coemair, 1969

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Salesman, "*real salesmen*"

To see a movie like *Salesman* is to appreciate again what an extraordinary document film, and only film, can be, the kind of document that can make a novelist despair of ever capturing "real" life. (I'm thinking also of *Warrendale.*) This one, produced by the Maysles Brothers with relatively little equipment but a great deal of chilling insight, is about four Bible salesmen and their various forays into New England and Florida trying to persuade, cajole, high-pressure, fast-talk people into buying their gilt-edged, illustrated, fabricoid-plastic "best seller in the world." It's the Catholic version, runs as little as $49.95, and can be bought on plans A, B, or C.

They are very real salesmen. The Maysles Brothers spent five months searching for them, and they have certainly found just the right ones; of the four, three have stated that making this film had no effect at all on them personally—and in essence this is a double story, one about their customers, the other about the salesmen themselves. Rabbit, with his Boston accent, trying to get through to a Mrs. Vegas who doesn't "understand very well the English" that he can *oddah* the new missal for her, complete with ecumenical changes; the Gipper, named after Knute Rockne because "zingo . . . he goes for the kill"; the Bull, stolidly in there with his pitch, even over a blasting off-key hi-fi; Paul, the sensitive one, singing "If I were a rich man" (from *Fiddler on the Roof*!) and getting lost at the intersection of Ali Baba and Sinbad Avenues in North Miami: "This is Opa Locka, isn't it?" . . . "Well, it is, and it isn't."

There are also such peripheral characters as the bullet-headed, slightly sinister supervisor, and the "designer and theological consultant" Melbourne I. Feltman, Ph.D. All of the dialogue in this movie is incredible—maybe too credible?—but, I think, Feltman's reference to the words of Jesus, "Whist you not that I am about my Father's business?" while he is accepting a trophy at the Edgewater Beach Hotel just about takes the cake: "Now, I don't intend to portray the fact that the Father's business is, in itself, selling Bibles for dollars and cents. But—" And there they all are, leaping up to make testimonies at sales conventions like sinners at a revival meeting: "I, for one, intend to make this year really something . . ." (to the tune of $35,000—is this really possible?); binding up their wounds and frustrations each night in the inevitable motel room with its television and half-glimpsed toilet, so that ultimately the lives of the hustlers seem as pitiful and desperate as those of their victims.

But, oh those victims! Those women in their hair rollers, those deadpan men in flowered sports shirts ("He has a good personality") leading pathetically plain lives in grimly plain houses, grimmer somehow in Florida than in a Boston snowstorm ("You have a lovely home"), half-knowing they're being bamboozled in the name of religion, but insisting on their pride. Sanitation worker: "You have to have a sense of humour in my job or you'd go nuts."

Yet, for all its coarse-grainedness and documentary flavour, this is a very literary picture, not merely because it depends so heavily on language, but because it also succeeds in producing a tragic figure: The salesman, Paul, who has lost his "spark," dropped from twelve sales a week to three because he seems to have begun to realize—and how subtly this is implied—that his potential customers, at least the poorer ones, really are his potential victims. You could see *Salesman* over and over again and understand something worse about America each time.

King, Murray, "*hustle, hustle*"

And here is still another salesman, this time that arch-hustler, the insurance broker, in still another variation of the *cinéma vérité* technique—though nobody seems to call it that, including the producers of *Salesman.* The phrase preferred by the people who made *King, Murray,* producer Amram Nowak and directors David Hoffman and Jonathan Gordon, is "spontaneous fiction film" which in this instance means that mike and camera are always in evidence, and that while the central character is real enough, a few actors and a little bit of prepared plot are used to augment the "reality" of the situation.

The film is mainly in colour, which makes for an even bleaker effect than if it were all in black and white, and there have probably been few movie openings more deadly than the sight of Murray King's "palatial" Long Island ranch house sitting on its terribly new green grass. And yet, although the colours of real life are present in *King, Murray,* and the hand of the puppeteer so openly revealed that producer and star chat throughout and even at one point play tennis with each other, the effect is curiously less honest than when the pretense is preserved that no one is watching and that events merely happen to be unfolding themselves.

Part of the problem has to do with verisimilitude—if I may be so old-fashioned as to use that word—and the fact that to be conscious that a film is being made is to be less conscious of the life, however real, that is portrayed in it. That is, if a film maker won't persuade you of the reality of a situation, why bother to persuade yourself? (To come at it another way, there is the curious example of *Faces* which in fact did have a professional cast and director as well as a prepared script, but "pretended" to a documentary flavour, and which never persuaded me it had much to do with reality either.)

The other problem is less aesthetic than social. Whereas *Salesman* is a reflection of society, *King, Murray* is the reflection of one man: a hard-driving, self-styled "hyperkinetic" hustler, too short, too fat, but mildly handsome (rather like what I imagine Mike Todd must have been) with a left eye perpetually screwed up by tension—"I work hard and I play hard"—pushing himself through a schedule that includes a seventeen-hour day, and a junket to Las Vegas at night. He is arch philosopher, even while being massaged; arch philistine, "This is the church of Sacré Coeur—I was there having a cheese sandwich with my wife"; arch patron of call girls, "This is Jackie Morris, a gorgeous, uh, starlet." Murray King at the end is happily ensconced in his "sumptuous" suite at Caesars Palace (the man is always good for a plug), having himself a last big bash before he returns to his "normal routine" of wife and four kids and hustle. hustle some more.

The point isn't difficult: big-hearted hustler, tough guy with the sensitive underside. And in one sequence it almost works, when poor Murray—after staying up for twenty-four hours, and insisting on consuming the insanely huge special "champagne breakfast"—appears at the poolside, dons his bathing cap, and almost bursts his heart swimming the entire hundred and twenty feet underwater while the sound track blares "American Patrol." But then comes the party, complete with bleary girls and one of the guests telling what's supposed to be an amusingly ribald anecdote but is actually a pretty ugly tale of rape, and Murray and friends are quite as awful and gross as one expected them to be in the first place. Still, like all the slices of life in these films, it's also fascinating.



How's Your Figure?

Now is the time to *do something* about your (check one): ☐ "hippy" hips ☐ thighs ☐ "out of bounds" waistline and tummy

Is your pretty figure bothered by "out of line" areas like "hippy" hips . . . waistline and tummy that have somehow "stretched out of shape". . . thighs that show the effects of a sit-down job? If these are your figure worries . . . take heart. Because there is something you can do about them.

■ REDUCE IN SIZE — WITHOUT EFFORT! **Now you can reduce the size of your hips, or your waistline . . . firm up your tummy and thighs . . . while you rest at home. Takes as little as 30 minutes a day while you read, watch TV... or just relax. No weight loss!**

■ THE SECRET? Relax-A-cizor. A little unit that does some marvelous things for your figure. Like toning and exercising those important muscles that "hold in" your hips, waistline, tummy and thighs . . . to make them "hold you in" more. And best of all, there's not a whit of effort to Relax-A-cizor exercise. You REST! It's effortless!

■ **EASY TO USE! All you do to reduce the size of your hips, for instance, is slip on the pretty little Relax-A-cizor Hip Beauty Belt® . . . relax . . . and you're exercising! Comfortably . . . effortlessly . . . why, it's almost luxurious! Expensive? No indeed. There's a Relax-A-cizor designed for every figure... and every budget, too! That's why more than a quarter million women own them!**

■ WHY DOES RELAX-A-CIZOR WORK? **Many women lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, abdomen and thighs. Regular use causes these areas to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction.**

■ **FREE!** Find out what Relax-A-cizor can do for your hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. Send coupon today for your free copy of "Your Figure," by Burton Skiles.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 980 No. La Cienega Blvd., OL 5-8000 / NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 575 Madison Ave., MU 8-4690 / CHICAGO, ILL., 29 East Madison St., ST 2-5680 / Representatives in cities nationwide! Available in Canada, Mexico City, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore. (overseas franchises available)

Relax-A-cizor carries the Seal of Nationwide Consumer Testing Inst., Inc.

RelaxAcizor®



Free! Mail Today!

Relax-A-cizor, Dept. 20-610
980 No. La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90054

Please rush me my free copy of "Your Figure" by Burton Skiles. Fully illustrated, full color information tells how to reduce size of hips, waistline, tummy, thighs. No cost. No obligation. Sent in plain envelope.

☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ MR.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP_____ PHONE_____

☐ I am under 18. ☐ I am over 18.

☐ I am also interested in a selling career with Relax-A-cizor.

20-610 907

©Relax-A-cizor, 1969



Remember how simple life used to be?

Simplify yours.

The tube is gone! Kotex tampons have gone simple. With no big and clunky tubes to stand between you and tampon freedom.

Kotex tampons slip into place naturally with just a gentle insertion guide. [Nothing hard about that!] And then they protect—for hours. True, honest Kotex protection no other tampon can give.



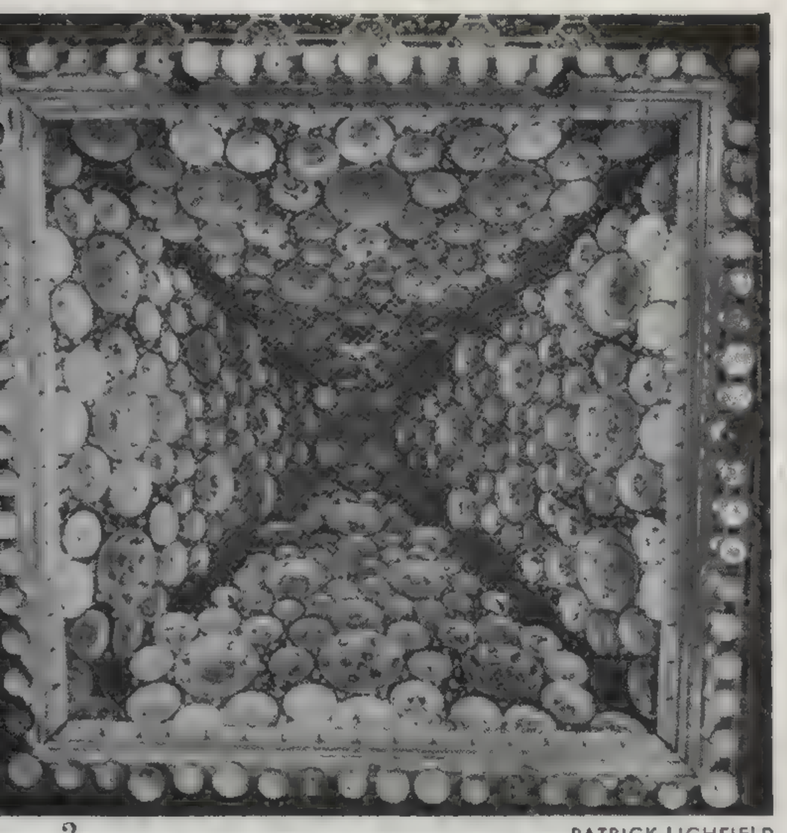
GENTLE INSERTION GUIDES.
NO TUBES. EASIER TO USE.

Kotex® tampons

THE FINEST FEMININE PROTECTION COMES FROM KIMBERLY-CLARK

VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

The top of the news . . . ceilings



2 PATRICK LICHFIELD



3



5

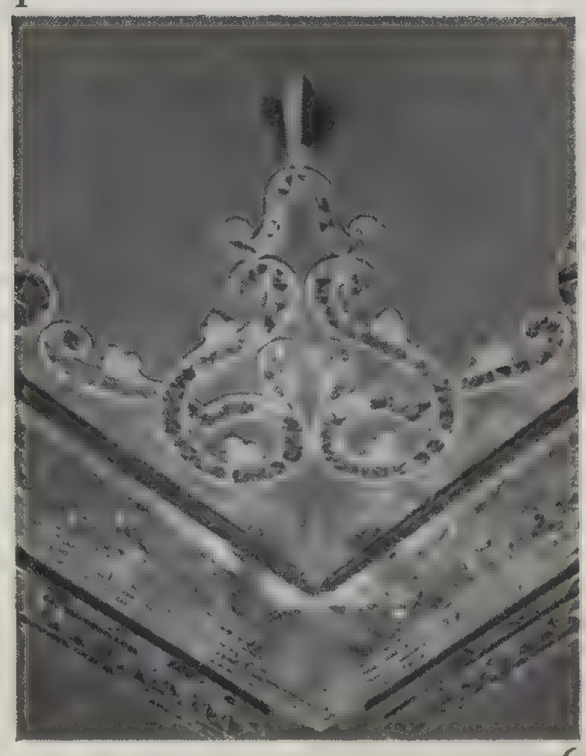
1. Roof and ceiling are one in this spectacular house with sky windows. Like a soaring concrete crag, it adds vistas of garden, pool, desert, and distant mountains to its air-conditioned interior. Designed by architect John Lautner for decorator Arthur Elrod in Palm Springs, California. **2.** Blue-and-white Chinese porcelain plates of the 17th century encrust the steeply pyramided, carved and gilded ceiling of the French Embassy dining room in Lisbon. It is said the original owner thus displayed plates used by his royal guests. **3.** A lovely treillage look uses bold-scale ceiling paper, perhaps metallic, repeats in smaller scale, in reverse, for wall paper or fabric. To order, any colours, Hannert, Morrow, Fischer, 172 E. 61st St., N.Y. **4.** A superb example of the Turquerie tent room by its master advocate, Milan decorator Renzo Mongiardino. Joining printed and plain Indian silks with infinite skill, he makes the walls seem to float and the ceiling to soar up and up into the Roman sky. **5.** If you have it, flaunt it. Roe Kasian had the beams in producer Saint-Subber's New York living room stencilled by Bishop & Lord, 34 E. 39th St. **6.** Mirror mosaics, often three-dimensional, on ceilings and mouldings of the Embassy of Iran in New York, add brilliance, sparkles of prismatic colour. These complex traditional designs were executed by Iranian craftsmen, but they serve as inspiration for American rooms. **7.** Ceiling and walls of the banquet hall in the French Château de Cheverny were turned into a surrealist forest with a great collection of stag horns and trophy heads. The Marquis de Vibray made of them both an exhibition and a fantasy decoration. **8.** Shiny painted ceilings, the colour of eggplants, reflect like dark mirror in the modern apartment of young New York decorator Jay Spectre. Ceiling pot lights focus on paintings and sculpture. A projector (see left), recolours the room with programmed slides of paintings



4



1 LEELAND LEE



6



8



7 DAVID MASSEY



GM Stylist Sue Vanderbilt, seen through sun roof of GM dream car, makes final check of appointments.

Who thinks women should help make dream cars practical?

Fisher Body does.

That's why they rely on stylists, like Sue Vanderbilt, to help design GM car interiors. Even when psychedelic fabrics are being experimented with, Sue's right there to make sure that the car seat it covers is contoured and installed at just the right height to accommodate women's smaller frames. She also keeps in mind things like ladylike exits when designing GM's wider-than-ever door panels.

It's this practical approach to pleasing women that can make GM dream cars come true. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy.

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



Body by Fisher
General Motors Symbol of Quality

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



1

2

3

The inventive men in shirts

The leaders, the men with an eye for the hidden benefit, the un-obvious answer, are experimenting, devising new ways to wear shirts and scarfs.



4

JACK ROBINSON

To every man his own way with a shirt and scarf. Common to all: blissful ease and modern good looks. Here, five super shirts and scarfs on as many of the inventive men. ***Paris: André Oliver*** (1) takes seven feet of bright India silk, ties it ascot-style but over the shirt collar, lets it fall free. ***Jean-Louis Trintignant*** (2), star of *Z*, gets exotic with a long, shrill-pink Indian silk scarf used as a headband, African necklace with his black silk shirt. ***London: Johnny Stirling*** (3) ties a purple-and-turquoise India silk scarf as a bow tie in his Annacat lace shirt, secures the bow with a turquoise-and-gold pin pinched from his girl. ***New York: Tony Heminway*** (4) has the cowboy's dash in knotting a black silk scarf around his throat with Bill Blass's batik-print shirt in plums and yellows. ***Paris: Bernard Lanvin*** (5) takes a big silk square, folds it on the bias, and loops it once over the neck of a ribbed cotton turtleneck to wear with a great short leather jacket. Everything, from Lanvin 2, Paris.

LORIEUX



5

ENCOMBE



1407 Broadway, N.Y., Roma, Milano, Toronto, Los Angeles

THE GENIUS OF

Gino Paoli®

ITALIAN COUTURE KNITTER

JULY, 1969

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

FALL FASHION FORECAST

Line and languor... ***languor and line.*** Long-line tunics. Easy, long-line pants. Limpid little long-sleeved dresses falling lightly on the body. Loose hems, liquid in motion. Lean, lax, long, long lines.... Learn to love the L-words—they have a lot of meaning in fashion today.

The long line is dynamite—string it out for all it's worth. Use long scarfs with long fringe. Loose belts lightly placed low on the waist. Ample, low-placed pockets. Deep slits on long evening dresses. Long sleeves on long dresses, short dresses—keep stretching—elongating—extending the extension.

Think how great it would be to swing down the street in a black ***long coat*** with a Wellington collar and a loose, ***wide-sprung hem***—long, shiny black legs shooting out; beautifully shod and buckled. And a big, squashy, cinnamon-brown leather hat, the brim turned up in front.

Keep the good things going—the long weskits and long, stringy pullovers and long, belted tunics over pants—and why not a ***long tunic*** over short culottes? or, newest of all, over a short kilted skirt.

In the evening, at a restaurant: a long-jacket pants tailleur of flat, shining black broadtail—the jacket shaped but loose through the body and falling long as a coat—and your ***head wrapped*** in a small turban of mixed, soft silk Indian and Persian print handkerchiefs.

The ***long jacket*** with a ***short kilted skirt*** is the suit of the day, and a knock-out in ***grey***—this is a colour that's really taking off for fall. Then your shirt could be tortoise-and-grey speckled silk and your tie, a large, speckle-y silk square folded on the bias and knotted in a sumptuous Windsor, the ends falling—long—extending the line of the jacket.

This is the time of ***the shirt and tie,*** the age of the ascot. Not to know how to knot a Windsor, or loop a length of silk, or wrap your throat as though against some lingering laryngitis just won't do—you've got to be good with your hands today.... How about two ties—three ties—tied high and low, one above the other, on a crisp white shirt with a ***wider collar*** and brass-grommet fastenings?—plus a little wrap-around skirt of taupe suède with ***fringe.*** ... How about an ***Eton-boy muffler?*** But of ***mink***—eight feet plus—stripe after stripe of bright blue, bright green, bright chrome, bright scarlet falling down and down—elongating your whole silhouette.

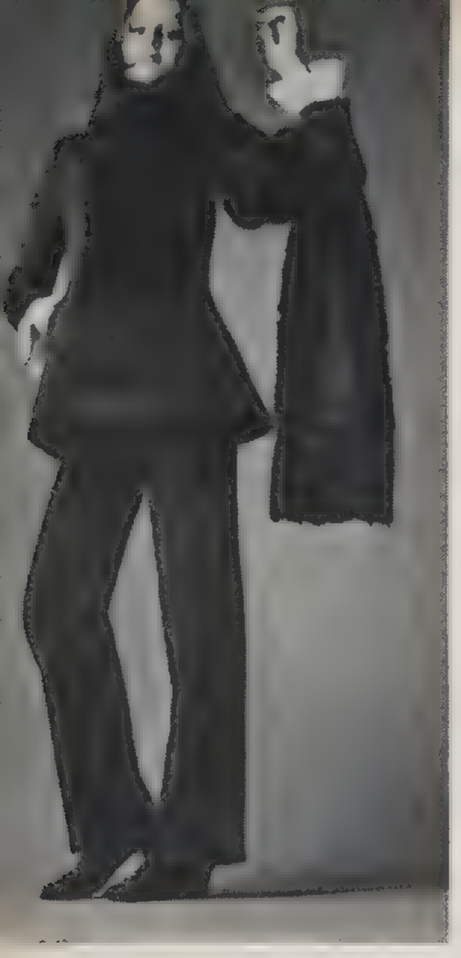
We're going to ***see red***—all shades, all ways... You can be a red-headed woman. You can live in rooms with Chinese-red lacquer walls and floods of crimson-to-purple anemones. You can paste on a caste mark of scarlet paillettes. You can wear a claret cashmere cardigan to your ankles with deep slits on the sides and not a button to its name—just wrap it around languidly and lightly tie it over ivory satin pants.

Satin—the softest, supplest, slippy-slideiest shining satin—is king of the hill! The forever fabric. For every hour of the day or night. For every month of the year. For every kind (Continued on next page)

The line, the length, the languor—the All for fall

This is it, all right—and with fringe flying: long white scarf looped low over Chester Weinberg's long, fringed, black silk satin tunic and silk georgette jumpsuit. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. David St. David scarf. Sandor Goldberger rings. David Evins mules, to order: I. Miller. Suga coiffure.

PENATI



(Continued) of fashion. For everyone, to wear everywhere.

A ***fringe binge!*** Torrents of swishy silk fringe, leather fringe. Whole dresses shimmying with fringe. Fringe on a shawl of café-au-lait broadtail. . . . There is poetry in ***things that wrap***—the large, luxurious gesture that swings a sable shawl across the body and around the body, and holds it languorously to the body takes hardly more than a moment. But the moment is filled with the dream of the dreamer, and it is lovely to see.

The poet's cape—in like Flynn! Totally round, rolling, rippling, never ever fitted on the shoulders. A little shorter than we've been seeing it—all the better to see a long, lean line of leg underneath.

Soft, almost ***glove-suède pants***—slim and ***straight as sleeves***—are divine. Not tapering. They simply go straight up, zip and button in front. No belt loops. Nothing to break the length of the line. Everything to extend it—like a long, matching suède pullover or a little stringy sweater with a great fringed poncho falling in folds.

Leather is in for the ride of its life. Skirts, jumpers, pants, weskits, Gypsy-boy hats—***everything is leather.*** And the crushiest skins—chamois, antelope, suède as sweet as a kitten's ear. Fringed suède. Embroidered suède. . . . Wonderful thin black kid. . . . A short belted coat of pale-blue baby lizard to wear to the theatre over a little pale-blue chiffon dress.

The short belted coat carries on for day—marvellous charcoal-grey flannel over steel-grey knit, and scarlet crocodile pumps with fringed tongues and huge metal buckles. The short belted coat for evening in black cashmere over a black pailletted jumpsuit or a little bias white georgette shirtdress. . . . There's still plenty of life in a small-topped, loose-hemmed coat—the one with a wide, often bias back that swings so easily over layers and layers of clothes.

The new ***little dresses*** are delicious! Long-sleeved and small, small, small—enough dress to cover you lightly and not a smitch more. Everything is eliminated; there is just this liquid, flowing, fluid, falling of cloth against the body—looking as though it had been cut right *on* the body—laid close as a decal through the top, loose at the hem. It can be belted. It can be a bright combination tweed of shrimp and violet. It can be a greige jersey shirtdress . . . or bottle-green satin. It can be anything. Except bulky: ***The smallness is the allness***—where you used to take a size 10, then an 8, you may find that 6 is what you want now.

Brilliant ***satin boots,*** velvet boots—terrific with short evening dresses. . . . Prowl the antiques shops for boot buckles, shoe buckles, belt buckles . . . for 18th- and 19th-century rings to mix with your new ones. ***Mix chrome and steel chain with gold***—around your neck, waist, wrist, ankle . . . around your boots.

Saint Laurent did a ***long-jacket evening suit*** with a just-above-the-ankle skirt that will give the pants tailleur a good hard run for its money. . . . In a soft, wildly becoming pinky-beige crêpe, and falling very slack, it's the essence of languor and line—and sensational!

Patchwork—the magic word—the Halley's Comet of Fashion! It's what everybody and all her sisters and her cousins and her aunts can't wait to get their hands on. . . . Coats of patchwork, pants and pullovers, shirts, skirts, even sweaters—coming our way in a big, big way. Quilted patchwork. Snips and scraps of spangled plaids and prints, jewelled and embroidered calicoes and silks, plain-as-pie pieces all pied and pieced together in a glorious crazy quilt of colour and design. . . . The patchwork shirtdress to the ankle—*the* dress for evening.

Evenings are a revelation of ***extraordinary colouring and design. . . .*** Imagine for yourself a print like an Art Nou painting—a Klimt, with its packed-together pattern against pattern, scale against scale, colour against colour—peacock's eyes to confetti, swirls swelling to arabesques, all tightly, perfectly meshed, and a transparent shimmer of gold washing over it. . . . Imagine this in a flowing djellaba of lambent sari cloth—a ravishing way to look at night!

The colouring of ***tortoise and grey diamonds***—wouldn't this be divine for a short, small pailletted dress? or one of shining embroidery?

Remember black—the discretion and the coquetry of it. . . . Gauzy black flounces flouncing over legs in sheer, slightly off-black stockings with the most delicate patterning—plus black silk slippers with pretty coral buckles. . . . Black pailletted pants, a black georgette shirt—and a cape of bright-violet paillettes thrown over. . . . The long, covering black dresses in supple, shining black satin . . . thin, matte black wool. And black velvet, eternally flattering—heaven with a silver-fox muffler, plus an enormous silver-fox muff.

We are slowly turning corners and merging into a stream of great simplicity. Line is all, and you handle it in your own way. Hemlines, waistlines—you place them where you want them. You tie your tie up here, down there—you make your own neckline. Nothing is pat anymore. ***Nothing is smug***—in a tiny bias georgette dress that clings for dear life, who could possibly be smug? . . . As never before, you're your own girl—make the most of it!

The long, lengthening, luxe-y fur muffler



PENATI

Isn't this the living, beautiful end?—not just long mufflers, but long, soft, snuggly mink mufflers to lengthen every line—to ward off la grippe—to warm the very soul . . . like this **Eton boy's muffler,** left—more than eight feet of bright-as-blazes dyed **mink stripes,** looped on a white knit tunic and pants. Reiss & Fabrizio muffler. Kimberly turnout of wool knitted in America; about $110. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. K.J.L. rings. Suga coiffure; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. . . . And, across the page, miles of **tasselled black-dyed mink** over a **long-jacket** pants suit of **banker's-grey** gabardine. Muffler made to order by Maximilian. Turnout by Henry Friedricks for Brittany, of Anglo Fabrics wool with a white silk shirt; about $235. Bonwit Teller. Hugh Harrison coiffure.

FALL FASHION FORECAST

FORECAST



Young Napoleon... and the little long Gothic dress

The way he looked in David's portrait —the young **Napoleon,** left: flashing, triumphant, **hair like little licks of flame** just touching the shoulders. Sensational now—same hair in a joyous tousle with choppy amusing ends, all different lengths, each strand **curved to the face.** (This is a wig—but real hair will also head in the Little-Corporal direction.) The look—cocky, quite mad, delicious with a fling of cape, a wide-collared poetic shirt, wide flowing tie. White shirt by Anne Klein, of acetate-and-rayon crêpe-backed satin; about $45. Baar & Beards silky black tie. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Originala brown wool Melton cloth cape, shown in detail on page 94. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Bob Kelly wig. Little **covered** evening dress, right—**long** and almost severe, **very very small** through the top, QE-1 in feeling. Fabric with a tapestry look—richly dark stain of raspberry woven with gold and blue. Stand-up ruffs at neck and wrists. A wonderful cross. Dress by Mollie Parnis, of rayon (Orcayre fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Thomas Robbins cross. Suga coiffure, Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.



PENATI

FORECAST

The swinge of fringe, the gleam of green . . . a new length with a curve





Have a swinge, a **binge, of fringe.** It's swaying—great silky lengths of it—from everything. Scarfs. Sleeves. Hems. From the newest brilliance—**soft shiny satin of emerald green,** swirled in art-glass flowers. The green, the greatest now. The shine, giving all colours richness and depth—as in this spectacular shawled dress (1) with fringe falling to the ground. By Kiki Hart. Printed silk satin by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché; Quality Braid fringe. Best & Co.; Bramson; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Bead ropes: Marvella; Accessocraft; William de Lillo. Rings: K.J.L.; Napier. Suga coiffure. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. **Pyjamas** (2) in a ravishing green printed surah. A scarf with **fringe.** Chained bareness at the waist. By Tina Leser. Gourdon silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Nordstrom Best. Ruza Creation; scarf. Charles Elkaim rings. Belts: Vendôme; Bill Smith for Richelieu. Ara Gallant coiffure. Bob Kelly hairpieces. New-blown crop of **hair** (3)—**rounded, curved to the face,** blunt uneven edges turned under, young-prince bangs. Ara Gallant coiffure. Ray Strauss scarf: Bloomingdale's.

PENATI

1

2

3

PENN



1

2

FORECAST

The small wrapped head in silk print handkerchiefs of violet, black, and white plus the long lean plunge of a black brocade coat over a matching elongated tunic and pants (1)—marvellous, languorous look for evening. Turnout by Originala, of rayon and acetate. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Thomas Robbins cross on a Cadoro chain. Turban wrapped by Adolfo. David Evins boots: to order at I. Miller. For a small, sleek, gleaming head at night—printed silk (2), tightly **wrapped and twisted** into a brioche at one side.... New again, **the look of pearls,** wrapped and wrapped, and gleaming around the throat. Turban by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Miles of mock pearls by Kenneth Lane for Laguna. At Lord & Taylor. If you've got it, flaunt it—wrap it with a grand poetic sweep—a circular cape of pale, **softest sable** (3), huge, huge-collared—all luxury, all lightness, all delicious wrappiness.... Russian Crown natural blond sable cape, made to order by Maximilian. Bright silks, swathing a small head, by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. David Evins boots. The **poet's cape,** the **huge fur shoulder-muff** (4)...wonderful together. Three-tiered cape of navy wool lined in velvet, to **wrap, swing, swirl.** Palacio. $160. White mink muff with a long rope and tassels of passementerie, to fling over the shoulder. Of "Jasmine," Emba white mink, made to order by Maximilian. This page, black wool knit pants: Geist & Geist. At Bergdorf Goodman.

3

4

Wrap yourself up... wrap your head in a mix of many-coloured soft silk scarfs...wrap yourself in rolling capes of sable, of wool...



1



2

Long coat, new **long-haired fur**—luxurious deep-brown Kojah mink, light as fluff, in a **wrappy, floor-length coat** (1). The silky skins are worked horizontally, lavishly, with a generous **lap-over and wrap-over**....
By Oscar de La Renta for Oliver Gintel, of "Kojah," Emba natural high-furred mink. At Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago; Lou Lattimore; Bullock's-Wilshire. Small, vivid silk turban, pulled sideways and knotted like a Rajput's, wrapped by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Rings by K. J. L.... **Multicoloured soft silks** (2) tightly wrapping the head, then looped into a temple-dancer's topknot. Giorgio di Sant' Angelo turban at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Rings by K. J. L. Fake pearls by Kenneth Lane for Laguna....**Wrap you must:** short, circular cape (3) that's simply a splendid fling of **dark shining mink**—no buttons, no clasps; you wrap it, sweep it around you in what is the most poetic gesture in fashion right now.
An Emeric Partos design made to order at Bergdorf Goodman, of "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Silk turban, wrapped and twisted by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Stockings by Irene for the McCallum Boutique. Boots by Piero Nuti for I. Miller, to order.

Magnificence of mink wrapping the body...of rich, soft, printed silks wrapping the head

Wide hems on longer pea jackets... longer lines on new suit-jackets... and the belted suit swings on

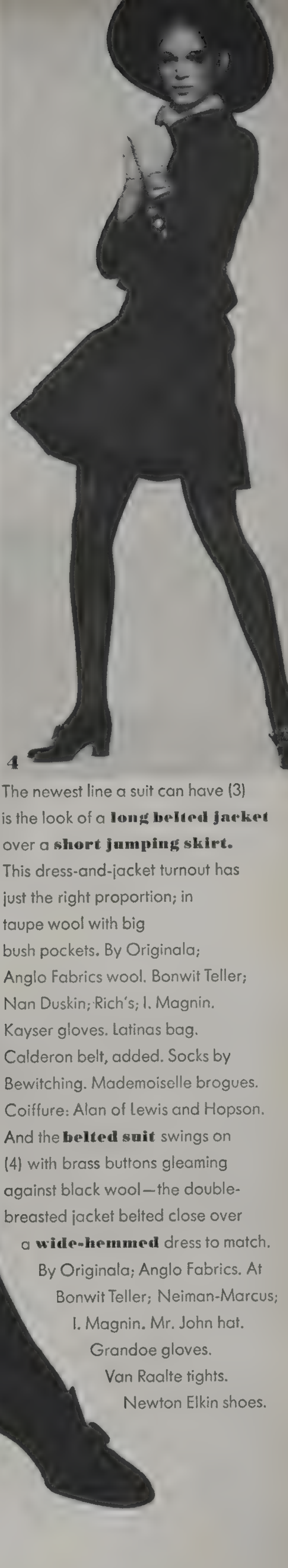
1

2

FORECAST



New pep for an old salt, opposite page: it's your good friend the **pea jacket,** but there've been some changes made—it's cut a little longer, **hemmed a lot wider.** It swings. In black wool with lots of shiny gilt buttons, the pea jacket spiffed over good straight matching black wool pants (1) or a short, easy skirt of the same (2)—terrific either way. By Originala. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Mr. John hat. Trifari ring. Kickerino boots. Van Raalte tights. Newton Elkin shoes. Suga coiffures; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.



The newest line a suit can have (3) is the look of a **long belted jacket** over a **short jumping skirt.** This dress-and-jacket turnout has just the right proportion; in taupe wool with big bush pockets. By Originala; Anglo Fabrics wool. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Kayser gloves. Latinas bag. Calderon belt, added. Socks by Bewitching. Mademoiselle brogues. Coiffure: Alan of Lewis and Hopson. And the **belted suit** swings on (4) with brass buttons gleaming against black wool—the double-breasted jacket belted close over a **wide-hemmed** dress to match. By Originala; Anglo Fabrics. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat. Grandoe gloves. Van Raalte tights. Newton Elkin shoes.

PENATI



How long the line... how varied the ways

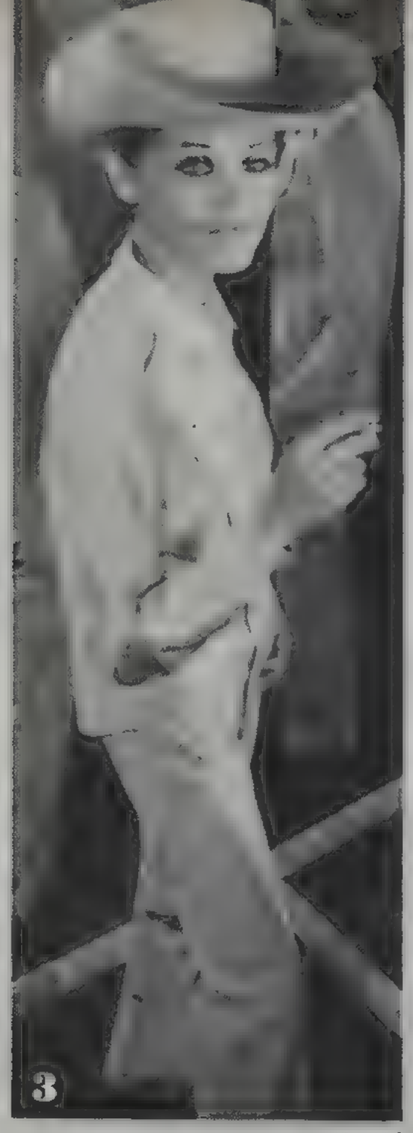
The idea is to lengthen all long lines, all the way, every way—like these pants looks, extended, elongated, with long coats, long weskits, long scarfs, long and layered....

The **extended cardigan** (1) of navy wool jersey with red bindings, falling to just above the ankles, slit deep on the sides over navy jersey pants, and strung along with **yards of scarf.** Cardigan and scarf by Adolfo. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Ship 'n Shore shirt. Burmel tie. Bruce Rudow ring. Geist & Geist pants. Boots by Kickerino. Coiffure: Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

The **long-jacket pants suit** (2) of bottle-green worsted with a fling of Paisley silk to lengthen a good line—long, belted, slightly bloused jacket and straight-down-the-line pants. By David Kidd for Marquise, of Anglo fabric loomed in America. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Blades hat. Odyssey scarf. Kickerino boots.

The ways of the West have always been rangey, so Cerruti puts a long, lean, natural shantung shirt with button-on plastron (3) over lean matching pants, slings on two loose belts, adds the famous Cerruti ten-gallon.

PENATI



RUDLING

The longest weskit (4)—black cotton velvet buttoned up over a dark-grey pullover and black velvet pants shot straight from the hip. Great look, great, too, under the **long black corduroy coat** at the bottom of the opposite page (5), with the same black hat and boots. Weskit, about $80; pants, $36; coat, $65. All by Mic Mac, at Bloomingdale's. Halston hat. Rings by Desbruères, Pakula. Sheffield watch. Charles Jourdan boots. Suga coiffure.

2

4

FORECAST

The **Jane Avril dress** (1) plunging along the path of coquetry with soft little black-satin wiles—tiny shiny buttons and **flounces flouncing** above shiny black legs with bowknots. By Oscar de La Renta, in silk (Jeri Silk fabric). Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Larry Reiter shawl. Christian Dior slippers. Tights, here and opposite, by Irene for the McCallum Boutique. Coiffure by Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

Sheer **satiny gold knee-sock** (2) to wear as a boot with the shortest, prettiest little-evening dresses now. By Ariadne. Best & Co. Embroidered golden suède brogue by David Evins, to order at I. Miller.

Creamy **satin shirtdress** (3) on the eve of new adventure—four flapped Safari pockets give it a proper send-off. By Aldrich, of rayon and acetate (Chardon-Marché satin). About $250. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sanger-Harris. The long-distance muffler—tied, fringed, falling forever—by David St. David. Coiffure by Suga. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

An open love affair between black satin and black jersey (4) giving the bosom all the **snugness of jersey** and the hips all the **swish of satin**—and a marvellous **white-pearl fringed muffler** languidly looped over the waist-deep plunge. By Oscar de La Renta, in silk (Jeri Silk fabric) and Jasco wool jersey. About $245. Saks Fifth Avenue; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Jules Van Rouge muffler. K. J. L. rings. Coiffure by Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

1

2





4

Satin
every way...
for every month
of the year

The All-ways coat



FORECAST



Think of it—**one coat with everything for everybody...** it's short, belted, navy, and you can have it with matching pants... you can have it with a matching cape... or you can wear it just as it is, over all your little knit dresses and short flippy skirts.... It's the coat to wear all-ways, shown here all the ways. **The coat on its own** (1)—all sharp good looks from the perfect rounded collar to the wide hem—double-breasted navy-blue wool whipcord with two big pockets and a **shiny belt,** brass-ringed and grommetted. Mary Grey stockings. The All-ways **coat plus matching pants** (2): a long line of navy charged-up with a white stock and natty green velours hat. The All-ways **coat plus cape** (3): a small roll of navy falling softly over the shoulders. The coat, cape, pants—all by Originala. Coat and cape of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Both pages: hat from Blades; Calderon belt; Sheffield watch; gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Suga coiffures. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

FORECAST

Wide lines... long lines... plus the cuffed-down boot

2

1

4

ALEXIS WALDECK

The coat that makes a clean sweep with the **widest hem** around . . . often cut on the bias, always flared from a **small top** and high armholes . . . the coat that goes over everything you wear. . . .
The wide **grey** coat (1): yoked and pleated and swinging in back, double-breasted in front, with three little silvery rope balls on bias sleeves. By Seymour Fox, of Shetland wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Mr. John hat. Hansen gloves. Phoenix tights. The wide plaid coat (2): **bias front, bias sleeves** in a whirl of green-and-navy wool. Originala. Fabrics by The Rings. At Lord & Taylor. Van Raalte tights. Suga coiffure. The wide black coat (3): **biased in back** and spinning like a top. Tabbed cuffs; tab collar, self-tied. Originala, of wool Melton cloth. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. K. J. L. rings. Hudson tights. Suga coiffure. The **longer weskit,** in brown cotton velvet (4): a dandy—buttons down the front, a narrow waist,and a tasselled gilt chain slung from pocket to pocket . . . over a white **stock-tied shirt** of crêpe-backed satin and straight pants in a Prince de Galles plaid of black, white, grey, red. All by Anne Klein. Weskit, about $85. Shirt, about $45. Pants, of Anglo Fabrics wool, about $75. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Rings: Sandor Goldberger. Accessocraft chain. Latinas boots.



The longer **brown leather** weskit edged in beige lamb (5), lengthening the line of a wool tweed tunic and matching beigey-brown pants . . . and the raciest boots of all—mostly **huge turned-down cuffs** of fleecy, furry beige lamb. Weskit and pants turnout by Cerruti. Boots by Roger Vivier for Cerruti.

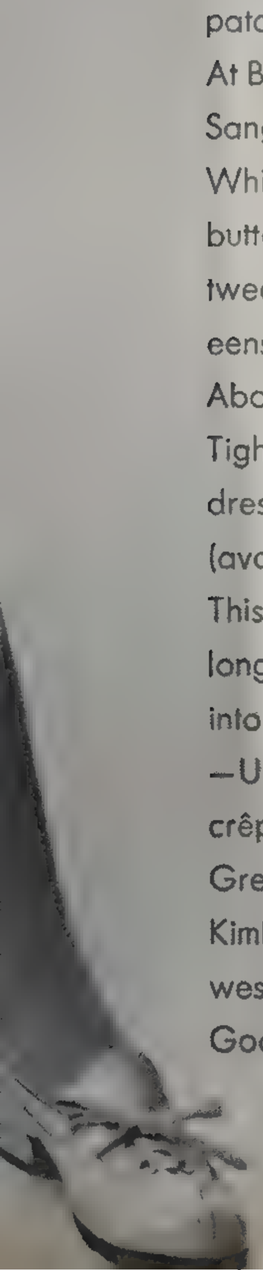
1

4

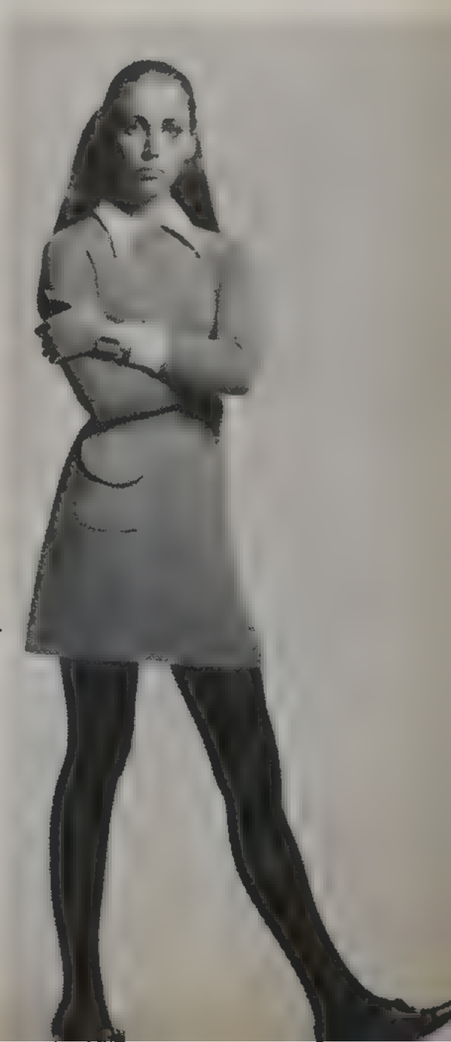
BERT STERN

The hugger-snugger dress with pockets... and the perfect Ungaro

Talk about tiny—what you see here are three of the **smallest, softest, lightest** little dresses since baby sweaters, hugging snug up top, loose at the hem, and socked with pockets, all. The definitive diminutive (1), a piccolo **polo-shirt knit of brown lamb's wool**—small collar, small pockets, narrow long sleeves, and a belt. About $28. At Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Scarf by Baar & Beards. Sandor Goldberger rings. Sheffield watch. Mosaic tights by Van Raalte.... Skimming along like an **elongated turtleneck** (2), a **hugger-snugger dress of red** knitted lamb's wool, two good-size pockets patched on the hipbone. About $26. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sanger-Harris. Van Raalte tights.... White collar and cuffs, and a sideswipe of tiny buttons—bounces on mere ounces of belted tweedy **grey jersey** (3); one hip-pocket and eensy-teensy everywhere. Of acrylic jersey. About $45. At Bonwit Teller. Sheffield watch. Tights by Phoenix. All three hugger-snugger dresses by Daniel Hechter for Fox Run (available late July); Suga coiffures.... This is our idea of a great dress (4): long sleeves, **long-line seams** extending into **short pleats** from a loose **low waist**—Ungaro designed this one in white wool crêpe; Kimberly copies it in white wool knit. Great!... Ungaro dress of Nattier crêpe. Kimberly dress, with a long, contrasting weskit, about $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Carita coiffure.



2



3



1

Long, covering evenings... and a touch of the poet

The **long black tweed coat** (1) for evening—a beautiful sweep of black, narrow through body, sprung **loose at the hem,** with a flourish of lace at throat and wrists. By Mic Mac, in wool and rayon. About $180. At Bloomingdale's. Kickerino boots. Suga coiffure. Compliments of a friend—that ever-flattering one, **black velvet** (2), seen here with starches of white: a wonderfully poetic little long dress, very very covered and hung with a marvellous Celtic cross. By Geoffrey Beene, at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Giant jewelled cross by Thomas Robbins. Cadoro chain. Suga coiffure. The tapes are **polished gilt** (3) and they play around the neck, the wrist, the waist—a bright mine of shine to sport with a long vibrant **Paisley scarf** and black leotard. Fran Whitney jewellery: Bonwit Teller. Danskin leotard. Odyssey scarf. Coiffure by Alan of Lewis and Hopson. Coached in cloak-and-swagger romance, a voluminous beige **tiered cape** (4) bordered in shining brown braid flings yards of bravado over a double-belted tobacco jumpsuit —the **knickers** are met by boots at the knee. Wool jersey turnout by Laura Aponte. Dal Cò boots, in Corfam. Alba e Francesca coiffure.

FORECAST

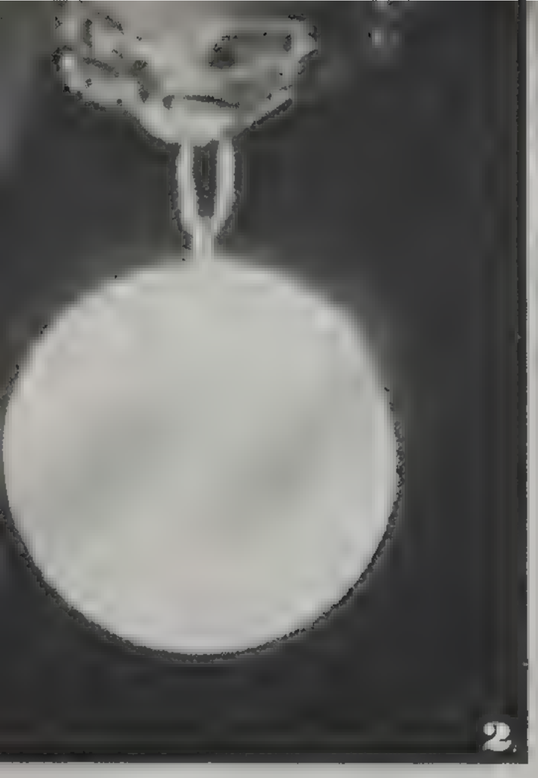


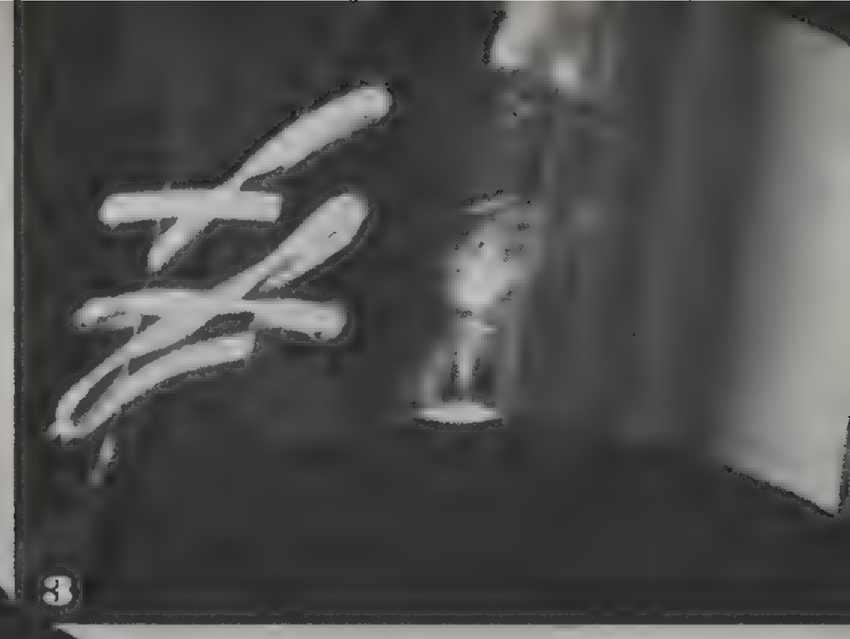
3

ALEXIS WALDECK

GIANPAOLO BARBIERI

4





The absolute essence of languor and line—Saint Laurent's **long-jacket evening suit** (1) with a **just-above-the-ankle skirt** in black silk crêpe . . . a beautiful loose jacket with brass buttons at the wrists and a softly bloused shirtdress **neck-tied** in black satin, slender snake chains strung around neck and waist . . . everything just falling against the body. To order: I. Magnin. Saint Laurent jewellery. Roger Vivier sandals for Saint Laurent. Alexandre coiffure. . . . The latest gleam is **chrome**—as in a giant chrome disc (2) hanging from a neck-chain. By Desbruères. Bonwit Teller. . . . As in a wide chrome belt, laced in leather (3) with a wide chrome armband worn over long sleeves. By Thomas Robbins. Both: Bloomingdale's. . . . Newest way to wear jewellery is to **mix metals**—as in a deep collar of brushed golden metal (4) worn with a wide chrome armband spiralling above the elbow. By Fran Whitney at Bonwit Teller.

The line, the languor... the gleam of chrome and golden metals



FORECAST

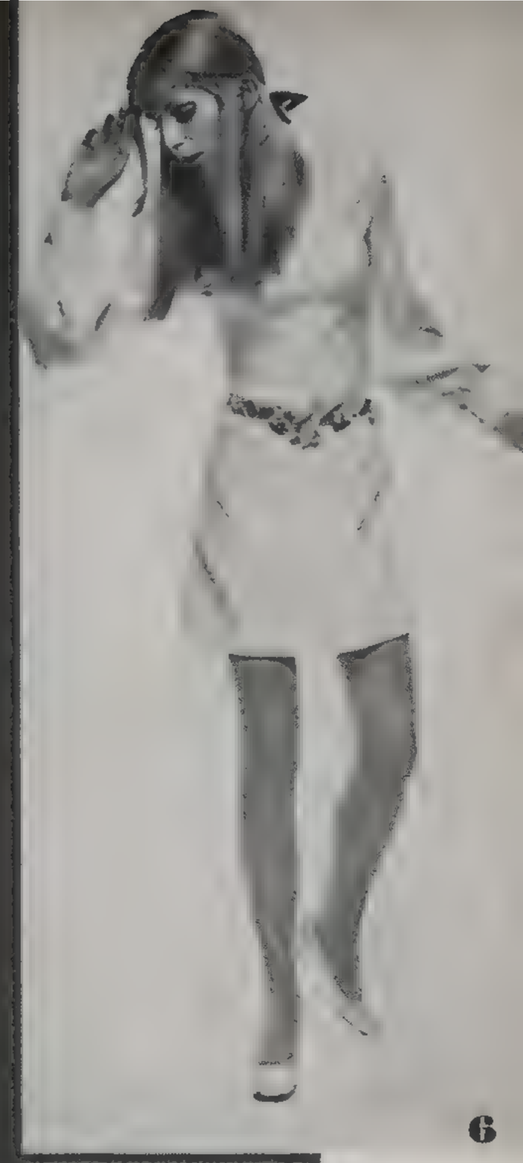
BERT STERN



Black jersey **shirt-tunic** (5), the length of a short dress, buttoned in front over a **long pleated skirt** to match—white collar and cuffs, plus a long, long-fringed white crêpe scarf almost to the ground . . . all **lines extended** as long as possible. By Leo Narducci, of Wyner worsted jersey knitted in America. About $125. At Altman's; G. Fox; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle's, Cleveland. Scarf by David Tesdell. At Abracadabra. Desbruères ring. At Bonwit Teller. Mademoiselle sandals. Coiffure by Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

Dior's **hugger-snugger** (6) —limpid little long-sleeved shirtdress of white crêpe, falling lightly on the body from a smidge of throatband, held loosely with a chain of enamelled lilies of the valley. To order: I. Magnin. Belt, shoes, stockings, by Dior. Carita coiffure.

5



6

93

ALEXIS WALDECK

FORECAST

The roll of the cape... the shine of grommets on leather...the gleamy dreamy black fake fur



PENATI



The **perfect cape** (1):
a whirlytwirly **circular** spin
of unlined brown wool Melton cloth,
to **roll** around the body, to **wrap**
with a whoosh.... Held at the throat
with a tab and swinging, here, over
straight pants. By Originala.
At Martha; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's;
Frost Bros. Charles Jourdan boots.
Coiffure: Alan of Lewis and Hopson.
Delicious new fling for the **caped coat** (2): it's **belted,** it's longer—
and terrific over matching pants.
By Originala, of black wool Melton
cloth. Bonwit Teller;
Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.
Coiffure: Suga.... Real punch to
this skirt (3)—shiny **rust-brown vinyl** knocked out with dozens of
sassy brassy **grommets.** By Sloat,
of Comark fabric. About $80. At
Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field;
I. Magnin. Capri belt. Belle-Sharmeer
socks. Shoes: Walter Steiger for
Pancaldi at Henri Bendel....
Furry and snug as a bug (4)
—a short, **shiny black** coat
worked in the round, all slicked
up with a black vinyl tab,
black vinyl at the pockets.
Pierre Cardin-New York, of Dynel and
polyacrylic (Tyberghein fabric).
About $200 at Bonwit Teller.
Patent bootinos by B. F. Goodrich.



1

Curved and rounded to the head—hair with green streaks

Experiment in many colours with Dynel strips bright and shiny as ribbons (1), curved and rounded to the head just the way the hair is—here, they're all grass green but they could be apricot, lavender, vivid pink, light pink, yellow, or blue, and looking every time as polished and perfect as a Fabergé enamel egg. The coiffure and strippy, streaky Dynel hair band are both from the same gifted hand—Kenneth's. About face—that's the curve of **boyish hair** (2) right now and Oliver Bond of Leonard's in London sports this windblown tumble; if you should happen to find yourself in Upper Grosvenor Street one of these days, however, Oliver might scissor your own girlish locks with the same romantically random skill. Quite a coup, if you ask us.

One good curve deserves another and gets it from Pucci: the most terrific little **body stocking in print** (3). Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers, in blue-printed power net of spandex and Lycra. About $25. End of July, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Sant' Angelo jewellery, at Henri Bendel.

Straight, pale-streaked hair (4) is **cut in long layers that curve right into the face.** Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Printed scarf tied in an ascot. By Ray Strauss. At Bonwit Teller.



Curved to the face—boy-length hair

2



Curved to the body

3



Curved to the face—layers of long hair

FORECAST



The quintessential poncho—fluid, flowing, all-covering luxuriousness



Valentino's **triumph of coral**—his magnificent poncho of **coral gazar,** opposite, dropped smoothly over the head, surging into yard after yard of luxurious amplitude; a great tidal sweep of scalloped coral over coral charmeuse pants, with **coral beads** jewelling the throat and waist, the heels of coral slippers. Poncho fabric by Satam. At Martha; I. Magnin.... And, on this page, his soft-falling black poncho of heavy silk crêpe dripping with **knotted fringe,** sashed in front over flaring pants—looped and jewelled with **ropes and ropes of coral beads.** Fabric by Forneris. At Martha; I. Magnin.

On both pages: jewellery by Coppola è Toppo; shoes by Dal Cò, for Valentino. Coiffures by Alba e Francesca.

GIANPAOLO BARBIERI



Satin for every hour of the day . . .

Soft slithery satin to wear all day, all night, all year . . . the shine goes on and on. . . . Short zipped **satin-doll** dress, left, in deep **cobalt blue** with a steely-grey cast to it and **steely-chrome armbands** . . . it buttons at the stand-up collar and gathered cuffs . . . looks great with a silky tasselled rope and long gleamy dark legs with pretty little patterns. Vogue Pattern 7540. Necklace and armbands by Desbruères. Sant' Angelo rope. Schiaparelli tights. Carel sandals. . . . A wonderful **langnorously scarfed shirt,** right—gleaming **bottle-green satin** with full sleeves caught by elasticized bands at the wrists and just very lightly bloused over easy matching **satin pants** . . . a clatter of shiny silver **belts low on the waist.** Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7573. Pants: Vogue Pattern 7540. Belts from American Indian Arts Center. Sandor Goldberger rings. Pappagallo boots. Fabric by American Silk Mills of Celanese acetate and rayon. At Macy's; Hudson's; Lazarus; Rike's. François of Kenneth coiffures. For pattern details, see page 163.

Vogue Pattern 7540

ALEXIS WALDECK

FORECAST

VOGUE
PATTERNS

...Satin for every kind of fashion

Vogue Pattern 7573

Vogue Pattern 7540

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The end of patience with no place to put their impatience. . . . The muscular run of Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin, now defeated in their efforts as New York City politicians, with Breslin leaving behind his one great slogan: "If elected, I will go to Queens." . . . The spectacular and enormous exhibition of a thousand objects in The Art of Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, at New York's Metropolitan Museum, with, among the fantastics, eight ancestral poles of the Asmat tribe in New Guinea, found there by the late Michael Rockefeller whose father, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, gave the whole exhibition with the promise of a new wing to the Metropolitan. . . . The tawny splendours of Blenheim Palace in England where there will be a rousing light-and-sound performance for the British Red Cross for six weeks starting July 16 with among the voices those of Richard Burton, Barbara Jefford, and John Neville; the drawback, guests only by invitation.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The investiture of the Prince of Wales in Caernarvon, Wales, where, according to Sir Denis Brogan, the notable British historian, the solemn pageant is based on bad history and that "Edward I, who was busy conquering Wales and had built the magnificent castle of Caernarvon, did *not* show the new-born infant to the conquered Welsh and say, 'Here is your Prince,' " mainly because Edward of Caernarvon was a remarkably unfortunate Prince and King, "defeated at Bannockburn by Robert the Bruce, murdered at the instigation of his French wife and her paramour Mortimer, but oddly enough remembered favourably by the Welsh."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Band, five rock men who, in their photographs, look like assassins, but who are among the best bands around, each one a superb instrumentalist and, in addition, a singer. . . . *De Sade Illustrated,* a poverty-stricken, fully dressed recital, an effort at shock by a cast of five who do simulated sex acts until one could drop dead; there is also *The Marquis de Sade's "Philosophy in the Boudoir"* with a cast of ten, all of it sadder than *Illustrated.* . . . *Winning,* an old-fashioned movie, a heavy carbohydrate thing with Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman who every now and then allows his famous attractiveness to surface. . . . *The Age of Discontinuity* by Peter F. Drucker in which he wrote of the extraordinary stimulus towards reading in three and four year olds whose minds have been whipped up by television.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Fantastic Plastic Machine,* a film about surfing, with the magnificence of the photography of the waves and riders at last drowning out a script apparently written by a functional illiterate, leaving the unintended truth bare: The most fantastic plastic machine is not the surfer's board but the ocean. . . . The Woody Allen book title: *100 Advanced Sexual Positions and How to Achieve Them Without Laughing.*

HAMLET AS NICOL WILLIAMSON Thin-legged, pink-faced, bearded, aggressive, with a big head and pouched eyes, Nicol Williamson, as Hamlet, has been giving remarkable performances in London, New York, Boston, and now in California until August 9 in a bare-bones production directed by Tony Richardson. (Richardson and Williamson are together again in the new movie, *Hamlet,* to be released in this country next winter.) At thirty, Williamson has so revised Hamlet that he now has a curious accent for an aristocrat of Denmark—working-class Scottish without the burr but with the addition of Birmingham where Williamson grew up. All the melancholic minuet has been stripped off this Hamlet, who is more aggrieved, psychotic, cornered, whining, and violent, less silken-voiced than the traditional way. At moments he looks like an El Greco saint in black torment. When relaxed, Williamson's voice is deep, thoughtful, but changes to a staccato, breathless hiss under emotion. On the whole, this production and Williamson are both exciting and exhausting. To Williamson the play *Hamlet* is "very claustrophobic. It's about one man's obsession. Hamlet is quite an unpleasant man who is also an actor. He is like a director with these people. In fact, he's a dreadful man using his real personality to blackmail them, to get them to do what he wants. In the soliloquies, I try to make them very clear and understandable so that you actually understand them. There is a point of view, an argument given to you baldly rather than letting you ferret through the verse to find the meaning for yourself as you do when you hear someone speaking them very beautifully and coolly. I haven't gone against the metre: I think that verse must always be treated respectfully as verse. Shakespeare writes in the most marvellous timing and you can not destroy that."

SNOWDON



ISADORA REALLY

ISADORA DUNCAN IN 1925-1927

"GODDESS OF A MAD FREEDOM"

BY SIR FRANCIS ROSE



EDITOR'S NOTE: *A painter and a leading figure of European society between World Wars I and II, the young Sir Francis Rose met Isadora Duncan in Nice at the end of her career. At the Welcome Hotel there, the circle of Jean Cocteau gathered —Picasso, Diaghilev, Bérard, Dior, Stravinsky, and Isadora Duncan. In his memoirs of those years,* Saying Life, *Rose wrote, "There was nothing dirty, nothing evil in her attitude toward sex. She was natural and pure. Only from San Francisco could such a natural Greek arrive in Europe, her genius could only have been American. . . . I can still see [her feet] rise like powerful birds carrying her to the centre of the room, where in candle-light I saw her dance for the first time, dance in the twilight of her life, forgotten by all except the great." Here, three sketches of Isadora Duncan made at Nice, 1925-1927, and memories by Sir Francis.*

Short skirts, beads, and dancing all the time—morning, *thé dansants*, gala dinners, suppers at "La Maisonette Russe"—White Russians everywhere—and all this to the ringing of the ice bells in the tall towers of cocktail shakers. It was the period of fun and fear: emotional, suicidal, and gay. In fact, it was a very sombre period; the magnificent funeral feast of the pre-1914-18 war world, done in the grandest style, as if it were for the death of a Neapolitan singer. This was most suitable, as it was the 1920's, when the opera was dead; young people hated Wagner and Verdi and thought l'Opéra Comique grotesquely ridiculous.

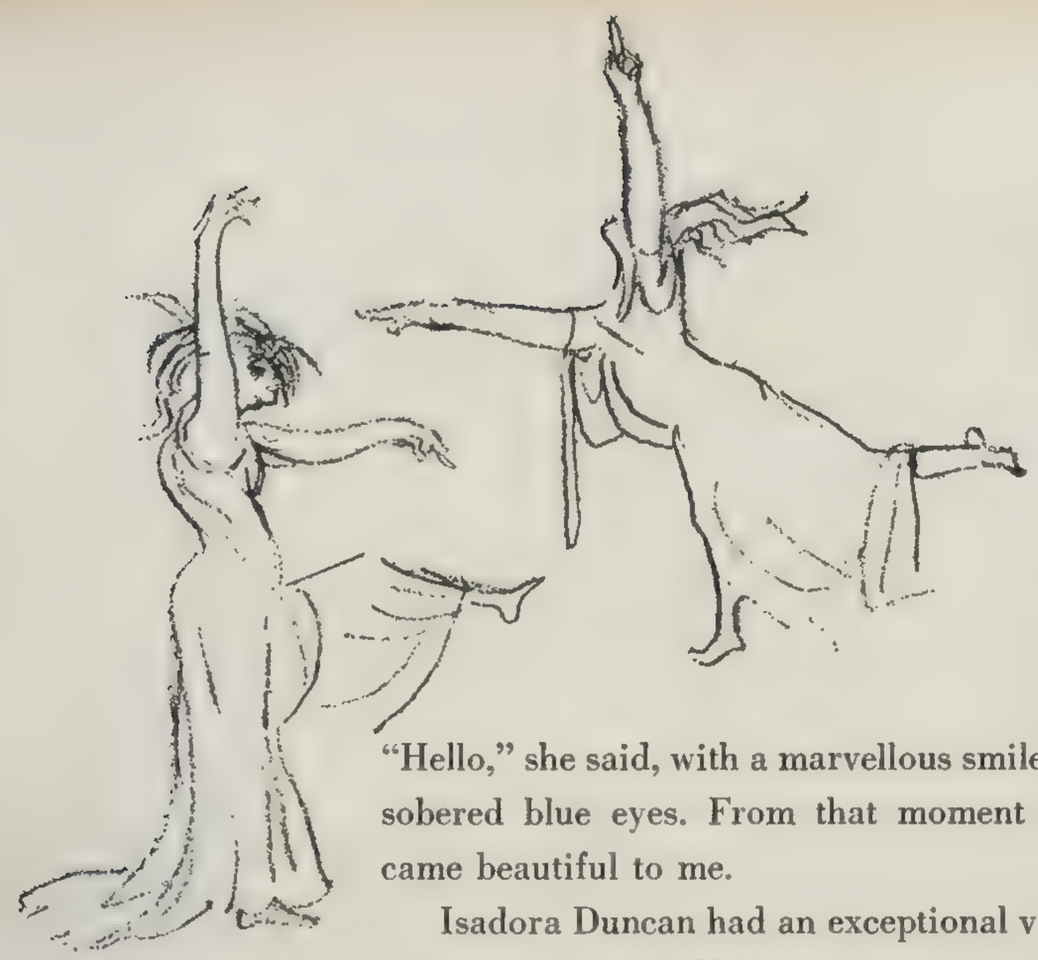
The avant-garde despised collages, calligrams, and Duchamp. Dada was old-fashioned. The Cubists were becoming old men. Bérard, Tchelitchew, the Bermans, Beaton, Sauguet, and Poulenc were beginning to be the rage. Surrealism was for the few, dangerous and not fashionable until Dali appeared. It was far too serious for the young spirits of the thirties that were still in the womb. The period of off-white, of all-white, and of flowered hats with veils that are always the forerunners of wars, was still in the future.

I was a precious, spoilt youth, full of Jean Cocteau's ideas, when Isadora Duncan swept into my life like an exotic wind with all her red veils, lobsters, baskets, and "pigeons" flying. She was a goddess of madness—of mad freedom—and of liberty without a torch. The massive Statue of Liberty in the port of New York always reminds me of Isadora weighed down with heavy, sweat-soaked draperies.

It was in the hot summer months of an empty Riviera in 1925 that I met her. She was drunk on the terrace of the wooden shack of a fisherman's bar in Villefranche that touched a disused chapel where the fishing nets were mended. Now it is the chapel decorated by Jean Cocteau that is one of the tourist spots of the French Riviera.

Isadora was half asleep; her Grecian face was resting on her plump folded arms on the dirty table top. A large glass of acid-green "pastis" was next to her. The wind blew her untidy orange hair in all directions. Around her was a mess of magenta and red draperies. Somewhere amongst the folds she had lost a wicker basket, covered with peeling gold paint, filled with a couple of live green-grey *langoustes* and one rose-pink cooked one.

Isadora looked up at me and said something rude as she groped about in the folds. She had taken me for one of her two "pigeons," a couple of pretty American homosexuals she had found bathing under the domes and minarets of the *jetée promenade* pier on the beach at Nice. "For Christ's sake, stop those lobsters screaming," she mumbled sleepily in a thick



American voice. Then she woke up and she looked at me again, and I knew that we would immediately become friends.

"Hello," she said, with a marvellous smile and suddenly sobered blue eyes. From that moment her voice became beautiful to me.

Isadora Duncan had an exceptional voice combined with the eyes of a genius. She was a generous and a very great artist. Even at that time nearing her death every gesture she made was a statement. She was far away in a shrine of her own to any young man; even in her drunkenness she was stimulating. Her perpetual faux pas were amusing, as though she were as simple as a child. She was the Californian girl-queen of gaffes!

No one was more a fish-out-of-water in the twenties. She was an aesthetic—a creation of Art Nouveau—when anything to do with Oscar Wilde, aestheticism, pre-1914-18 in Paris was considered sentimental, tea-shoppe, and arty-arty. And the "style métro" and Gaudí's buildings in Barcelona were not only laughable, but absolutely horrible to the sight. Only old squares with the worst taste bought Lalique, and we hid our Tiffany lamps and ornate glass vases, or gave them to servants as wedding presents.

I remember my mother, who was the essence of that period, destroying a lot of fans, curtains, and jewellery designed by Mucha, "that vulgar Chéret." She burnt all the posters of her friend Sarah Bernhardt—"they were an insult"—with a lot of old newspapers and rubbish that was cluttering the attics of her villa in Villefranche.

In this atmosphere, Isadora, who was not old, lived her last days and died in a tragic sort of circus act. Only a few, a very few exceptional people like Jean Cocteau and René Crevel occasionally visited her to see if this curiosity of the past was still alive. She was surrounded by a couple of old cronies, women who were devoted to her, and—as women often do—remembered her as part of their youth when they found her dancing lovely. Her friend Mary stood firmly by her side.

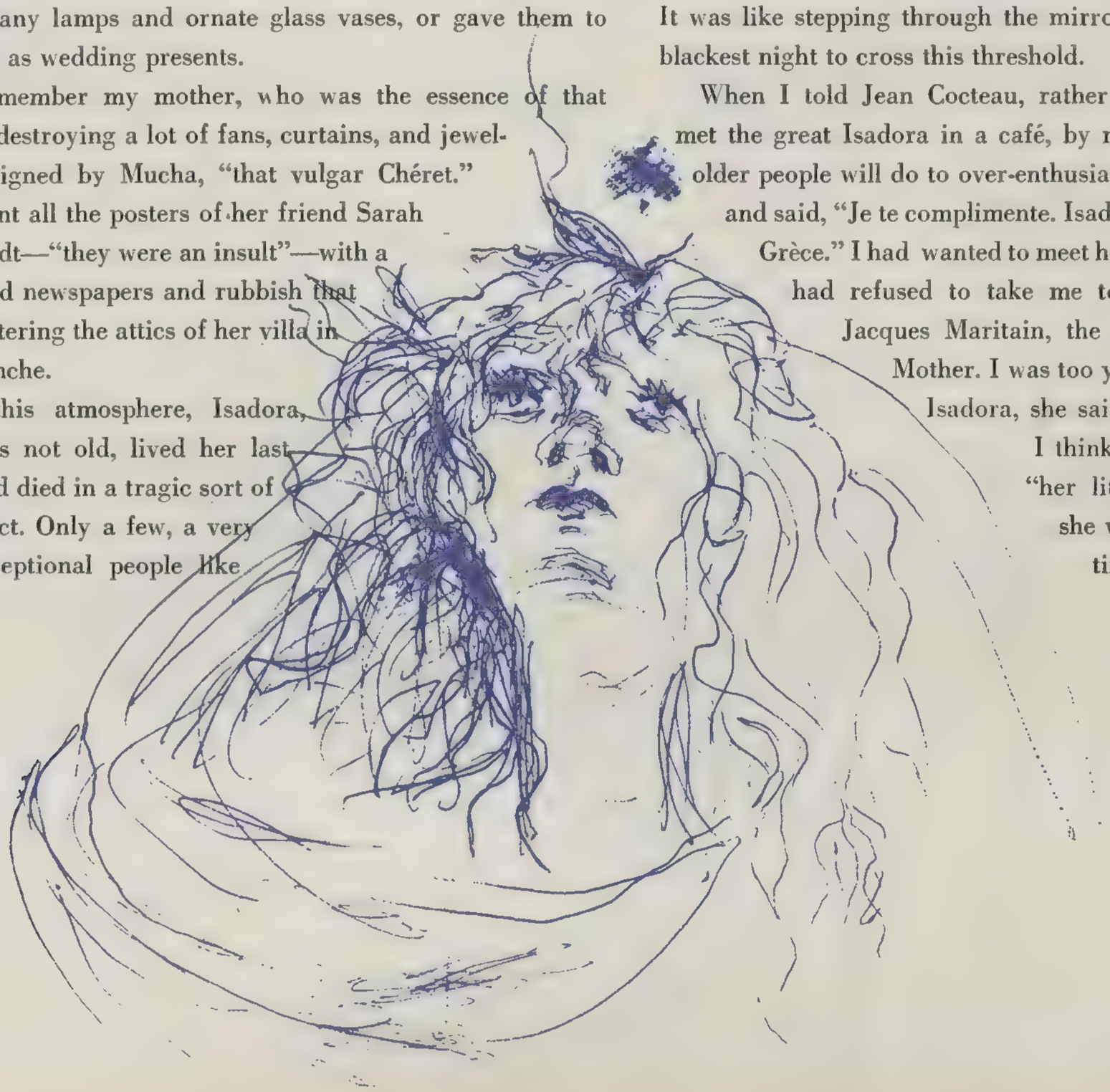
The two young "pigeons" looked after her and lived with her, and for a long time I visited her daily in a flat on the first floor of an Art Nouveau building which stood up all alone like a thin sandwich at the very end of the Promenade des Anglais in Nice, facing the ramshackle fretwork porches of the Henri Plage, where she died.

On a dusty vacant lot next door, with a couple of dying palm trees, stood a kind of large shed or garage, stuccoed a faded salmon pink; the windows were boarded up, and on the peeling blue paint on the small door were a lot of graffiti; in the centre a heart, with the signature Jean deeply engraved. This was Cocteau's symbol at this time, before he had adopted the star as a personal motif. This building looked abandoned and unoccupied, as a lot of rubbish was piled around it—*comme un terrain vague*—but it was here that Isadora worked and danced for the last time in the candle-lit gloom and dust, with Ivor Tchenko at the piano.

This was her last studio, hung with funereal black velvet, and littered with an amphitheatre of divans and cushions. The smell of joss sticks, dead tuberoses, the unchanged water in flower vases in which vegetation was rotting, and dust thickened the darkness as one entered from the brilliant sunshine. It was like stepping through the mirror of Orphée into the blackest night to cross this threshold.

When I told Jean Cocteau, rather proudly, that I had met the great Isadora in a café, by myself, he smiled—as older people will do to over-enthusiastic boys of sixteen—and said, "Je te complimente. Isadora est vraiment de la Grèce." I had wanted to meet her before, but Cocteau had refused to take me to her studio, as did Jacques Maritain, the Catholic writer, and Mother. I was too young and would bore Isadora, she said.

I think Isadora really loved "her little Francis." It was she who turned my (Continued on page 161)



ISRAEL ONRUSH

Its surprises, drive, pleasures, and know

BY ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Dropping out of the sky into a strange land in the dead of night is about as lost as you can get. And Lod Airport, which was being repaired when I got there, looked to me as though it hadn't even been *built* yet. (That look of permanently wet cement turns out to be a hallmark of modern Israel. When I first saw Tel Aviv, I couldn't decide whether they were tearing it down or putting it up, and I'm not sure yet.) Anyway, I was standing there, "humble, fat, and small," in the midst of a great human surge of joyous greetings and reunions, wishing I had either asked to be met—or better yet, not come at all—when I was handed a crumpled piece of paper: "Danny is expecting you in a yellow shirt outside."

I'd never heard of Danny, but he turned out to be who *would* have met me if I'd had the sense to ask. He met me anyway. That's the way they run things over there: Everybody seems to figure that nobody else has much sense, so complete strangers keep offering advice to each other. Then, when preventive measures fail, everyone seems convinced that things will turn out all right anyway. Which they do. Which doesn't surprise *them,* but it shakes up a newcomer.

The whole concept of the Narrow Squeak appears to elude them. After fifteen absolutely hair-raising arrivals at appointments—for which we started late, asked directions of every passerby, took the square root of their answers and divided by 2.7, I finally delivered to the young man driving me a Benjamin Franklin lecture on the virtues of early starts and preliminary map-reading. He heard me out very patiently and then inquired if we'd ever once been late. And of course we never once had. I suddenly realized that if I was a basket case when we got where we were going, it was only the frightful toll of a lifetime spent in some lunatic world where if you leave late and get lost on the way you arrive late. After a month in which I *twice* lost my purse and had it returned, found rooms in fully-booked hotels and seats on packed airplanes, sent my laundry and got it back, and other miraculous reprieves from real life, I'm convinced that a traveller in Israel should heed the advice posted in the cable car that drops you down the side of the cliff at Rosh Hanikra: *In Case of Emergency, Open Window and Wait for Instructions.* (And as I was about to climb aboard, an Israeli behind me said: "Don't worry, Madam, it was built by the Swiss.")

At the airport, before Danny found me, I exchanged a fistful of leftover Italian lire for two pink notes, one yellow, four blues, six round brass coins, and one tin coin and soon found the money doesn't stay with you long, no matter what colour it is. But compared to the gauntlet I'd run in New York and Rome, I found Israel's path to bankruptcy splendidly refreshing. Some of the palaces with marble-lined lobbies cost enough to make you feel at home. But I'd hate to miss one of those rooms at the King David in Jerusalem, suspended above the walls of the Old City, or the dazzling lights of Haifa from the Dan Carmel. And *nobody* should miss the Hilton in Tel Aviv. (To prevent heart seizures, when the bill climbs past the Israeli Defense Budget, you find a note in your box suggesting a chat with the cashier.) The lobby is a whirling carnival of barefoot girls in blue jeans, air crews from Hong Kong, Swiss yodelers, wedding parties, diamond brokers, and group tours from Singapore. The friendships you make in the Nechushtan Lift Works elevators are for life. Sometimes all four land at the same floor at once. Sometimes they disappear and sulk. Or they stop at ghost floors—where the desperate must have jumped into fire nets or gone down on knotted sheets. Rather late one night, when we picked up a man wearing beach robe and sun hat and carrying a bottle of sun-tan lotion, I figured he'd either been waiting since morning to go to the swimming pool, or was planning ahead.

On the other hand, getting about the country is so easy and so cheap you can hardly afford to sit still. The group taxis, called *sheruts,* which leave at all hours, as soon as they're full, charge less than a dollar for the hour's ride between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, and run between most of the other cities as well. Buses cost even less. Arkia, the internal airline, (Continued on next page)



JOHN COWAN

MRS. GOLDA MEIR, first woman in Israel to hold the post of Prime Minister, said, "That is the least of my problems." Unwaveringly costumed in straight dark clothes, she looks ready at any time to roll up her sleeves and wash the dishes—which, in fact, she is: "Washing dishes is my hobby." She smokes an uninterrupted series of cigarettes, which she sets fire to with a kind of blowtorch, and wears her iron-grey hair pulled back in a knot as uncompromising as her stand on issues of principle. ("We don't thrive on military acts. We do them because we have to, and thank God we are efficient.") Her low-pitched voice combines the accents of the long-ago Milwaukee schoolteacher with the tough timbre of a veteran labour organizer and political in-fighter. Yet she is also a seventy-one-year-old grandmother who adores baking chocolate cakes, has a disarming self-deprecating humour and enough old-world feminine helplessness to have trouble getting the station she wants on her new television set. Whether in her austere office, with its military map along one wall, or at home, she said, "I never switch off the telephone."



ISRAEL (Continued) does the trip between Tel Aviv and Eilat—about like New York to Washington—for a little more than half the price of the Eastern Airline shuttle planes and a stewardess passes out candy drops at takeoff and landing with a cold lemonade in between.

The guidebooks insist that Israel is the size of New Jersey. But the unaccustomed sight of field, flower, mountain, desert, and stream uninterrupted by a single billboard soon makes it seem like a whole new planet. And one is continually grateful for the tactful way that such lovely old cities as Acre and Nazareth, with their tangle of wandering streets and tottering old buildings, have been left unbulldozed, while the less poetic boxes required to house great numbers of people in great haste have been installed on an outer fringe or a separate hillside. In the case of Jaffa, Ein Hod, and Safad, the outsides of the old houses have been preserved and the insides gradually scraped clean and stocked with artists and craftsmen and with the galleries that sell their wares.

One's previous sense of scale and distance is soon jarred loose by the topography. The "Israeli Riviera," a wilder, sparser shore than its European counterpart, and more beaten by the sea, begins in a dazzle of white cliffs at the Lebanese border, progresses through one hundred miles of tawny beaches and wind-swept bluffs and fetches up at El Arish in a placid, palm-fringed cove that could have been lifted from a South Sea island travel poster. In an easy day's drive, one can start in the lush hills and valleys of the Galilee, winding through orchards, olive groves, vegetable gardens, and valleys of wheat, with cypress and eucalyptus trees strung about in the distance like those dreamy receding landscapes in fifteenth-century Italian paintings. Then suddenly, somewhere south of lunch, the green gives way to sand, the traffic turns to donkey carts and camels, and the sturdy Israeli hitchhikers at the side of the road are replaced by women in long black robes, with clay jars on their heads, threading their way among the scattered treads of burned-out tanks. Beyond, the road leads through wild canyons and rock formations and past huge crags of salt bordering the Dead Sea that make the desert wastes seem tame. By the time you reel into the orange and purple sunset of Eilat, you feel you've relived all seven Pillars of Wisdom. (Continued on next page)

TEDDY KOLLEK (above) is the Mayor of Jerusalem, perhaps the world's loveliest, most complicated—and most explosive—city. Known everywhere as Teddy, he collects old jewellery, old maps, antique glass, helped start the dazzling new Israel Museum, and co-authored a handsome book about his city. Right now he is trying to create a green belt of park around the old walls. "Even if something happens here, it is in nice surroundings and in sunshine." After dark, he prowls about, checking up on things in his dark-green Plymouth, with no outriders, no bodyguards. He is listed in the telephone directory. Everyone calls him up, even a man who left his glasses in a locked auditorium. "This is a harassing job," said Teddy Kollek, "but in a small town like this the mayor should be instantly visible."



JOHN COWAN

SAMUEL YOSEF AGNON won a Nobel Prize for Literature in 1967 and is part of the fabric of life in Israel, in his writing and in his person. Deeply religious and immersed in Talmudic scholarship, he writes in an almost Biblical style. His stories, which gently expose with a lyrical simplicity man's complex frailties, are penned in such spidery hieroglyphics that only his wife can transcribe them for the printer. Now eighty-one years old, he is adored and worried over by his friends, who continually ply him with flowers, books, and honey. Having planned his house to avoid distracting views from the windows and hung a sign on the door to say he is not at home, he frets that all the fuss is keeping him from the best of all his stories: "The one you enjoy living with—which I haven't written yet."



YIGAEL YADIN is both a professor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and a world-famous archaeologist who directed the mind-boggling excavations at Masada in the blazing heights above the Dead Sea. There, on the site of Herod's fortress, the Zealots took their last stand in 72 A.D. against the Romans, a stand as cherished by the Jews as the Alamo by Texans. (Dr. Yadin's father discovered the Dead Sea Scrolls.) Dr. Yadin has only to publish a brief announcement to bring out an army of volunteer diggers, some from Israel, others from across the sea. To him it is quite logical that he has been Chief of Operations of the Israel Defense Forces and Chief of the General Staff: "Archaeology requires organization, logistics, sound intelligence work."

ISRAEL (Continued) The Israelis' approach to their scenery is to be absolutely crazy about it. They draw an energy from it that astounds an outsider. In this year's Three-Day March, one of their most cherished institutions, some eleven thousand of them were out on the road before dawn, walking some twenty-five miles a day, singing as they went, winding up with a triumphal parade in Jerusalem attended by the Prime Minister and most of the government. But deeper than that, they seem to have latched on to some exhilarating sense of renewal, as though their national existence were a miracle so recent they still can't quite believe it, and so perishable they don't dare take their eyes off it. The results of this heightened intensity are all over the landscape.

While some Israelis dig passionately into the past, as though the old walls and shards hold some magic clue to survival, others have produced the dazzling Hebrew Museum, the handsome Knesset building, or even the calm but stimulating surroundings of the Weizmann Institute, as though they too would provide some stabilizing force. To match their political intensity we'd have to re-install George Washington in the White House. Some of the people who started Israel are still running it. Nearly everyone else seems to feel a large personal stake in the results, is quite sure he could run it just as well as the people in charge, and feels perfectly free to say so at anytime. "It is still a place," an Israeli scientist said, "where you can telephone the Prime Minister straight—which you can't do in an orderly country."

The crumbling treasures unearthed in the national passion for excavating ruins have been left to bake in the sun undisturbed. At Ashkelon the old fragments are surrounded by wandering parks and gardens along the cliffs above the sea. At the Caesarea Country Club they've left careless chunks of marble on the practice green. At Horshat Tal, they have exercised the same respectful restraint with a grove of ancient oak and terebinth trees. And although tourists are next to diamonds and fruit as Israel's main source of foreign exchange, the postcard and souvenir stalls have been kept at bay.

The fact that a hostile nation lies outside every border—to say nothing of hostile dynamite-wielders *within*—is as carefully fenced off as the antiquities. The roadside signs warning against mines in the Golan Heights are a lot smaller than the ones advising that children are at play. The day I passed a clanking vehicle with a slit for a windshield and guns poking out the sides, I was assured that only Saturday picnickers were inside. In Eilat, which actually *had* been shelled about a week before I got there, I was just dripping from my shower when I heard the air-raid siren go off. By that time I had so fallen in with Israeli ways that I neither dried nor dressed but methodically washed and polished all four pairs of glasses. As it turned out, the siren merely signalled the start of another holiday. April in Israel, I claim, has forty-nine days, fifty of which are holidays.

What with being written backwards and in a strange alphabet, Hebrew gives you a nice feeling that you don't have to learn any if you're just passing through. (Even so, by stealing a language chart on a paper table mat from the King David Hotel coffee shop, I collected a fine vocabulary of thank you, waiter, knife, egg, jam, chair, and how are you?) Proper names are transliterated, so you can spell things any way you want. The people who *have* learned Hebrew can obviously learn *any* language and most of them have. Nearly everyone has several extra ones on tap, which usually include English, although you get good chances to practise your German, Polish, Czech, Yiddish, and Russian. Everyone seems very tolerant of the most eccentric communications. (I did have a little trouble convincing a hotel plumber that I thought there was some gravel lodged in the shower-head, but I'm not sure I could pull that off at home.)

Israelis, if you ask them, keep insisting that "you don't come to Israel for the food." Every other year they hold a Queen of the Kitchen contest to encourage an Israeli *haute cuisine,* and this year's surprise "Kitchen Queen" in Haifa was a fifty-seven-year-old petrol salesman with a recipe for "loop the loop grey mullet."

I found that the odds are about the same as they are at home. The flossier the decoration, the bigger and Frenchier the menu and the higher the prices, the better your chances for a bad meal. If you eat simple and local, it's hard to go wrong. There is marvellous grilled fish to be had all along the Mediterranean and at Eilat. The St. Peter's fish from the Sea of Galilee is worth the trip to Tiberias. At the Galei Gil Restaurant the tables are so close to the water that you eat your main course—fish—under the reproachful gaze of its relatives. If it helps your conscience any, you can always toss them bits of bread and watch them jump for them.

AMOS DE SHALIT of the Weizmann Institute is perhaps Israel's most distinguished scientist, his speciality, nuclear spectroscopy. In 1947, as a member of the Haganah, the Jewish Underground, he helped develop—and invented the Hebrew name for —a widely used recoil-less rifle. He helped plan the Institute Physics Building, chose the Bruno Giorgi sculpture (shown in the background of this photograph), and placed it precisely by a curving pond. In addition to his research, he has been aiding in the improvement of the teaching of physics adapted to the needs of Israel. For amusement he claims that he perfected a three-dimensional archaeological jigsaw puzzle, made of diabolically unrelated shards in a plastic sack: "It's easier to fix nuclei together."



JOHN COWAN

Some of the best surprises, out on the road, come in the plainest packages: I had a delicious lunch on the sunlit terrace of a sort of café at a highway crossing near Binyamina that looked from the road like part of a gas station; the noon feast spread out by the Dagon Hotel in Ashkelon is enough to make you call off the rest of the trip and move in.

Except for at the Dan Hotel in Haifa, where the view from your balcony is so grand you shouldn't even leave it to go to bed, to have breakfast sent to your hotel room and miss the downstairs morning buffet is to miss one of the gastronomic pinnacles of Israel. The "Sabra" breakfast in the Hilton's Milk and Honey Coffee Shop is an ornament to the republic. Five kinds of smoked fish, eight cheeses (eleven, counting the variations on creamed and cottage), sliced cucumbers, green and red peppers and radishes (which grow as big as apples), grated carrots, chopped egg, green and black olives, and scallions.

On the theory that you might get hungry or thirsty again the minute you've tottered ten steps from the table, nearly every city and town barely manages to sandwich the banks and stores between the juice bars, pastry shops, and other moveable feasts. Seven cents gets you a huge glass of orange or grapefruit juice squeezed before your eyes. Even less buys a beaker of foaming fresh carrot juice. Take two steps without looking and you'll crash into a cart selling bagels, seeds, and nuts. The national passion for munching on almonds, pumpkin and sunflower seeds has made such a clean-up problem that one newspaper writer suggested the only solution would be a complete exchange of population with Switzerland.

The most serious portable food festival is the *felafel* (deep-fried chick-peas), steak, or *Shwerma* (grilled lamb, sliced thin) which they stuff, along with a handful of salad and a dollop of sesame goo called *techina*, into the hollow of a round loaf of Arab bread, called a "pitta." You should either reserve a leopard-spotted costume to eat this in, or turn yourself straight in to the valet service when you get back to the hotel.

The rest of the space, especially along Tel Aviv's Dizengoff, the swinging promenade and people-watching street, is taken up by sidewalk cafés that serve as clubs, offices, and bush telegraphs. A man I'd spent weeks trying to contact by telephone got in touch with me instantly after I chanced to mention the fact on the terrace of The Sultan on Frishman Street.

The restaurant section of the *Bazak Israel Guide* "prepared with the Society to Develop Gastronomy and Rate Restaurants and Sonol Oil Company" gives a chatty rundown of places to eat in Tel Aviv, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Haifa, and a scattering of other cities and not only dispenses such advice as "Don't order small fishes, the percentage of head, skin, and bones is higher than in the bigger ones," but frets about the calories in some of the desserts. The adventures of the *Bazak* inspectors got to be my favourite bedtime reading. "We began by ordering herring salad," one report starts, "but received what we thought to be their 'reconditioned' Russian salad with pieces of herring added."

The official beginning of the Sabbath—*Shabbat,* as it's called—and holidays is at sunset the previous evening, and a notice in the Friday paper tells exactly what time that is. After you've been through a few of them you can see why. They don't just close the stores; they shut down the whole country. Now that I'm used to it, I'm all for it and think if they'd shut down the whole world one day a week we wouldn't be in the mess we're in. But the first Saturday morning you wake up and find there are no buses, no trains, no newspapers, and no toast—because you aren't supposed to cook—it takes getting used to. *Shabbat* ends with the first evening stars of Saturday evening and the whole country seems to dash out to the nearest café, movie, or steak bar as though they'd just been let out of a coal mine.

Everybody seems to like having the radio on, and—these being anxious times—you see people look at their watches and race for the nearest news broadcast like Cinderella dashing to her coach. The radios on the buses provoke strong letters to the newspapers from people who say the noise pollution is driving them to ear plugs and taking the train. On the other hand, it's perfectly all right to Speak Up about it, and I hadn't been there two days before I asked the driver to turn the thing down on the bus to Jerusalem. Soon after he obliged it seemed to me that, without the noise to keep him awake, he was drowsing at the wheel. I figured it served *me* right if he fell asleep and wrapped us around a lamp post but it was not fair to the others. But that was before I'd learned to *Open the Window and Wait for Instructions.* And for all I know, the bus was built by the Swiss.

1

2

3

DAVID HARRIS

4

5

ISRAEL

JOHN COWAN







1. SYLVIE KESHET writes witty and merciless political commentaries for the newspaper *Ha'aretz*, though she prays each week that she won't have to write at all. She achieves a disguise of bewildered innocence by wearing a blond wig, is "against all exercise whatsoever," and has a delectable teen-aged daughter living on a kibbutz who explains to friends: "I'm raising a mother in town."

2. GERSHOM SCHOCKEN is editor and publisher of *Ha'aretz* and director of Schocken Publishing House, Ltd., which publishes some of Israel's leading writers as well as international authors in translation. A man of few words himself, he takes pride in developing new young writers on his paper. Although he loves books and is a passionate reader, he was the first publisher to decide to meet television halfway, with regular coverage in his paper. "It is competition," he said, "but you can't avoid it."

3. DR. JACK GROSS is head of the Department of Experimental Medicine and Cancer Research at Hebrew University—Hadassah Medical Center near Jerusalem. Although he describes his own arduous and complicated studies of cell growth as "a relaxing occupation, not work," he also likes to tramp around Israel's sunbaked ruins with his paratrooper son, in search of ancient coins to restore, using a method he discovered in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

4. DANIEL RECANATI is director of Israel Discount Bank, Ltd., the country's second largest bank, and he and his three dynamic brothers are considered Israel's Rockefeller and Kennedy dynasties combined. Unengaged in politics but "investing in Israel," they have interests ranging from banking and shipping to textiles, electronics, and fruit. Although business keeps them deployed in Israel, Europe, and New York, they have daily chats on the overseas phone.

5. MRS. MEIR PELI at seventy-six is still the boss of the Massada Publishing Company, the world's leading publisher of books in Hebrew. She named her firm in honour of the Jewish Zealots. "It required bravery to open a publishing house in 1932," she said. "But I wanted to prove that a woman can handle a business as well as a man and that publishing can make money on its own."

6. URI ZOHAR (with beard, at right) is a highly successful entertainer turned movie director. The threesome with him, from left to right—Poli, twenty-seven; Gavri, twenty-eight; and Shaike, twenty-eight—are a comic team known collectively and zanily as Hagashash Hahiver—a nonsense Hebrew phrase meaning "Pale Scouts." Together ("I have the honour to work with these bastards," Mr. Zohar said) they have started work on "not exactly an underground film. We have a minimum script to convey the idea of the story. Then we invent and create on the set. When we say cut, they go right on. It's an experiment. That's why we are so enthusiastic about it."

7. HANNAH ZEMER, one of Israel's most successful and versatile newswomen, is associate editor of *Davar*, the popular workers' daily, and has two radio programs. Her live interviews with public figures regularly fill all three thousand seats at Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium. Born in Bratislava, Slovakia, she got her start when a newspaper specially published for foreigners was "looking for people to write easy Hebrew—and I didn't know anything but."

8. EPHRAIM KISHON, Israel's leading humorist, says that he is "an example of how technology and a certain success can spoil life." His newspaper column has "the most liberal contract in the world." His books are translated into a dozen languages. His movies win awards. "I have everything. It is the lousy nature of human beings to only want what they don't have."

9. HANNA MARRON is Israel's leading actress, but waited until this year to try her first musical —*Hello, Dolly!* in Hebrew. It plays every night to a packed and cheering house and is one of Hanna Marron's rewards for staying in Israel despite temptations from Broadway. "I decided to be a big fish in a little pond," she said. "There is so much to do here." Offstage, she is Mrs. Yacov Rechter, wife of an outstanding architect, mother of three, and "inspirational cook" who "writes a little poetry when nobody is looking," and is "starry-eyed when I meet authors."

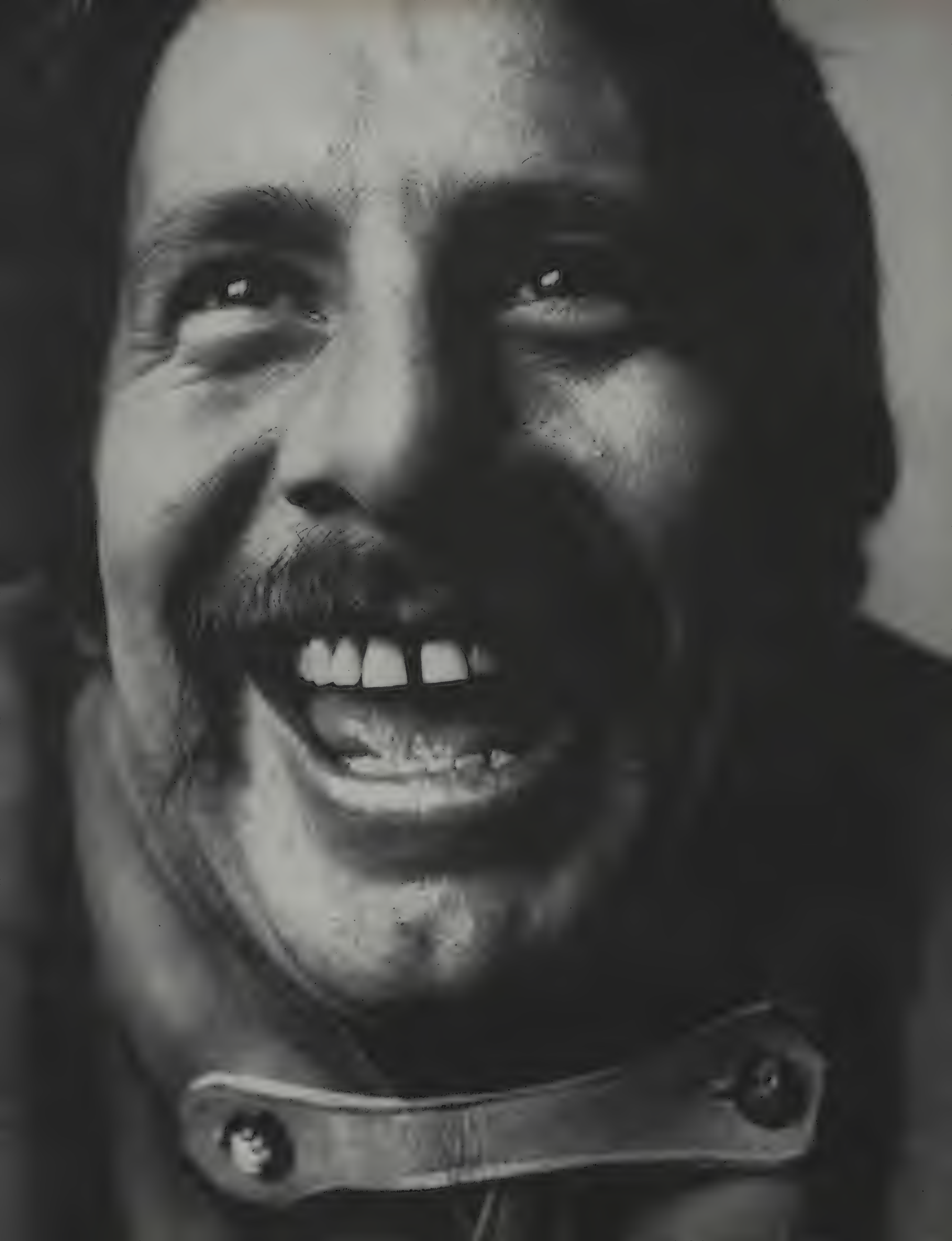


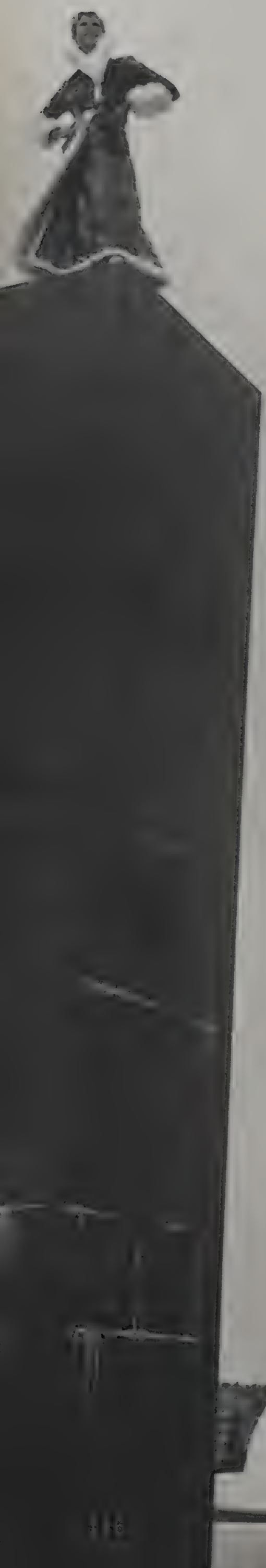
JACK ROBINSON

DANIEL BARENBOIM (above), Israeli multi-musician, is at twenty-six a virtuoso pianist and a formidable conductor who thrusts himself onto the stage like a conquering, amiable paratrooper. (Although he looks awful in tails, it never matters.) No balletic gestures for him. He is simply startling and awakening. At seven he gave his first recital in Buenos Aires where he was born. At ten his parents, both pianists and both his teachers, took him to Israel where in 1967 he married the spectacular, coltish English cellist Jacqueline Du Pré. "We spent our honeymoon in camps playing for Israeli soldiers," he said. The most celebrated young couple in music since Clara and Robert Schumann, the Barenboims play, record, and tour, often together. For exercise, Daniel Barenboim, the conductor of the English Chamber Orchestra, plays on a London musicians' soccer team where his is the key position, centre forward. In the music game, he may win as director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

TOPOL (right), at thirty-three the most famous Israeli actor in the world, will play Tevye in the film of *Fiddler on the Roof,* a rôle he made his own on the London stage. In this country, he has been seen in the Israeli film *Sallah* and in the American films *Cast a Giant Shadow* and *Before Winter Comes.* Ebullient, brown-eyed, born in Tel Aviv, Topol collects Hebrew manuscripts. Among them, he owns a ninth-century papyrus page of Megilat Ester from the Cairo Genizah. "I know everyone of my own age in Israel," said Topol who married the Israeli dancer and actress, Galia, when they were doing military service. Now a producer with his own company, Topol has most recently produced the movie *Every Bastard Is a King.* "We will," he said, "have to change the title in monarchies."

PENN





New fashion manna from Israel

ALL PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COWAN

Israel. A vigorous, pioneering people in a new-ancient land. Where cities being built now cast shadows over Biblical towns. Where deserts lead back from modern kibbutzes to the camel-crossed sands of time. Where, like a windfall, great fashion looks come on strong... smashing... dashing ... now-and-then spicings of native flavour... the zinging vitality of a nation breaking into a new day.... Daybreak, *this page*, at the Shrine of the Book in Jerusalem where the Dead Sea scrolls are kept, throws light on a long cuir sauvage coat flourished with white Mongolian lamb. Fur-lined leather coat, by Beged-Or. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Carson Pirie Scott; Jordan Marsh, Florida. **A GOLDEN DALIAH GROWS IN THE DESERT,** *right*—Daliah Lavi, the ravishing Israeli star of *Some Girls Do* and some two dozen other films, her head wrapped with her own dark tresses, an added braid, and a fringed white scarf—Carita's way of wrapping up the small-head look for this fall. (All coiffures on these twelve pages, by Carita.) ...The Golden Rule to apply wherever the sun does: one lotion to help you grow golden and another to keep you that way—like Fashion Tan and After Tan, Aloe Creme's pair of moisturizing marvels that are good as gold.

Daliah Lavi

Daliah Lavi

Born in Haifa, brought up on a kibbutz, this Sabra—this lovely native Israeli—has fizzed and grown and streaked like a comet: Daliah Lavi is *the* movie star of Israel. In her twenty-sixth year, she has just completed her twenty-seventh movie. And just turned down four femme-fatale rôles in succession; she is forcing a turning point in her career. "This is the first decision to do with my work that I've ever made. Fate has always decided things for me. When I was a child I wanted to be a dancer, but after four years' training in Sweden doctors told me I wasn't strong enough. My father was a gardener and there were five of us, so it was a case of earning money, not stopping to think. When I was sixteen I was offered a screen test—I was modelling but films are better paid—I got the part." Between her first film and her second she was married, went to France, was divorced, did another picture. "I made nine films before I came up against one for which it was not sufficient to look pretty and obey the director. Suddenly I realized that acting wasn't easy, and for the first time I stopped being bored." The film, made in (Continued on next page)





LEATHER MANNA FROM ISRAEL

Daliah Lavi's sun-darkened warmth shines gloriously in the shining light of desert colour—real men's coats, fringe on the jump, all sleek and supple as leather can make them and seen here against miles of rocky, sand-swept canyons. Tawny cowhide, zippy on the side, opposite page, and enough shine to match Daliah's own—an honest-to-man coat, wide-revered, wide-belted, and zipped with dispatch. About $175. DuBarry Playthings' transparent face tint, Rose Blush, makes the whole sun-shining desert-look gel. Trenchant pigskin, above right, softened by the matte sleekness of suède and the gutsy dash of the real trench thing. About $195. Both coats, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. . . . Looking beyond, eternal sands shift across the site of ancient Sodom. Clay-red suède jumping with fringe, right—just the kind of long, leggy jumpsuit that's miles ahead for fall—it's booted and spurred on here along the Red Sea's mountainous coast. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Turnouts, both pages, by Beged-Or. Mark XIV rings.

JOHN COWAN





Daliah Lavi

(Continued from preceding page) Italy, was *Il Demonio*, about a girl possessed by the devil. . . . Daliah Lavi has made her twenty-seven movies in five countries, has lived in seven, keeps apartments in London and Zurich, speaks six languages. She is half Russian, half German, and totally Israeli. "It is the most electrifying country in the world because it is still being built —by young people who won't take the easy way out. Only when you're away, reading newspapers or watching television, you think of the war; when you're in Haifa so much is happening that you forget it." Her mother's house, on a beach near Haifa, is where, between films, Daliah Lavi returns with her two-year-old son Rouven—to swim, to ride, to walk, to sleep. . . . Her satin skin glows year round with a perfect, inborn suntan. Lying on the sofa, smoking, or sprawling on the floor roaring with laughter down the telephone, she is like a modern, very beautiful Esther—proud profile, liquid brown eyes, shining black hair all the way down her back, six lucky charms on a chain around her neck. . . . When she leaves a room, the lights seem to dim.

JEWELLED MANNA FROM ISRAEL– WORN WITH SCARLET

Gilding the Daliah, opposite page, a bodice that's nothing but jewels and billowy crêpe sleeves above jewelled crêpe harem pants—native bridal embroidery lavished with a reckless portion of jewelled colour. By Gottex, in silk crêpe chiffon. About $100. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Golden rings and necklaces from a matchless collection by Maskit. Altman's. Twining hair rope by Sant' Angelo. Gilding the caftan, above, braid galloons a side-slashed robe that drops below the knee; the chain-sashed waist and chain-gartered leg add yards of glister to the swaying neck-chains . . . and the great stone Pillars of Solomon tower to the top of the page. Wool-and-rayon caftan by Maskit. At Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Richard Palan earrings. Mark XIV bracelet. Chains by Napier, Monet, Accessocraft. Palmroth of Finland boots. Gilding the longer coat, left, buttons and chains shine up to scarlet suède—great as an officer's with its deep patch pockets and rolling revers. By Jadoli. About $180. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. . . . In the background, the rolling green milk and honey hills of Galilee flank the road from Tiberias to Mount Tabor.

JOHN COWAN





SCROLLED AND FIGURED MANNA

Printed scrolls, opposite page, of green-blue on white—one short, one long, with high necks, long sleeves, separate shawls curving over the heads. Both, on a rocky road along the shores of the Dead Sea, staring saltily at the area of Sodom. Ban-Lon dresses of nylon, by Gery Melitz. Long dress, about $95; short dress, about $40. Shawls, about $60 each. All at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Ropes by Sant' Angelo and Larry Reiter. Chain by Accessocraft. Figured in strata, top, a caftan of hand-painted silk in layers of design and colour—wine-red, pink, bright yellow, veins of violet and green—falling to the ankles over full pants of hand-batiked pink silk. The caftan and pants by Shelly Boutique. Both, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Culotte in corduroy, centre, pinwaled in deep sea-blue cotton, spiked with white—shirt collar and cuffs, belts with brass knobs. By Ata; about $23. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Belts by Elegant. Scarf by Vera. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Mario Valentino shoes, at Henri Bendel. Treasure dresses, near left, with heirloom status, discovered at a souk called Nijmeh A. Kharoufeh on King David Street in Jerusalem, where fascinating traditional clothes abound. Patchwork tapestry, seated, from Gaza; Gems of Elat jewellery. Standing, velvet with pointed sleeves—a wedding dress from Bethlehem; jewellery by J. Bier.

JOHN COWAN

SWINGING AND BELTED MANNA

Long jumper, above, of knitted black wool, white shirt of acetate and nylon with high neckband, waistwrap of tasselled ropes—among rocky ruins, in the hills of Galilee. Shirt and jumper by Dorina; about $130. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Larry Reiter ropes shepherding the waist. Kickerino boots. Snuff-brown suède, above right—a long coat with deep rounded revers, big pockets, and metal buttons, worn here loosely belted with chains. . . . This, also in Galilee, on the flowery road to Tiberias. Coat by Beged-Or. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Roman-stripe muffler by Doro. Chains by Morris Moskowitz. Wrapped black antelope, opposite, above left, shining with fox . . . beneath Jerusalem's crenellated walls. Coat by Jadoli. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Sandor Goldberger rings. Sant' Angelo belt. Kickerino boots (fur added). Pants to sash, opposite, above right, of black rayon velvet, straight and easy; sashes of fringe and rope added. Shirt of white Trevira organza with ruffled wrists. By Ero. Shirt, about $25. Pants, about $35. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Sandor Goldberger rings. Larry Reiter ropes. David St. David fringed sash-length scarf. Ivory suède, fringed, near right—short tier-hem dress, triangular scarf . . . along the coast, near Eilat. By Beged-Or; about $210. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Sant' Angelo bracelet. Palmroth of Finland boots, at I. Miller. Wool knit coat, opposite, below left, in red amid the greenery of Galilee. By Aled; about $160. Aled Knit Couture; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Morris Moskowitz chains. Fly-front shirtdress, opposite, below right, light red wool jersey plus a wrap-up of white leather belts . . . and a zigzag of pale mountains near Eilat. Shirtdress by Jercoli; about $65. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Scarfs by Vera. Belts by Elegant. Ruza Creations bag. Berkshire knee socks. El Greco shoes.



JOHN COWAN









Hooded and Ornamented Manna





Sweeping out to sea, far left, from a craggy perch near Eilat—a black wool burnoose, tasselled in white and hand-embroidered in white around hood (see close-up at right), shoulders, front. Burnoose and jewellery, by Maskit; burnoose, about $150. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Pale silvery stripes, left, hand-loomed into a long hooded black cape that sweeps over scrolls of rock at the Dead Sea. Inside the cape, a black jumpsuit with V-neck, long wide pants. Both by Linda Abraham. Cape of cotton, rayon, chenille, and Lurex (hand-loomed fabric by Barkai); about $190. Jumpsuit of acetate, viscose, and nylon crêpe (Oriola fabric); about $165. Both at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Jewellery by Kurt Pfeffermann. White wool geometry, right, the embroidered hood in detail, and along with this, new downfall for Davids—two Israeli perfumes made by a company called Bat-Sheba. Made along the lines of some scriptural formulae (known to be wildly effective), these fragrances are called, not Sodom and Gomorrah, but Exotic Oriental and Woody Modern. More of them in another chapter and verse in Ready Beauty.

JOHN COWAN







THE DECORATED *leg*

EMBROIDERED, JEWELLED, ORNAMENTED, LACED...

PHOTOGRAPHED IN ISRAEL

In step with a world of great goings-on, the decorated leg is the liveliest thing afoot. See it now, striding across the new-old world of strong contrasts that is Israel—patterns bright as the young nation's spirit, timeless as the sea-scrolled past, meeting here in strong contrasts of colour, fabric, ornament. Knee-high red crêpe boot, left, spattered with filigree silvery discs, rimmed with golden and silvery jewels, and set on a raised straight heel—this boot is a bold step forward, new as the building beyond. Transparent mosaic stripes send black clear up the rest of the leg, with black-and-white vinyl taking over there. Boots by Sabra. About $75. To order at Lord & Taylor. Tights by Van Raalte. About $4. At Bloomingdale's. Wrap dress by Michael Mott for Paraphernalia, in Comark fabric; junior sizes. $75. Whole-body stocking, above, shouting zebra lines straight from neck to open-sided haircalf brogue—a crash of black-and-white patterns, as a mink jerkin comes clashing down—and whoops of applause from students at a technical high school. . . . Brogue by Mademoiselle. $100. To order, Lord & Taylor. Actionwear body stocking by Hudson; Monsanto Blue C nylon. About $20. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Reiss & Fabrizio jerkin, in natural dark ranch mink and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Michael Hic pin. Coiffures, these eight pages: Francois of Kenneth.

JOHN COWAN

THE DECORATED LEG

Effervescent shimmer of silver and gold, left, dazzling the buttoned spat of gold-and-silver moire shoes above leg-long flocks of dots—no end of ornament for all the evenings that lie ahead. Shoe by Piero Nuti for I. Miller. $40. Sheer black-flocked body stocking by Hanes. Bright stretch of mosaic flowers, right, plucking Israeli inspiration for the whole new look of a whole-body stocking: sheer brilliance heightened by little green slippers, enormous blue pompons—and the timeless desert trappings of a shepherd's tent....Actionwear whole-body stocking by Hudson, of Monsanto Blue C nylon. About $20. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Van Raalte slippers (our pompons).



JOHN COWAN

THE DECORATED LEG

Desert colours, desert diagonals, left, stretching down to buckled alligator brogues in strong clay orange. Nylon tights by Emilio Pucci for the McCallum Boutique. $15. Lord & Taylor. David Evins brogue. $150. I. Miller. All: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. ...Sde-Boker in the Zen Valley fills the desert background. Sky-blue, sky-high shimmer, right—perfect match for the brocade sandal it's seen with. Hanes Cantrece nylon tights. Straight-heeled sandals by Piero Nuti for I. Miller, to order. $60. Shilo belt....In the sky-blue distance, the white buildings of Tel Aviv. Gold-and-black brocade boot, centre right, and plenty of dazzling pull—right to the hipbone and the vivid contrast of orange velours. Paving the background: cobbled domes of old Jerusalem's bazaar. David Evins boots. $85. I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Adelaar tunic. $36. Bloomingdale's. Sheer patterns, open patterns, below right, traced from V-neck to wrist and toe—some bold footwork to boot in jewelled black-and-white moire. Danskin whole-body stocking, in stretch nylon. $18. Bloomingdale's. Mademoiselle ankle-boot. $75. To order: Lord & Taylor....Under foot, Caesarea's crumbling Roman fort.







THE DECORATED LEG

Booted in silver-and-black brocade, left, snug as silvery laces can make it up, up, up to thigh and tunic—full-blown yards of white crêpe pointedly yoked to black. Square-toe boot on a straight raised heel, by Piero Nuti for I. Miller, to order. $150. Adelaar tunic of Celanese acetate and Caprolan nylon crêpe (Bloomsburg fabric). About $32. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. ...Arching across the page, Caesarea's Roman aqueducts. Booted in black crêpe, cuffed in fringe, right, and ornamented with golden discs—the square-toed boot over transparent tights with dotted black lines. The rest is easy—a gleaming black-and-gold shirt. Sabra boot; $40. To order at Lord & Taylor. Bewitching tights. $4. Lord & Taylor. Sarff-Zumpano shirt, in viscose and Lurex (Kandelaft fabric). About $160. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus....The raging Mediterranean, swollen by winds and rain, breaks against Caesarea's coast. Armed and legged in torrents of fringe, below right, black crêpe showers from shoulder to wrist, tiered cascades from thigh to sandal—gold-and-white and tasselled, with a flat square toe and a raised straight heel. David Evins sandal. About $95. I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Round-the-Clock tights. Adelaar top, of Enkalure nylon. $36. Bloomingdale's. Yemenite hair jewels from Atik in Jaffa....And, everywhere in sight, rows of stone steps in the old city of Jaffa.

JOHN COWAN



A REASON FOR REJOICING: THE *Pretty Girl* IS BACK

It is a matter of documented scientific finding that girls are made of sugar and spice and litmus paper. Let an acid drop of male discontent fall, and the female phenomenon is seen to indicate change. Well, whatever the reagent—and there have been some ominous rumblings lately about Unisex, plus one too many effulgent précis on European women—a clement change of look and outlook is occurring chez les girls.

It is once again fashionable—not to stay imperative—to be pretty. And before anyone makes a piercing outcry about not being born with blond curls and dimples, it should be made clear that blond curls, if becoming, are easily available, dimples are optional, and both are irrelevant. Prettiness is a creative and, very often, ***created*** presence.

It is a decision that a woman can make at any age, and it represents a whole syndrome of attitudes like grace, gentleness, self-appreciation, fastidiousness, a preference for laughter over tears, a conscious and compelling desire to please. It is dependent on these, and not on flawless features; contrarily, its imperfections are made endearing.

The wide mouth becomes an irresistible lure of tenderness and generosity because it is smiling, it reveals exquisitely cared-for teeth and it is lipsticked in flowery, satiny pinks and corals (very young, very new, superseding the blasé beiges).

The smallish eye is starry with responsiveness, and rounded to melting innocence with strategically centred lashes (the overhanging lash is draggy), superbly studied contouring with young, glossy lid colours like mauve and cream, and parenthesized by brief, feathery, brushed-up brows that have been faintly lightened rather than darkened (a breeze to do with brush-ons).

As for that bane of the mane, baby-fine hair, it is given the pouffiness it needs with wiglets and hairpieces, and it is shined up with conditioners, because thick or thin, prettiness must prevail. . . . There is nothing newer than nostalgia, and the most evocative, ensnaring look around is that of the hair swept high into a Sargent topknot, with kiss curls prowling loose at temples and nape. The impact is both elegant and vulnerable, and it apparently stirs in men an old-fashioned impulse to mess it up (this impulse is distinctly sexy and should never be discouraged on the grounds that it took forty-five minutes to arrange the hairdo).

A pretty girl wears things that ripple and billow and cling, that look as if they'd be nice to stroke. She carries herself with the divine assurance that emanates from delicious underclothes, and scent sprayed on from the toes up, of spanking, squeaky freshness and exuberant health.

A pretty girl is sweetly aware of her face and her body, and never stops seeking new ways to present them more appealingly. She uses piles of makeup, and emerges looking scrubbed and polished.

(Continued on next page)

There's a certain air about her. The come hither that trembles in almost palpable waves around the outrageously pretty girl opposite is compounded of, among other things, a languid, leafy, poignantly insistent mantrap called Estée. This, in Estée Lauder's new Super Parfum Spray, is made with such spendthrift concentration that it clings like an adoring lover. Further blandishments: Estée Lauder's Transparent Color Stick foundation in Sierra Sun, Sunset Glow See Through lipstick, and Apricot Chiffon Eye Shadow Glow. About the bogus jewellery: the fluted coral necklaces are from K.J.L., Marvella made the caviar-coloured pearls, the rope of branch coral is by Cadoro. All, Bonwit Teller. The coral caste mark is the work of Thomas Robbins.

PENN



Reason for romping *Who's put her foot in it again? Who's ready to bare her sole? The pretty girl. In up to her knees with soufflés and sprays and seaweed and creams that give even a heel a silky feel. (Read all about the wherewithal—"For Feet's Sake" by Vitabath—in Ready Beauty.) ... Footstrap by Thomas Robbins. $6 at Paraphernalia, 55th St., N.Y.*



RETURN OF THE *Pretty Girl*

(Continued from preceding page) A pretty girl's voice is soft. It purrs or murmurs or trills, insuring that a man will want to lean closer to hear more of it (it is simply not possible to shout seductively). One of the most beguiling voices we know was run up by an enterprising young woman on her tape recorder. She read sonnets aloud, played her tape back again and again, and by the time she hit Santayana, her voice had become clear and flexible and rapturous to the ear. . . . A pretty girl recognizes not only the sound of her own voice, but the sound of others as well, and her plastic and empathic listening is the soil in which wit and well-being flourish.

A pretty girl is an oasis of restfulness. There isn't a sharp corner or an angular gesture anywhere, and when she comes into a room, it is with the expectation that she will have a good time, that she will be accepted and admired, that the way she looks is pleasing. She will never—but *never*—shrivel a man's soul by keening over a chipped nail or a badly timed booboo, or reject his praise of her eyes with boring recitations on how she looks without her false lashes.

When a pretty girl is asked what makes her so pretty, she is apt to smile encouragingly and say nothing, thereby indicating that *a.* she is glad she is good to look at, *b.* she is receptive to further comment, and *c.* it is not the first time she has been asked that question. This is an attitude that makes everybody feel warm and winning.

Perhaps the most durable aspect of prettiness is that it is totally, utterly man-oriented. It neither awes nor threatens, but moves outward, embracing and enhancing everything in its periphery. Prettiness falls like rain on a thirsty earth . . . spontaneously: *la douceur du temps* to a climate that has been brusque and wintry far too long.



BERRY BERENSON

Inside stuff: the crépon *There is nothing—but* nothing—*that makes of the face a diminutive, fragile flower so much as an extravagant mass of hair, rolled high and heavy. It is a latter-day Bardot Look, lifted with loving guile from Boldini. It is a charming exaggeration, and even thick hair might rely on the ubiquitous crépon much as one uses rouge—here, there, wherever needed. The crépon, a foam-like shape of fake hair that swells or squishes or even makes a chignon, anchors with a pair of hairpins. At Kenneth's, in every colour. . . . Quilted robe by Matej Sherko for Character, of nylon, silk, and Dacron (Registered Fabrics). About $165 at Henri Bendel. Alan Lewis coif.*

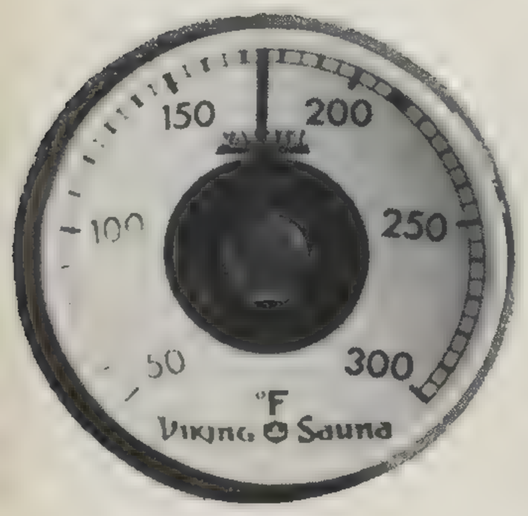


It's delightful to be jolie . . . Lorraine d'Estribaud (left) is young and French and shimmering with prettiness. The velvet eyes, the childishly bombé forehead, the jolting sweetness of her smile might be peering from a pearl-rimmed locket, but her headlong, passionate grace belongs to the day after tomorrow. Change is her ambiance. She can not bear to look the same for twelve hours. Here, she piles her hair into a loose, concierge-looking mobcap, releasing a barrage of artlessly accurate tendrils to curl against her brow and the hollows of her cheeks. She is nestled into a confection of yellow Satin-de-Lys, scrumptiously feathered in marabou.

PENATI

THE GREAT SAUNA PLOT

Where it's going on, who's involved, how the strategy goes: facts, fancies, and figures

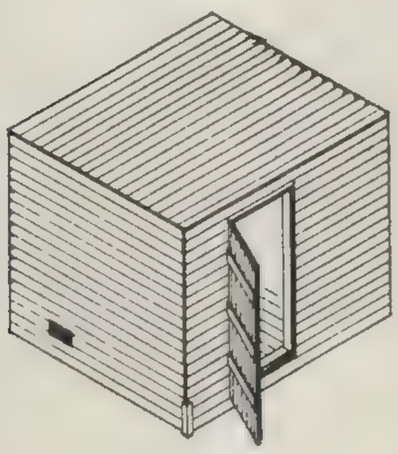


What is all this with the sauna? "It's a mental as well as a physical bath," said a Wall Street man who holds conferences regularly in the office sauna. "It clarifies the mind." . . . A young American diplomat describes his first sauna experience when he was stationed in Bonn. "It was quite off-putting. While one's in the sauna, women rub one's back with oils. Then one must run outdoors into a freezing courtyard, iced over like a skating rink. You jog about, absolutely starkers, and then dive straight into a swimming pool and flail about there as long as you can stand it. But you know—it wasn't debilitating at all. It increases one's energy, takes all the cramps out, and rather mysteriously succeeds in stimulating and relaxing you at once. You should do it around 4 or 5 o'clock, then sleep for an hour afterwards. That enables you to be a ball of fire for the rest of the evening." . . . On the other hand, for some U.N.'ers the sauna seems to be replacing sleep in time of crisis, stands in for missed rest. . . . Among many other big-sauna owners, the Kirk Douglases love the entertaining aspects of their sauna. It restores weekend guests, and Mr. Douglas likes to herd his producers into the sauna when a contract is under discussion. "We all come out happier." . . . Every man in the Finnish army must take at least one sauna a week. If saunas aren't available in the field, they're hastily built there—or carried there. . . . The mod new liner, Queen Elizabeth II, has two. Queen Elizabeth I had none. . . . When workmen arrived to dismantle a sauna bath at an English Ideal Home Exhibition, they found that it had completely disappeared. Even though it weighed nearly a ton.

What accounts for the new sauna mystique? How can it wake some up in the morning, put others to sleep at night? Why do people "wanna sauna?" (Which incidentally doesn't rhyme. Sauna is pronounced as in cow-na.)

Sauna is a word that didn't show up in English dictionaries until Webster's Third International, 1963. Its definition there most saunaphiles consider misleading: "Finnish bath in steam from water thrown on heated rocks." Steam implies wet heat, sauna means dry heat, very brut, très sec. "It's not the heat but the lack of humidity," sauna addicts will tell you when they're trying to describe to the novice the joys of their torrid playroom.

Basic sauna plot: Ten minutes or so perspiring in sauna, then ten minutes or so **out**—cold-showering, resting, reading. Return to sauna, repeat cycle twice or thrice. Sauna no-no's: No sizable meal at least one hour before. No eating of any sort for two hours after, if you're trying to lose weight. No smoking or exercising in sauna, no serious drinking to get up your steam for it. No staying in too long. That can be dangerous.

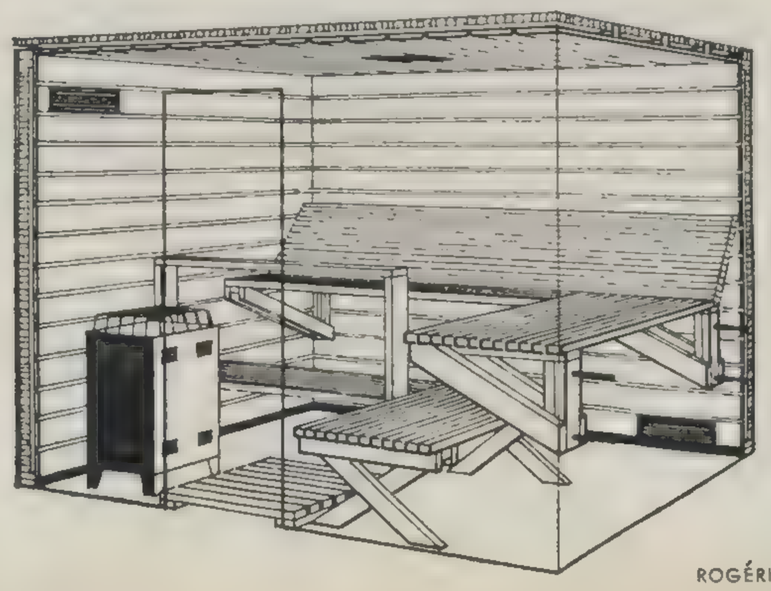


Yet an old Finnish ritual has turned into the biggest beauty and health kick on the international scene. You can find saunas in the Vienna Woods, the African bush, and well behind the Iron Curtain. There are more saunas (Continued on page 159)

"Her eyes are black, her hair blacker, and she's extraordinary on Ipanema Beach in black jersey swimsuit, black jersey turban, with black parasol." . . . That's Carmen Veiga, long-lined Brazilian beauty, wife of dashing young industrialist, mother of two, collector of places, history, primitive art, emeralds, Saint Laurent dresses—and, in her capacious sauna, right, *collector of thoughts. The sauna, she feels, improves everything—skin, circulation, outlook, the works. She fills it with Guerlain's moving Chant d'Arômes fragrance and often with people. But, in her sauna book, the great luxury is to sauna alone, to use the time plotting menus and projects, and to cool off afterwards by walking in the polished air of Ipanema Beach.*

Señora Antonio Mayrink Veiga, sauna plotter in Brazil

The basic sauna setting: *Aromatic room of light, dry wood. Spruce, pine, redwood, cedar, aspen. Tiers of slat benches. Stove in corner for the dry heat, 140° to over 200°. Electrically heated stones on top provide the soft, even heat. Humidity around 10%. Wooden bucket of water with wooden ladle to toss water on rocks. Birch branches to spur circulation.* ***Sauna diagrammed below and far left*** *will hold nine or ten. 8′ x 8′, 6½′ high. Circa $2,400, complete with heater and installation, considerably less if you do it yourself. By North American Sauna.*



ROGÉRIO BRESSANE

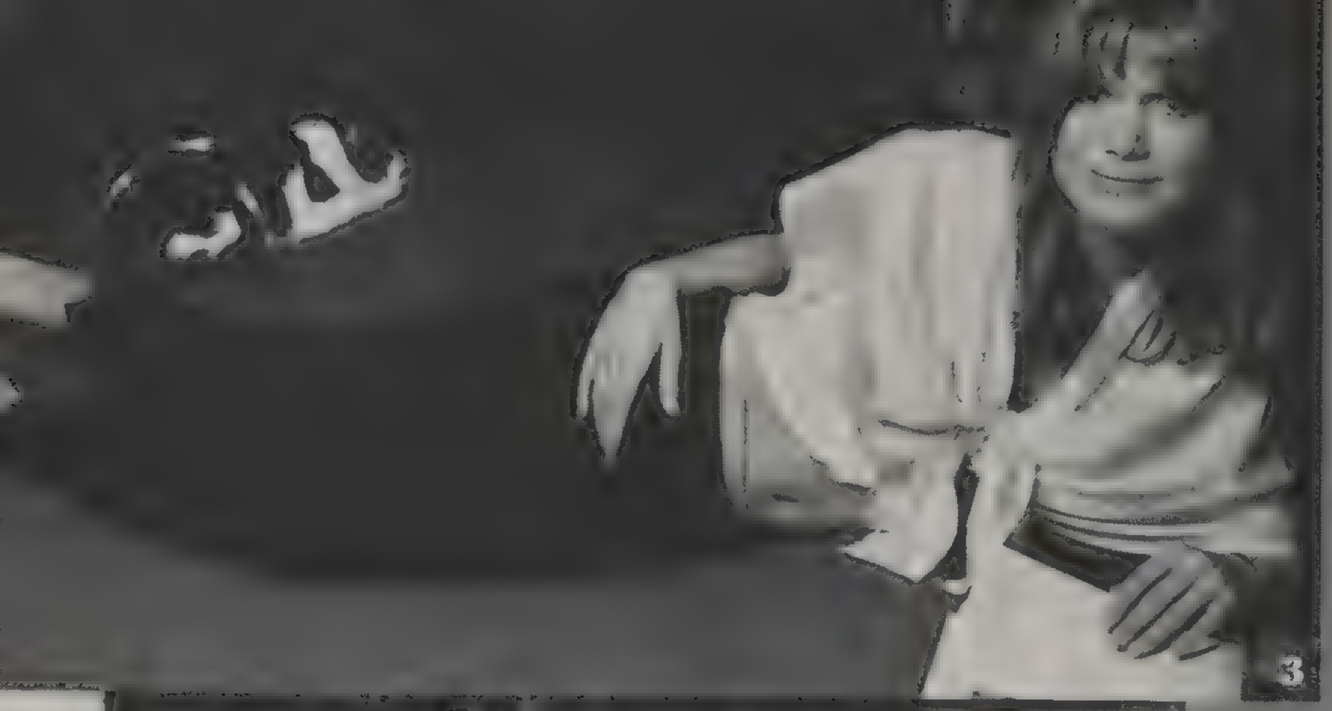


THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN SHIRTS AND TIES

This is the look that crosses *all* the lines—day, night; winter, summer; male, female. Closes all the gaps—tots live in ties and shirts and so do their mummies and their daddies. Everybody does, and why not?—it's chic, comfortable, contemporary. And look how inventive it can be. . . . Take ***Countess Angelika Lazansky*** (1)—what she does with her white crêpe Saint Laurent Rive Gauche shirt is to wrap and loop the self-tie as an ascot, pin it with a bar of emeralds and diamonds, and tuck it in a long black velvet skirt. . . . ***Contessa Verde Visconti di Modrone*** (2) has a way with a Windsor—knots a cushiony one on a length of navy-and-white dotted silk; a huge gold ring holds it over a fly-front white crêpe shirt with a stand-up collar. All pulled together from the Simonetta boutique. . . . ***Olga Georges-Picot*** (3) is playing with Bette Davis and Michael Redgrave in the new movie *Connecting Rooms* . . . and forever playing with scarfs—like this fringed white silk from Miss Dior which she ties as a little shawl over pants. . . . ***Mrs. Eugene Paul Getty, Jr.*** (4) languishes among Eastern splendours—glistery sari cloth streaming down a lily-patterned ivory satin shirt, an Arab necklace for a crown, rings and Persian bracelets, a wide silver belt, black pants. . . . Family ties: ***Mrs. Wyatt Emory Cooper*** (5)—whose *nom de peinture* is Gloria Vanderbilt—and her two young Coopers, Carter Vanderbilt and Anderson Hays. Mrs. C. wears her Adolfo crêpe turnout—black pants, white shirt, fringed tie—with Maltese crosses, a Mexican pendant and serpent. For the boys: printed silk squares. . . . Catherine, the Paris boutique, is where ***Mme. Albina du Boisrouvray*** (6) found her satiny shirt and the float of painted chiffon looped over it. Her son, François-Xavier Bagnoud is all tied up in Indian prints.

1

2



3



4



5



6

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN SHIRTS AND TIES

1

2

Minnie Beard (1), a super-long, super-looking girl in a superduper Indian scarf—yards of black-and-yellow silk tied at the neck and floating. Plus a smidge of scarf wrapped on her wrist. Then one elongating line after another—a Jax black silk body-shirt, narrow black pants, and her very own low-slung Minnie-made belt of nail-headed leather (Minnie's a crafty one these days, really belting them out to the delight of her friends). . . . Fringe is It and ***Kitty Hawks*** (2) has heard the word—angles one fringed print scarf over a pink cotton Ship 'n Shore cowboy shirt, sashes another fringe-y print around pink shiny-cotton pants. . . . ***Comtesse de Rochechouart de Mortemart*** (3) and her children go all out for Indian scarfs. The Comtesse's is a long rectangle, wrapped, looped, and falling on a Saint Laurent natural-silk shirt. Athenaïs's is simply a handkerchief knotted under her shirt collar, while Alexandre opts for le cowboy. . . . ***Lauren Bacall*** (4), all tawny-lioness length and languor in a Saint Laurent shiny white silk shirt with a new, wider collar . . . fringed black crêpe tie, looped low . . . slithers of gold chain. . . . ***Alexandra Stewart*** (5), delicious in the new movie *Bye Bye Barbara,* ditto here, in layers of goodies—silk print scarf tied high at the neck of a Turnbull & Asser silk shirt; printed velvet weskit from Thea Porter; big, soft, scrumptious stitched velvet hat from Alsop. . . . ***Lady McEwen*** (6) comes through with flying colours—her extra-long scarlet silk scarf is patterned with colour and flung over a pattern-on-pattern silk shirt. Her earrings are Ken Lane; the rings and ring-a-ding belt, from Peter Jones. . . . Tieing up traffic, Roman-style: ***Principe and Principessa Alessandro Ruspoli*** (7) on their Moto Gussi. She ties print across her brow, knots orange silk at the throat of her black ciré shirt, and throws on a clank of Arab silver discs. He flips back the cuffs and ties a printed neckcloth in his pea-green shirt.









5

6

7



1



2



3

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN SHIRTS AND TIES



4





It's Saint Laurent all the way for ***Mme. François Catroux*** (1), who wears his printed cotton man's shirt with one of those terrific long scarfs that tie and fall so beautifully—not even Robin the Whippet can resist all that supple silky softness. . . . For ***Mrs. Jochen Rindt*** (2), wife of the famous Austrian car racer, every day is a day at the races—what could be racier than the way she gets herself together here?—slender chains and an Indian silk scarf flipped over a white, open-collared shirt; a gorblimey tweed cap; red velvet jeans; polished leather boots from Charles Jourdan. . . . She ties them high, she ties them low—***Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale*** (3) in a trio of printed scarfs: one Windsor-knotted inside her wider-collared white shirt, one tied low on the outside, the third wrapped as a sash over bloomery pants. . . . Give a girl enough scarf and watch her really go to town, like ***Mme. Xavier Givaudan*** (4), who makes a whopper of a Windsor tie out of yards of white crêpe and lets the ends just fall and fall—past a shirt of white cotton embroidery—past tasselled chains at the hip—right down to the knees of her easy black pants. . . . Any way you look at it, ***Marsha Hunt*** (5) is all tied up—if not with the London company of *Hair* and a pow-y new record called "Gilded Splinters," then here, at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens where, with a side-collared shirt and pants of matte-green crêpe, she ties one print scarf loosely on her shoulder and sashes another around her waist. (Her chums, in leather collars and ties, are Othello and Hannibal, or vice versa—Great Danes either way.) . . . The even couple: ***Windsor Elliot and Baron Arnaud de Rosnay*** (6)—evenly tall, dashing, and evenly inventive with shirts and ties. Windsor's way is all covered up with a flash of clean white shirt collar under her long, narrow pullover and a how-*about*-that tie with ends as round as pancakes—it's one of the new Cardin cravats for men, in printed crisp silk. Dégagé Arnaud rolls back his shirt cuffs, unbuttons the buttons and loops his soft Indian silk rectangle so that it just whiffles down the front—one end very short, the other long. . . . Lucky-ducks ***Janet Lyle*** (7)—here she is in her very own Annacat boutique with dibs on the yummiest, plummiest Indian silk scarfs. The one she's wearing is a print of red, strong blue, and gold which she ascots and ropes with pearls over a languidly rippled cream silk shirt and a long red knit cardigan.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, THESE SIX PAGES, BY: CATALANO, ENCOMBE, FRIED, PATRICK LICHFIELD, LORIEUX, JACK ROBINSON



YVES'S OTHER EDEN

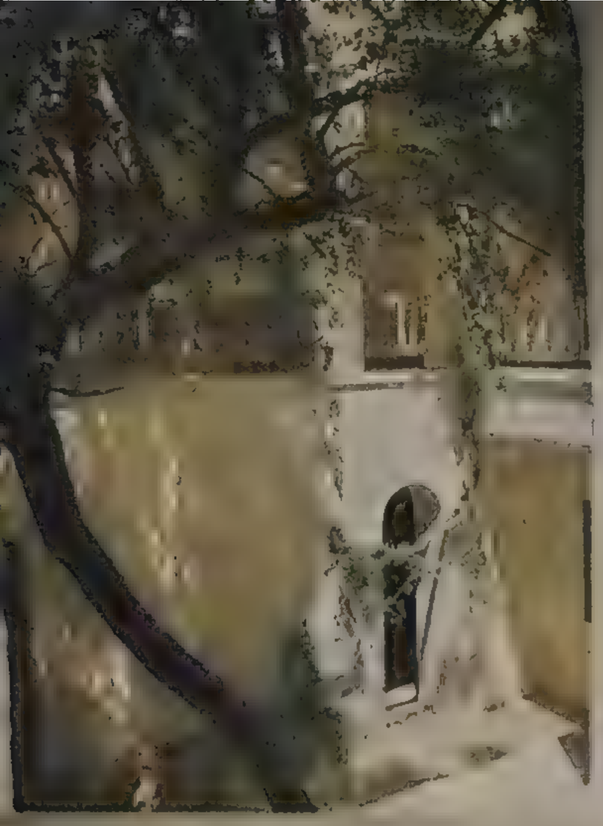
SAINT LAURENT IN MARRAKECH

Young, handsome, intense, with his own marvellous way of looking and dressing, Yves Saint Laurent is probably the activist of the French couture—he understands how young people feel, knows how they want to look. Now, Yves has designed his first, small collection of ready-to-wear clothes for men—some of which he wears on these pages. The clothes, really an extension of his personal wardrobe, will be sold in his Rive Gauche boutiques in New York and Paris. . . . Yves is shown in Marrakech, at the house—called El Hanch, "the serpent"—he has owned since 1967 in the ancient *medina*, the native quarter. Here he spends three months of every year: December and June, when he prepares his collections, and August, when he relaxes. Thick-walled, invisible from the street behind its heavy, nail-studded front door, the house inside is cool, secluded, enchanting: meandering up and down whitewashed staircases, around a shady inner courtyard with a fountain; out onto vine-wreathed balconies, terraces, on different levels; up to a flat roof overlooking the palm-fringed city. . . . In August, the hottest month, Yves lives a largely nocturnal existence on the terraces, cool under the blazing stars.

Yves Saint Laurent, above, *on a balcony overhanging the leafy inner courtyard of his house in Marrakech . . . in a pale-pink gabardine suit with flapped pockets (about $100); flowered cotton shirt (about $35); brown leather belt. All, from his new ready-to-wear collection for men.*
Yves, right, *in a* saharienne, *French version of the bush jacket, and trousers, of khaki-coloured cotton poplin (about $95). Indian cotton shirt (about $40); silk scarf. Woven leather belt.*
Opposite page, *Yves in a white gabardine edition of the pink suit, above. Shirt of black cotton voile (about $45). Printed scarf of Abraham crêpe de Chine.*



PATRICK LICHFIELD



YVES IN MARRAKECH



The inner courtyard, *far left*—cool, secluded,
dappled with shade from a huge melia tree.
Near left, the shallow pool and murmuring fountain—
Yves's only additions to the original house.
The salon, *below*, in cool whites and ochres:
whitewashed walls, patterned white cotton on the
long sofas, stacked cushions covered in tobacco
cotton, floor of ochre tiles strewn with rugs
from the native *souks*. Door, table,
and carved window screens—called *moucharabiehs*—
of cedarwood, old and deliciously fragrant.
Yves, *opposite*, wearing his laced,
collarless pullover of tobacco glove leather
and corduroy jeans. Pullover available in suède,
at Rive Gauche, New York and Paris, in late August.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Isadora. Watch for Isadora's influence all over fashion come autumn . . . the freedom, the flow, the spirit of Isadora Duncan. Already we've got our Isadora scarfs, miles long, diaphanous . . . our Isadora sandals, sensible, comfy, open . . . and just watch for the rest. . . .

Where to find Isadora sandals. You can identify and slide your foot into them instantly—as they're named "Isadora," you see—a nice, wide, many-strapped patent sandal, good high heel (higher than Isadora would have liked, however). $19. Capezio East boutique, 136 East 61st Street. . . .

Where to find ravishing Isadora scarfs, made of a sort of slightly starchy but flowy chiffon, printed in undulating patterns of smoky black, elusive orange, disappearing blue. . . . Designed by the girls at the Fulham Road Clothes Shop in London. Sold here by Colette in her unnamed boutique at 321 East 9th Street. $20. . . .

Three reasons to visit East 9th Street: There are many of course, because this block from Second to First Avenue is now blossoming with interesting, intriguing boutiques. These three are extra special: *The Chocolate Soup*, 328 East 9th Street—it's a stopper, even for people without children in their lives—or even for those with a dim view of the subject. Everything for children—small ones. Little handmade quilts, pillows, toys . . . the tiniest Ukrainian costumes, embroidered batiste tunics . . . minuscule crocheted mini-skirts and weskits—infinitesimal-size suède fringe jackets . . . adorable. And everything done with a great native eye for bright simple colour—good design. Irresistible . . . *The unnamed boutique* at 321 East 9th Street is operated by Colette, one of those girls with natural elegance of bone, body, great flair and taste. She's collecting some of the best stuff from some of the best boutique designers around. For instance, she's got satin shirts from London's Ossie Clark . . . the long, long Isadora scarfs in mystical prints from The Fulham Road Clothes shop in London; $20. The long, long, fringed and beaded suède tunics, skirts, jackets, fringe belts from the Wisdom and Folly boys; from $30. . . . *The Blue Moon Cafe*, 335 East 9th Street is tucked behind crocheted lace curtains. Sometimes the door is locked, but if you knock, the dreamy, tousle-headed proprietress appears from behind one of those curtains, perhaps holding the baby—certainly accompanied by the big white cat and the white kittens. . . . What there is to buy: just a small, but so pretty, group of tunic-shirts—collages of Paisley or challis or print cottons, with satin ribbons, eyelet batiste . . . most cost about $25. . . . All of these places, naturally, are very casual about hours and life. It's part of their attractiveness, no?



EWA RUDLING

Chokers are what we all must start wearing for day . . . of ribbon, of fringed leather, of fine chain with a tied silk scarf. . . .

London: Mourning rings, delicate, sentimental, Victorian ones of twisted figured gold, bits of black enamel, some with a tiny cross . . . these are what everyone is searching for through the stalls of the Chelsea Antique Market. . . . *Butterflies* are still very big. Such a demand for the antique enamelled butterfly pins—as everyone wears not one but a bevy of them at once—that the Chelsea Antique Market stall dealers are now trying to buy back butterflies from favourite customers. . . .

The million-dollar-look—found at the 5-and-10-cent store—*twisted tasselled ropes of "gold" or "platinum" thread—nice, thick, important, luxurious-looking ones to wrap around a waist, one or two at a time—$2.49 apiece. At Lamston's, 466 Lexington Avenue at 45th Street (brilliant blue, parrot-green, yellow silk thread ropes there, too—89c apiece).*

Do you dream as we do—to own this bridge?



It is the bridge of our dreams—perhaps it is the most beautiful one in the world? . . . And here is beautiful Chantal Dumont acting out our dreams—dashing across the Pont Alexandre III as though it were her very own—feeling free and proud and glorious . . . and she is. Because she is impeccably, gloriously dressed from brim to toe, by Cerruti. And this, of course, is another kind of dream come true. For wouldn't we all like to have a soft-brim Cerruti black velours hat? Or this black Melton coat cut to the ankles, slashed up the sides and back to swing? Or a pair of satin Cerruti pants? Or Cerruti boots? All made to order, or available in Cerruti's 1881 boutique, 27 rue Royale, Paris. . . . ***More on next page***

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Now it's fashion.

Interesting. No one knows how these things get started. Or why they catch on. But there it is. The cross (1) has all at once—in Rome, in London, in Paris, and now in New York—become the thing one wants to wear. This one is especially beautiful. Cut rather ruggedly, from jet. Matching some link chains, a tassel . . . $30. Rakes boutique, 37 East 65th Street. . . .

BERRY BERENSON



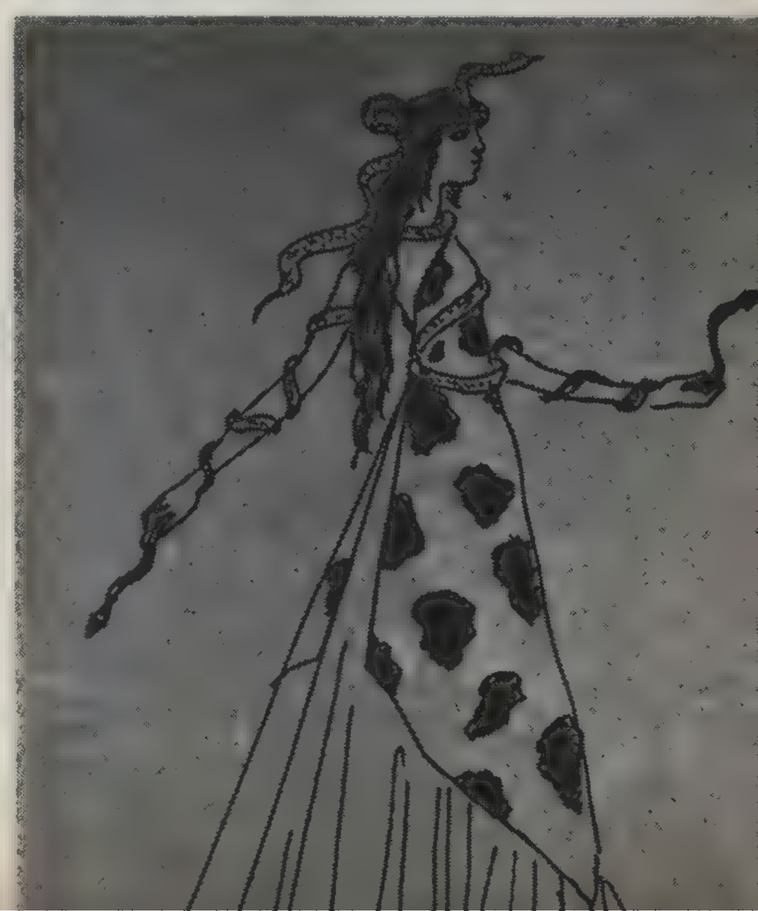


Les Bacchantes

"Aa-a-Ou . . . the cries go

out in the dark theater, and a bevy of bacchanalian maidens in drifting pink by Yves Saint Laurent rush through the room dancing their joy to Moroccan trance music . . ." It was *The Bacchae* of Euripides, translated by Kenneth Cavander, costumed by Yves Saint Laurent, with music especially written by Paul Bowles . . . a fascinating production mounted for just three nights, in May, in Morocco, to benefit The American School of Tangier. . . . Saint Laurent's costumes (2)—these are his original sketches shown here—were all flow and movement . . . and were executed by Ira Bellin "who is marvellous and a friend of Karinska's. . . ." The music by Paul Bowles using the great trumpeting horns of Morocco—the native instruments of bendir, gasba, tbel, tar, finger cymbals. And tapes of "metal striking metal, water striking metal" . . . directed by Joseph A. McPhillips, Assistant Headmaster of The American School of Tangier . . . performed by students of the school. . . . Why is it that not all of us can see these things? Sad, we can only imagine, conjecture, dream. . . .

SKETCHES BY YVES SAINT LAURENT





2



Yves Saint Laurent



JACK ROBINSON

4



3

BERRY BERENSON

Penelope's got her eye on you . . . through a pair of the best pop-eye spectacles (3). Penelope found them on Emanuelle Khahn in Paris—discovered that their big, shaded, bug-eye shape is great on every sort of face. You can get them here; $16. At Vision Unlimited, 1032 Third Ave. . . .

Minnie the belt man (4). This is what gorgeous Minnie Beard is up to—and she's going at it hammer and tongs—and hole puncher, too. Minnie is creating the most beautiful leather and suède belts . . . decorating them with cutouts, nailheads, collector's buckles . . . she works at a makeshift bench in her apartment foyer . . . makes some custom order, but also sells her Minnie belts through boutique "321 East 9th Street" at $45 upwards. . . . ***More on next page***

Some dog stories

Summer is especially full of dog's days . . . of course every day belongs to man's—and child's—best friend. . . . But in summer, everyone has so much more time to spend with his dog. . . .


2


1

STEPHEN PALEY

Is that a tear in Sam's eye? (1) Now Sam, nobody's going to leave you at home, not when you've gone and got your hat all on. . . . Sam's hat is from Just Men, 17 E. 67th St. Sam lives with the McGregors (2). The McGregors have all piled on hats, too. Papa Paul in a scarfed chamois felt from Just Men, 116B King's Road, London; Mama Carol in scarlet-ribboned straw from Rakes, 37 E. 65th St. Gary in a cowboy straw from Adolfo, 22 E. 56th St. . . . And across the back, left to right, Lynn in Panamanian straw from Just Men, 17 E. 67th St.; Paula in chin-tied pale-blue baku and Keri in sunny yellow straw, both from Mr. John, 24 W. 57th St.; Luke in a snappy shade from Just Men, 17 E. 67th St. . . .

Sheba has a natural sense of style, that's why she always goes and gets her Indian print silk scarf (4) to be tied on at street walking time. Meanwhile, her owner, Doree Coffee, wears fringed leather pants from the O Boutique, 236 Park Avenue South. . . .

Rusk and Gwynt like to sit with their friends, Martha Laylock and David Mlinaric (5) as, after all, a Paisley-bound cosy corner is very snuggly. . . . Martha and David are both wearing delicious, summer printed-voile tunic-shirts by Ossie Clarke. Quorum, 52 Radnor Walk, London. . . .


4

BERRY BERENSON


5

JULIAN LLOYD

Piggy is Nenna's best friend. His real name is Gig but Nenna Eberstadt (3) named her terrier Piggy. And he likes that as much as being hugged. . . .


3

FRED EBERSTADT


Out of the woods
In country or city living,
you're home free with a Kanekalon
modacrylic fiber wig
that looks, feels, washes
like natural hair.
Never collapses in the rain.
Travels in your handbag.
Permanently set wigs, wiglets, falls
in all shapes, all colors at better
department, drug and millinery stores.
Look for Kanekalon on the label.
Kanekalon®
Osaka, Japan



The beach is a summer place

A place for sitting
in the sun
or building castles
in the sand.
For playing volley ball
or working the
Sunday crossword puzzle.
Singing folk songs,
catching a frisby,
roasting hot dogs...
The beach is lots of reasons
for a girl to use
Tampax tampons.
Worn internally, they
help you feel cool,
clean, fresh.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Outfit by Sarff-Zumpano Inc.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Israel, it's safe to eat the lotus

To a lot of us Sunday-school dropouts Israel has always seemed a risky place to go looking for *dolce far niente*. You figure that if they don't drag you into the blazing sun to conjure Herod's pleasure domes, or Byzantine baths, or Crusaders' castles out of some crumbling pile of rock, you'll be sinking into flab and despond watching those joyous folk-dancing toilers on a kibbutz. You don't mind feeling *tired* after a vacation; you just hate to feel you've *improved* yourself.

I suppose the El Al trip was the tip-off. They were running a full-scale *fête champêtre* in the departure lounge. In the air, we were plied with cushions, soft slippers, and champagne, and about the only news from the loudspeakers was to please clear the aisle so they could serve the next meal.

Now that I've shamelessly loafed and idled the length and breadth of Israel ("It's big in the Bible," said a Jersusalem taxi driver, "but small in a taxi"), I *have* improved myself a little. I know that Samson is a plastic-wrapped brand of honey and Delilah is a toilet soap and perfumed talc. But otherwise, even in the fearsome furnace of the Negev Desert, a traveller need never pause for the night more than fifty feet from an Olympic-sized swimming pool. At Ein Gedi, near the Dead Sea, it's a cool green pond with a waterfall at one end. At Ein Bokek, down the road, they've got mineral and mud baths (and anything that smells that way has *got* to be good for you). If you feel fat and foolish bouncing around in that thick, buoyant Dead Sea water in your flowered shower cap, wait till you've slathered on some of that warm black mud. At the Desert Inn in Beersheba (the place where Abraham made his covenant with—uh . . .) you can climb straight out of a wet suit into a dry Martini in The Sheik's Tent (and it *is* a tent . . . out back of the parking lot) "furnished," as they put it, "in the mood of a desert Prince . . . a novel mixture of narghillas and stereophonic sound."

And how will they keep the Lotus Eaters away from the farms when word gets out that at the guest house of Kibbutz Ginossar the "pool" is the entire Sea of Galilee? (As it is for the lovely Galei Kinereth Hotel in Tiberias.) At Kibbutz Ayelet Hashahar, not far away, where you feast on the cheeses, vegetables, fruits, and strong, thick honey harvested on the premises, the view from the diving board takes in the gleaming snows of the newly-conquered Israeli ski slopes on Mount Hermon. Syrians and Lebanese are sliding down separate but equal slopes just as Jordanians are laughing and splashing at Aqaba, across the beautiful bay from Eilat. Left to the Lotus Eaters, there wouldn't *be* a Middle East Situation. At the Vered Ha Galil (Rose of Galilee) dude ranch, the Chicago-born proprietor offers horseback rides alternating with Southern fried chicken, corn on the cob, apple pie, and ice cream—in an eclectic décor of cow horns, ropes, a stuffed duck, a brass samovar, clay jugs, and toy cars for sale.

Only by pleading and whimpering did I escape dancing the nights away in some discothèque. You wouldn't believe where they've managed to set up dancing and eating places. The Stratton, amid the scattered marbles of Caesarea. Abu Christo in a cranny of the Acre sea-wall. The Rosh Hanikra café dangling on a white cliff above the Mediterranean and the Lebanese border. (The ladies' room, I contend, *is* in Lebanon.) On a jetty in the Dead Sea near Sodom they've got a rig where the dance floor flops back to reveal a mini-swimming pool. Jerusalem's Khan theatre and night club nestles in the cistern of an old Turkish inn.

It's also, they say, safe to drink the water. But hardly worth the effort while the supplies of Avdat red or white and Rose of Ashkelon hold out.

PLANE FACTS: "Over ten hours of uninterrupted sleep" is what one recent traveller said about his flight on El Al from New York to Tel Aviv. During the eleven hours between take-off time in New York and late morning arrival in Tel Aviv, Israel's airline serves two enormous meals. Every week El Al schedules eleven nonstop flights from New York to Tel Aviv, in addition to those which make one or two stops—Paris, London, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Athens—on the way to Tel Aviv. El Al flies daily with the exception of Jewish high holidays.

From New York to Tel Aviv, round-trip fare, first class: $1,353.20; in economy class, high season: $930; low season: $840. Although El Al has masses of good buys, some including car rental, the star is the round-trip winter fare for only $405 from New York to Tel Aviv and back. How does it work? Travellers flying economy class leave New York on definite days beginning November 1, continuing to the end of March, 1970. The length of the trip varies from four to ten days depending upon the packaged itinerary that often includes stopovers within the El Al network on the return leg of the flight. Although the $405 includes modest hotel rooms, most travellers make their own arrangements. Good spots in winter are the Hotel Neptune or Queen of Sheba Hotel at Eilat on the warm Red Sea.

The Great Sauna Plot

(Continued from page 140)

going up in West Germany right now than in their native Finland.

At their Dusseldorf town house, ***Dr. and Mrs. Konrad Henkel*** sauna nearly daily, plunge then into their huge indoor swimming pool. Right next door to the sauna in the Henkel massage room, one of the leading German masseurs is often on hand to attend to Henkel guests.

In a Hamburg suburb, a young journalist and his wife, ***Kim and Vera Vacek,*** have melded their glassed-in sauna quarters with brilliant green countryside, adjoined them to a deep Japanese pool for après-sauna splashing.

In Portugal at Estoril, the ***Antenor Patiños*** have just supplemented their already quite spectacular house with a "health club" wing. A Finnish sauna is part of it, and so is a whirlpool bath, and a woman physiotherapist to oversee.

The New York Times is big in the sauna. ***Mica Ertegün*** likes a winter sauna in her New York house to get up the strength for tackling the Sunday edition. ***Paul Newman*** marks his sauna for daily *Times* reading, a twenty-minute morning ritual right after a quarter-mile swim in pool. "Everything Paul does, he does intensely, even relaxing," said his wife, ***Joanne Woodward,*** who for her own relaxing prefers needlepoint, enters the sauna only to combat fatigue.

Andy and Claudine Williams are on a 3-a-week sauna schedule, contemplate television and piped-in sound for the sauna in their new house.

You reach the Honolulu sauna house of the ***Edward Laurence Dohenys*** by crossing a small bridge over a roving swimming pool. There's a big stone Buddha and tree-bark paintings in it—and every day, Mrs. Doheny, a tall, sun-tanned blonde with fantastic legs and torso. She tries to schedule sauna before dinner, dives from sauna-house deck into pool, finishes with rock-salt rub and shower.

Zsa Zsa Gabor calls on her sauna, cushioned in a blaze of scarlet and marigold, simply to make her "look better, feel better." She flicks the switch in the morning en route to pool. Back from swim, sauna's ready. Hair in curlers, she meditates. "It's the only time you can do absolutely nothing." . . . It's also the only time her "diamonds hurt," and the only time she removes them.

"At dinner last night, I saw ***Ingrid Bergman*** looking absolutely fabulous—no more than 34 and no face-lifting involved. Her legs are extraordinary." . . . This advice inspired us to inquire of Miss Bergman's husband, ***Lars Schmidt,*** just exactly what kind of paragon sauna they had on their Swedish island. Mr. Schmidt obliged from Paris. "Our sauna is a real one, not heated electrically, but with wood, which gives a delicious flavour. The wood on the walls and the roof gets slowly a little bit brownish. There should be a window in the sauna, so that air mingles with the heat, and bathing is more comfortable. . . . Our sauna is so situated that you go through the door right out into the sea. In winter you sometimes have to break the ice."

Sauna shopping list

Sauna prices range from zero to thousands. Free in places where a sauna visit mates with other services that you are paying for anyway. ***Barber shops and beauty salons*** to whose saunas you are summoned with the invitation: "Come in and get acquainted. Try our sauna." . . . In ***motels and hotels*** they're more and more frequently part of the act. You can plan a sauna trip around the country by studying the guidebooks (e.g., AAA, American Express, Mobil). If there's a sauna, it will be listed and it will frequently (Continued on page 160)

join the firm believers

Others are firming up, shaping up, toning up — and looking *years younger* with Zeigler facial care. Turn envy-green, if you will, at this Zeigler example of firmed facial contours . . . diminished fine lines and fine wrinkles . . . improved skin texture . . . and a "how does she do it!" younger look:

from this...to this

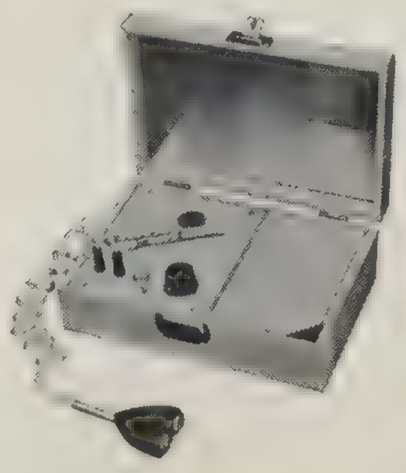


unretouched photos

Now. What are you going to do about the way *you* look? Grow older, show every bit of it, grin, bear it? OR — join the "firm believers", those who *know* Zeigler care can do so many marvelous things?

Stop. Think right now about your facial future. Send for free literature and complete details on the special offer which lets you use Zeigler care 30 full days, with return privilege guaranteed.

Incidentally, Zeigler is the care doctors helped develop and proved scientifically safe, sound, and effective. Zeigler is the pleasant, convenient facial care unit. It has more good things behind it to assure bringing out the best in *you*. Your face is in good company . . . with Zeigler. Better send today —



offer limited, by mail only

ZEIGLER FACIAL CARE
17810 S. WESTERN AVENUE
GARDENA, CALIF. 90247 V79

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

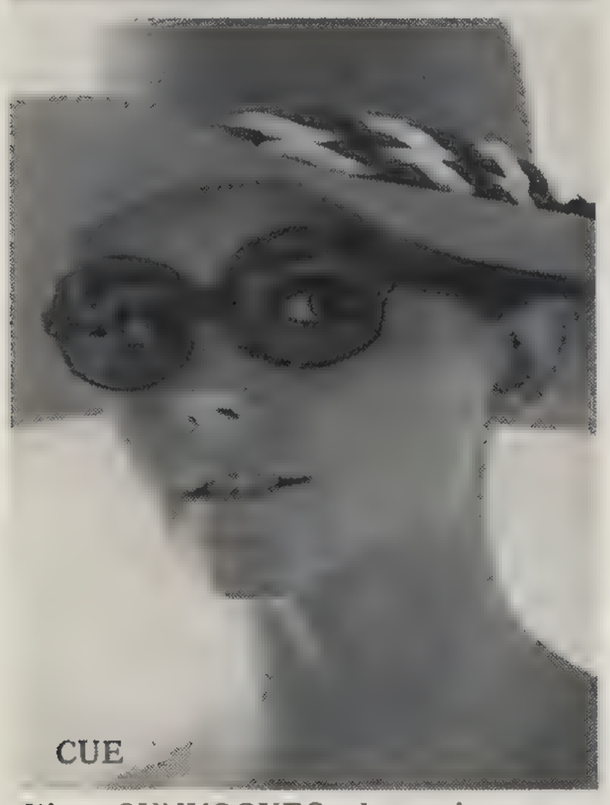
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

When you want
to see
as well as you look



SUNSWEPT



CUE

Wear SUNVOGUES—the serious sunglasses. Many sunglasses are only dark glasses that shut out light. SUNVOGUES *filter* out harmful infrared and ultraviolet rays. The lenses are ground optically correct to prevent distortion. Over thirty designs for men and women. Through the Eye Care professions and at finer stores. From eight to twenty-five dollars.

SUNVOGUES
The Serious Sunglasses
AMERICAN OPTICAL CORPORATION

Not connected with Vogue Magazine

The Great Sauna Plot

(Continued from page 159)

be a good one. But check first. In one travel guide, there are four saunas mentioned at hostelries in Charlottesville, Va., but only one was operating recently. And another was a portable "sauna," a plastic covering that delivers a steam bath and bears no relationship to the dry-heat sauna.

Salon saunas are good buys. There's the soothing redwood sauna at the ***Charles of the Ritz Spa*** in New York, part of the pink-and-white dominion of Vera, a handsome Austrian who hands you the iced cloths and chilly eye-pads and throws water and sometimes eucalyptus oil on the stones in the sauna —and afterwards will give you one of her justly famous massages. Vera once was a dancer, and her rhythm comes through in her exhilarating rub-downs. $5 sauna alone, $12.50 with massage.

At ***Kenneth's*** town house in New York, Martha is the friendly masseuse in charge of the red-white-&-blue sauna-massage department. She keeps a watchful, knowledgeable eye on the clients in her chypre-scented sauna, sends them to the showers if they seem to weaken—"A sauna is good only as long as you enjoy it," is her sensible theory. She also has in her domain a small private bathing pool for the cold splash afterwards—but you're not allowed the shock of this unless you're a sauna veteran, like Jacqueline Onassis. $5 sauna.

At the new salon of ***Aida Grey*** in Beverly Hills, a three-minute herbal shower is followed by a salt rub. Ten minutes in sauna at medium heat. Hot shower, then another ten minutes in sauna with higher heat, then cold shower followed by moisturizing spray. To keep sauna from over-drying skin, attar of roses goes on the sauna coals, lubricating honey cleanser on face and neck. One hour of sauna and other treatments here, $7.50. . . . At Anne-Marie Bennstrom's ***Sanctuary*** in Los Angeles, both the men's sauna and the women's sauna are scented with lavender-based herbal oils. Members combine sauna with massage and pool: $3.50 for half hour.

Nobby Clark's the master of the pine-scented men's and women's saunas on ***Queen Elizabeth II,*** where comfortable lounging rooms encourage saunaphiles to rest well between sauna, shower, and pool-plunging. About $5 for sauna and light massage.

In saunas built into or onto a house, things to look for are a clean-smelling wooden hot room with adequate bench space, good ventilation and insulation, and a sauna heater with enough output for the size of the room. Unfinished wood, clear of knots, sapwood, resin pockets. . . . Small, sit-up, 3′ x 4′ one-person saunas seem to start around $400, larger lie-down saunas, 6′ x 4′, around $1,000. Custom rooms that accommodate several people range from $2,200 up. ***North American Sauna Corp.,*** 475 Northern Blvd., Great Neck, N. Y., one of whose custom installations is diagrammed on page 140, also sells sauna heaters alone (you provide the carpenter and lumber, they supply the plan). $199 for wall-mounted heater for 4′ x 8′ room to $485 for Wesco heater for 8′ x 8′ room. . . . The Yellow Pages of the classified directories are rampant with sauna makers' names, more of them every year.

Sauna's medical references: fact or fancy

Fancy? That sauna ***clears skin?*** Fancy, yes, if you have in mind acne or eczema,which superheat may only aggravate. A fact, yes, if superlative cleanliness is your objective. An A.M.A.-approved article on saunas acknowledges that "in the sense that complexions can be cleared by good cleansing, then the sauna does the job."

Fancy? That sauna ***takes off weight?*** It can remove 3 pounds of liquid weight, which starts (Continued on page 164)

Embarrassed by Facial Hair?



Femme Faire
CREME BLEACH

new cosmetic discovery bleaches facial hair invisible in minutes

Medically tested and approved Femme Faire bleaches unwanted dark hair so effectively that it appears invisible . . . blends naturally with skin tones.

- Simple to use—apply like a facial creme
- Safe—non-irritating—easy to use at home
- 100% effective—inexpensive
- Works equally well on arms and legs

2 oz. (four mo. supply) only $3.00
4 oz. Economy size 5.00

Femme Faire Cosmetics, Div. IODENT CO.,
2233 Park Ave. Detroit, Mich. 48201 V-1
Please send me Femme Faire:
_____ Regular Size _____ Economy Size
Check or money order enclosed $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

FOR FASTER AND
MORE EFFICIENT
POSTAL SERVICE
LEARN THE "A.B.C.'s"
OF GOOD MAILING HABITS!

A postal zip code number helps speed your mail!

B certain to include your return address with zip code number on all letters and packages!

C that the delivery address is correct and complete with zip code number!

—AND—

MAIL EARLY IN THE DAY—
IT'S THE BETTER WAY!

Isadora

(Continued from page 105)

name around the wrong way, and told me I should call myself Esor—a name which I have only recently adopted for signing certain works: I dedicate these written words to that name.

I loved Isadora: She awakened an inner world inside me. It was not a sexual love, but the kind of love I share with silent beings: such a love as I had later with my panther Cleopatra, and my cat, Miss Orpheus Rose. I think Isadora was a human cat, and her life was a cat's life. I do not remember if she was fond of cats. I have a vague idea she had a pet. As I hated reading her book, nearly everything written about her I do not know. The Isadora I knew was something like the goddess Bast. I always imagine her enshrined in a thick wood of palm trees on a sunken island in the heart of a city which rose out of the crater of a dead volcano. Only from the top windows of the highest houses on the edge of the crater could one look down on her face rising from the dense thicket; it was the head of the "Lady of Elche."

The poems of one's youth never live long; they are like flowers, only they never wither and remain in the air of one's life during all one's existence. Isadora was such a poem. Jean Cocteau describes the fantasy of my seventeenth birthday party in Villefranche and the freedom of Isadora's behaviour.

Isadora Duncan's fantasies had the freedom of a child who wanted to be naughty and laughed at the fun of it. Isadora enjoyed her pranks, her mistakes, or malapropisms; they were sincere and not intentional. She was too emotional to consider what she was saying. Words came out spontaneously. I remember her once joining Jean Cocteau at a table on the terrace of the Welcome Hotel on the port in Villefranche, where he was seated with René Crevel, the Surrealist writer who was almost his enemy, and innocently she asked him: "Do you think André Gide is the only good French writer?"

On another occasion, when Isadora was rather drunk before one of her recitals in her studio, she dragged Cocteau to a bored admiral and introduced them in her frightful French: "Ici est mon Jean. Il est terrible. Il n'a pas faire l'amour avec moi depuis dix ans." ("Here is the terrible Jean. He has not made love with me for ten years"—which in French means something a little more definite than it does in English.)

One afternoon she had invited my mother, who was quite fond of drinking, with two prim and dull American missionary wives to her flat. When they arrived, she vanished for a long time behind a large drapery. I found her mixing cocktails in a tin basin in the bathtub which was covered by an elaborate canopy of rotting grey rubber that smelt awful. The bathtub also contained a number of empty eau-de-cologne bottles and oysters spread out on a towel stained with makeup. Isadora insisted on pouring the concoction into a shaker with the result that her box of Rimmel—also in the bath—and the oysters were drowned in alcohol.

Isadora staggered with the cocktail shaker into the drawing room, clutching in the other hand a drooping canna lily. As the ice had melted, the drink was lukewarm, and she poured it into large glasses dirty with rouge stains. I tasted mine and found it horrible and could not drink it. Isadora repeated that it was paradise fruit juice. The ladies drank theirs, uttering compliments. When the "pigeons" returned with the drink and ice that we should have had, it was discovered that Isadora, who could not wait for a drink, had mixed a tube of Floris rose toothpaste with eau-de-cologne, the dregs of two bottles of Pernod, and a bottle of Grenadine syrup. The American missionaries became drunk and quarrelsome until they were taken ill. Mother, who was a spiritualist, fell into a trance and gave Isadora an odd message from the other world.

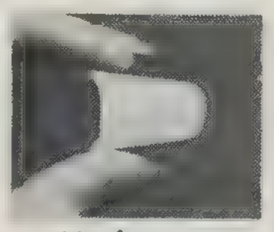
Every day Isadora drove down the Promenade des Anglais, in an open fiacre drawn by a very old horse, wearing one of her red, orange, or magenta to-

(Continued on page 162)

New answer
for the intimate,
embarrassing problems
married women face.



Tiny Norforms®,
easier than douching,
more effective against odor.



Norforms... small and so easy to use.

As every married woman knows, embarrassing feminine odor that begins in the vaginal tract is a hygiene problem. You'd like to feel fresh, clean and dainty... but it's not always easy.

Douching is a nuisance. The apparatus is awkward and unsightly. Powders and liquids must be measured and mixed; and some have an unpleasant household odor. Besides, your doctor may tell you not to douche every day.

And now, thank goodness, there's something more convenient and more effective against odor—Norforms.

Norforms are tiny germicidal suppositories. They've been thoroughly tested by doctors. Norforms are easy to use...you simply insert one as directed. Within minutes, a Norforms spreads a powerful germicidal film that stops odor...keeps you fresh and dainty for hours.

Norforms are so safe, you can use one as often as necessary. What a relief! You feel confidently odor free...much more easily than douching. Try Norforms—the germicidal protection married women trust.

TESTED BY DOCTORS. PROVED IN HOSPITAL CLINIC. TRUSTED BY WOMEN.



Want a free information booklet in a plain wrapper? Send coupon to: The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. V-97, Norwich, N.Y. 13815.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Don't forget your zip code.



$550 care package

Sauna. Sun Lamps. Whirlpool Baths. Swimming. Manicures.
Pedicures. Facials. Breakfast in bed.
You'll find them all in Hambletonian Spa's $550 Care Package.
One glorious week of
serenity, privacy, refreshment that's truly devoted to beauty
—and to you.

For reservations and information, call or write:
Hambletonian Spa
OLD CHESTER ROAD, GOSHEN, NEW YORK • (914) 294-6136

10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL IT TAKES!



Yes, 10 minutes a day puts you on The Inside Track to leg beauty. Because The Inside Track, a lightweight, portable home-exercise unit, was invented for just one reason: to improve the shape and physical condition of your legs. And it will do it. This we guarantee. So, for lovelier legs, take just a minute and send in this coupon.

Gymnas Corp., Suite J3, 885 No. San Antonio Rd., Los Altos, Ca 94022
Please send me the free brochure on **THE INSIDE TRACK.**

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____ J

Isadora

(Continued from page 161)

gas, chosen to clash with the colour of her hair. These togas looked as though they were made of sheets dyed in a hurry for a party in an American art school. Her long hair was wonderful but wild, flowing, and full of bits of leaves, since she never went out without a sheaf of flowers, preferably lilies, that she waved about. She wore sandals that had the habit of falling off and getting lost, which was an excuse for displaying her divinely shaped feet. "My feet are little birds with wings," she used to say. "You should have seen them hovering when I met Nijinsky and we improvised a wonderful dance, in a palace which Bakst had decorated in gold and Russian colours." This was a reference to the ball given by the Marchesa Casati before the 1914-18 war in her palace on the Grand Canal.

When her feet were bare they seemed absolutely free and Isadora would dance anywhere, blindly following her inclination. I recollect her prancing out of the old tram from Nice, in a cloud of veils and shawls, and skipping across the main road at the Villefranche *octroi* to join a mad English officer, wearing an old Black and Tan uniform, who rode a tiny donkey. Isadora danced in the streets, on the beaches, in the halls of the grand hotels and the lobbies of the cinemas, always dropping pieces of clothing, flowers, or objects of makeup. She painted her face more and more exaggeratedly, put on fat, yet she always managed to look beautiful. The freedom of her disorder was graceful; she could make an art of untidiness.

Isadora was not ridiculous. No one could laugh at her. She was not a public spectacle of fun like her brother Raymond, whom she often teased or mocked.

During this late period Isadora started writing. She found it quite impossible. Her devoted friend, Mary, tried to make her work, but Isadora hated her memoirs. With the help of a young man she was able to put her scribbles and incoherent stories into some shape. "You can not dance with words," she once told me. "I hate written words as much as I love movements. It is like sketching one's dances on the floor of the stage—impossible!"

Books bored her and she disliked reading. She preferred to listen. I do not think that even music meant much to her; it only inspired her. Isadora's art was moving, waving about in a way no one else could do. She was a magician improvising in perfect harmony with movement.

I remember her last concerts in the dark and dusty studio. They were generally disastrous. She was either drunk, afraid, or in a bad mood. Her public no longer existed, and she was aware of it. At the end, her greatness was reserved for a few such as myself. She danced alone for a young boy because she knew I would remember and record it in the future. She danced as wonderfully as she had ever done. It was great, great, great! Words can not record spiritual emotions of this kind. It was real poetry—and Isadora Duncan was poetry—written verse would only make the experience ridiculous.

I did write one bad poem to her, because I was a child:

Movement
Movement must be sacred,
Sacred gestures can only be seen
And never told
Isadora
  is nature opening a flower
Isadora
  is not there when she moves
A cloud has covered the sun
  and the sunbeams have come
    to life
In the gloom of a black, dark
    room
Where all flowers are dead
    from shame
Because Isadora has walked
    across the floor.

R.

(Translated from the French. Published in *Les Cahiers du Sud.*)

Isadora was never lonely, since she was indifferent to everything except her image. Money meant only spending, and it did not matter where it came from. It generally arrived from unexpected sources. Friends helped her, but she was negligent, careless, and completely

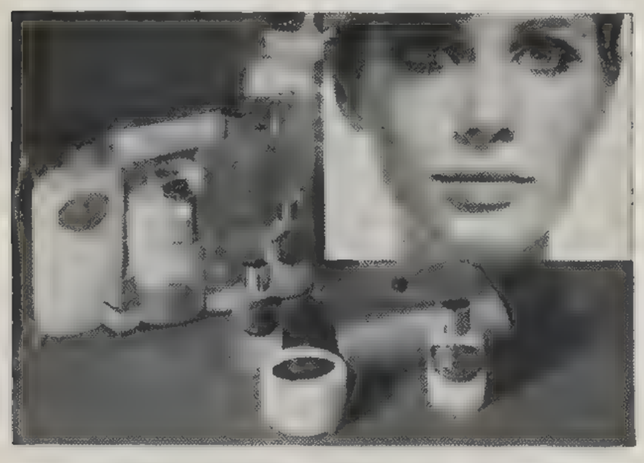
LOOK "RADIOSA"

LATEST FROM VERA FOR THE SEE THROUGH MAKEUP

IN HER SALON OR IN HOME KITS "CHEZ VOUS".

You may have that instant radiant complexion with non-chemical dermabrasion, which removes sallow died and dried out surface skin debris . . . Now you look RADIOSA and ready for makeup.

Perfectly timed to avoid blotchy tanning.



Select VERA'S RADIOSA HOME KITS for Chez Vous.

Containing professionally selected treatment products to give you instant improvement

"DECRUSTING" KIT: A "Refresher" **$14.95**

"RENOVA-PEEL" KIT: for all ages **$46.50**

2 "peels" & 4 treatment products
(Decruster and Renova-Peel are Radiosa Kits)

"RECONTURA" KIT: Have a Home Face-Lifting, helps correct sagging, frowning, lines. Shapes and firms contours while you are otherwise engaged. (Mask & 2 products) **$36.50**

ALL VERA'S Products are Safe and Hypo-Allergenic.

HAVE A BEAUTY PROBLEM? You need professional guidance. Send for BEAUTY QUESTIONNAIRE. Enclose $2 to cover processing.

SORRY NO CODs.

Add sales tax in N.Y. & $1 post. & handling costs.

VERA DE PARIS, 30 West 56 Street,
Dept. V 7-9, N. Y., N. Y. 10019, JU 6-7842

MOVING?

Please notify VOGUE and the Post Office when you move and be sure to fill out the form below.

For FASTEST service on address change, missing copies, etc., attach old mailing label in first space below. Otherwise please print clearly your address as we now have it.

OLD ADDRESS (Attach old label here.)

NEW ADDRESS

Name
Address
City
State
Zip Code

DON'T FORGET YOUR ZIP NUMBER: IT'S IMPORTANT!

Name
Address
City
State
Zip Code

VOGUE

BOX 2201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

Please allow 6 weeks for change to take effect.

thankless. The subject bored her.

One of these incidents I can remember clearly. Her loyal companion, Mary, had persuaded an admirer to stop off in Cannes to visit Isadora. This was a millionairess who had the intention of helping her. The lady was elderly, slick, and wore her chic clothes like a uniform. She wore the inevitable choker pearls. Very soon Isadora became bored with her would-be benefactor who kept up a running flow of talk while Isadora ran barefoot along the *jetée* of Villefranche while the mistral was blowing a gale.

Suddenly Isadora became so exasperated with her follower that she flew into a rage. "I can not bear syphilis," she screamed, "and the syphilis of oysters is the worst!" With a violent and magnificent gesture she tore off the startled millionairess's pearl necklaces and cast them into the port. Then, throwing her arms high above her head, she tore in a cloud of billowing draperies towards the Welcome Hotel where a band of sea-tossed American sailors had just landed from their ship. Isadora always favoured Villefranche when one of the foreign navies visited the harbour.

Jean Cocteau had discovered the Welcome Hotel, run by a large and sympathetic family, and brought his intimate friends to stay there. Other writers like Mary Butts, Virginia Woolf, and Glenway Westcott had come to visit him there, and often daily visitors joined a large table where the other residents' friends gathered round Cocteau, Picasso, Stravinsky, and Coco Chanel.

Young Christian Bérard (Bébé) and I were working in rooms next door to Jean. Bébé had just finished the cover for Cocteau's book of poems *Opéra*. Cocteau was making objects out of pipe cleaners, lumps of sugar, match boxes, and sealing wax. One day he was cutting out a sheet of paper, and a scrap fell onto the floor. Both Bérard and I saw it and gave a cry; it was the most remarkable and lifelike silhouette portrait of Isadora Duncan. This "accidental portrait" was mounted and exhibited, and published as the fron-

(Continued on page 165)

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 100-101; other views, yardages, details)



7573
7540

Above: The long-sleeved shirt and scarf. Vogue Pattern 7573. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 2⅞ yds. of 45″ fabric with or without nap. $1. In Canada, $1.10. The straight pants—Vogue Pattern 7540 (see below). For size 10: 1½ yds. of the same fabric.



7540

Above: The little satin-doll dress. Vogue Pattern 7540. Sizes 8 to 16. Pattern also includes pants shown with shirt above. For size 10 dress: 2⅝ yds. of 45″ fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

A girl can drive a nail just so far.

Then one day it happens.

The nail breaks. Or chips, or splits, or peels. Or worse.

But don't despair. Now there's help for overworked nails that break under pressure.

Dior's Crème Abricot.

In two weeks, it turns weak nails into strong nails. And it takes only twenty seconds a night.

Simply spread a small dab of this nourishing cream over each nail.

Instantly the natural protein and keratin (that's what nails are actually made of) go to work deep down in the nail bed itself.

Soon each nail is strong again.

The way the nails of a hard driving girl must be.

Crème Abricot by Dior. 3.50



VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

New Hampshire

WHITEFIELD



In the heart of the White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, entertainment, movies, and dancing Cocktail Lounge. Fine food. 185 rooms.

Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager

New Jersey

SPRING LAKE BEACH



The Essex & Sussex

The Essex & Sussex—1969 Season, June 27-Sept. 2. Famous for over a half century for distinguished service to those seeking a superior calibre of hospitality and gracious living. Traditional club-like atmosphere featuring surf bathing on our sparkling private beach, exclusive Golf and Country Club, heated pool with poolside buffet luncheons. Dancing every evening in the air-conditioned Essex Lounge. Excellent American Plan dining. Supervised children's activities. Near Monmouth Park race track. Write George Black, Mgr., Dept. VO or call (201) 449-7000.

North Carolina

CASHIERS

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. Beautiful mtn. scenery surrounds this distinguished resort. Private 18-hole golf course, tennis, boating, riding. Four lakes. Open early May thru late Oct. Write for brochure: Dept. V.

Pennsylvania

EAGLES MERE

CRESTMONT INN. Complete family vacation resort. Golf (par 3, 18-hole regular), tennis. Pool, lake. Season: June 13 to September 15. Write for folder. 17 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania 17731.

Jamaica



Jamaica

MONTEGO BAY

GLOUCESTER HOUSE. Tropically Jamaican; properly British. Luxurious suites; private verandahs; garden setting. Direct access to Doctor's Cave Beach. See your travel agent or Leonard Hicks Organization.

Mexico

ACAPULCO



LAS BRISAS

200 Swimming Pools; 250 Pink Casitas; 150 Pink Jeeps. Halfway up a flower-banked hillside in Acapulco—cool, enchanting Las Brisas. Here you live in your own casita with your own tropical garden pool overlooking Acapulco Bay. Your own pink jeep zips you down to exclusive La Concha Beach Club and two huge salt water pools. Wonderful dining, dancing, entertainment. Stocked refrigerator-bar in every room; all rooms air-conditioned. Summer rates May 1-Dec. 15. Special Family Plan. For reservations/new 16-page color brochure write Las Brisas, P. O. Box 281, Carr. Escenica No. 5255, Acapulco, Mexico. Phone LD35; 4-15-80; 4-16-50. Telex 01-637. Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc., East Coast; George R. Smith Company, West Coast; Quick Reservations Service; Or See Your Travel Agent.

Has Vogue Travelog helped you in deciding where your vacation or holiday will be spent? If so, when writing to the hotels or resorts for literature, or when making your reservation, inquiries mentioning Vogue will be given special consideration.

The Great Sauna Plot

(Continued from page 160)

returning with the first glass of water. Jockeys sauna for weight loss. Saunaphobes insist that there are less hazardous ways to reduce. Saunaphiles consider sauna a cheery method of dispatching bloat.

Fancy? That sauna ***alleviates arthritis, bursitis, toxic conditions?*** Physicians question the value of "sweat baths" helping the body rid itself of toxic materials, remind you that there is yet no cure for arthritis. Fact: many aches and pains caused by joint and muscle inflammations disappear in the sauna, albeit temporarily. Arthritics are among sauna's best friends.

Fancy? That sauna ***promotes fitness?*** You might draw that conclusion by the looks and performance of the people who sauna. . . . The grey area here is that wanna-saunas are generally quite fit to begin with. And the cautious doctor will not allow an unfit patient to set foot in the sauna.

Fancy? That sauna is a good place ***to wipe out a hangover,*** defog a wine-clogged mind? On the contrary is the A.M.A. advice. Alcohol dilates blood vessels near the skin surface, increases heat absorption, in effect makes a person more susceptible to heat stroke.

Sauna yes-yes's

1. Medical exam for anyone first. Sauna effects on the cardiovascular system are "essentially those which would be expected to result from exposure to heat," said Dr. Kaare Rodahl.

2. Special caution for older persons or those having heart or circulatory problems.

3. No more than fifteen minutes at a time without a restorative respite.

4. Slanted ceilings to avoid dripping of hot water on bather.

5. Diving into cold showers, snowbanks, and frigid lakes after the sauna is fine to do—and surprisingly easy after the extreme heat. But a couple of minutes should be the maximum time allotted to this exuberance.

According to Dr. Tapani Kosonen, assistant secretary general of the Finnish Medical Association: "Personally, I like sauna very much, but I believe one should be rather moderate when enjoying the heat . . . it is an excellent place to wash oneself properly and to sit in company with good friends."

Fact or fancy about sauna's health credentials, some of the great beauties, singers, actresses, actors, athletes, and the New York Jets are taking to the sauna to further their pursuit of sparkle, dazzle, skill.

And if a person's a star, there must be something good to be said for the medicine. . . .



Isadora

(Continued from page 163)

tispiece in some book on Isadora.

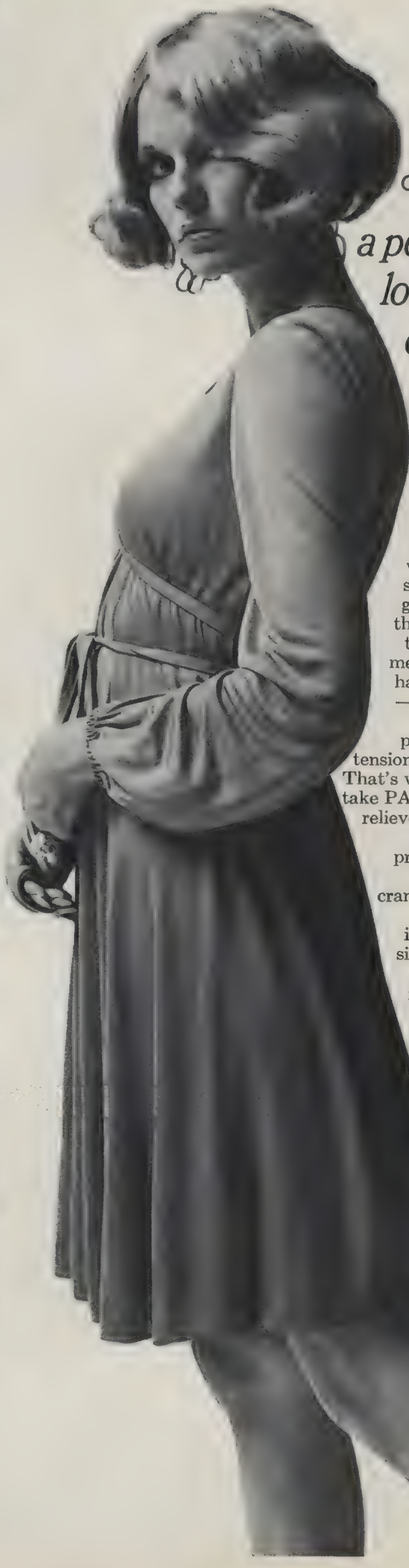
I painted two portraits of Isadora, and drew her many times. The first oil painting made was a rather rough sketch of her lying down; the second was a profile painted just before her death, in what I then believed to be the avant-garde manner. Now it hangs in the Serge Lifar collection in the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. Connecticut. When Isadora saw the picture in which she is wearing the red shawl that caused her death, she cried out: "Oh, but why have you cut my throat?" This was only a week before her death.

At one of her last concerts, which was a fiasco, she asked me to a party at the Henri Plage, and told me about the small red car and the young man who would drive it. She was delighted and excited about everything. That evening a stupid accident happened: Isadora, rather drunk, was changing from her ordinary red garments into white stage draperies behind a rickety screen, which almost toppled over each time she lurched against it. A candle, placed at the wrong angle, threw her shadow against a wall, and everyone saw her struggling tipsily with a corset and removing her underclothes. When she finally made her entrance to the music of Chopin, her toga, which had become entangled in the lock of an old straw clothes basket, dragged it in behind her. Underclothes and untidy garments, mixed with cognac and whiskey bottles, were strewn about like scattered flowers.

On the morning of the fatal day, I met Isadora in a chemist's shop in Nice and broke the news that I would not be at the party that evening as my grandmother was ill in San Remo, and I had to leave immediately for Italy. She was very disappointed.

I noticed that she was wearing her heavy red silk shawl with long fringes. When she flung it over her shoulder the fringe got entangled in an array of combs, and her friends had to help the chemist to free her. It was this shawl that, a few hours later, became caught in the open spokes of the wheels of the little red car and nearly severed her head, strangling her to death. The next morning, while still in bed, I read in the newspaper that The Great Isadora Duncan was dead.

AUG. 1 VOGUE tells how you can be the best-looking girl in fashion today



Why does a perfect size 8 look perfect only 21 days every month?

It has nothing to do with calories. It's temporary water-weight build up . . . a special female weight gain. This "bloating" that sneaks up on you the week before your menstrual period plays havoc with your looks —and how you feel as well. (It can cause premenstrual cramps, tension, simple headaches.) That's why so many women take PAMPRIN.® It gently relieves water-weight gain to help prevent premenstrual puffiness and pressure-caused cramps. What's more, it eases tension and irritability, alleviates simple headache pain. PAMPRIN makes sure a perfect size 8 never looks less than perfect. Nor feels less than perfect, either.



PAMPRIN products for a woman's world

VOGUE'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

Boys' Schools

WESTERN MILITARY ACAD.

Develops self-confidence, self-direction: how-to-study. Small classes, guidance. Gr. 7-12. Career analysis. ROTC. All athletics; riding, pool. 91st yr. Fully accred. Near St. Louis. Catalog: **Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box V7, Alton, Ill. 62002.**

JUNIOR MILITARY ACADEMY

Chicago. Boys 6-14. Advancement at individual ability. Testing, guidance and counseling under supervision of certified Guidance Dir. Also Summer School Camp. Tuition $155 month. **D. V. Patterson, Dean. 5026 S. Greenwood, Chicago, Ill. 60615 (DR 3-6737).**

MIDWEST MILITARY ACAD.

Accredited. Boys, grades 4-8. Full curriculum. All sports. 18-acre campus. Small classes. 25 miles from Chicago. Moderate rate. Also summer school and camp. For catalog write: **Col. P. E. Williams. Dept. V, Wheaton, Illinois 60187. Tel.: MO 8-1048.**

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Jr., Sr. Schools; grades 6-8, 9-12. Thorough acad. training. Accredited college prep. ROTC. Devel. Reading. Jrs. have own dorm, sports. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Summer Camp. Catalog. **Col. R. R. Kelly. Supt., 1579 Academy Pl., Howe, Indiana 46746.**

PERKIOMEN

95th yr. Successful preparation for college & life. Boys; grades 9-12. Small classes, careful guidance, excellent leadership. Fully accredited. Nr. Phila. All sports. Some openings for Sept. '69. Write: **Dir. of Adm., Box 106, Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Pa.**

GARLAND

DEVOTED TO THE INDIVIDUAL EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

To restore a boy's confidence, arouse his aspirations, correct study habits. Personalized instruction for acceleration. Faculty-student ratio 1-4. College preparation. Boys 13-19. All sports. Beautiful 33-acre campus, *Summer Program*. Catalog. **Frederick L. Zins, Hdm., Box 700, Chester, N. J. 07930**

DeVEAUX SCHOOL

Boys Boarding Founded 1853 — Niagara Falls N. Y. 14305

Grades 9-12, college preparatory. Enrollment 170, small classes, flexible scheduling. Remedial Reading. Full program of English, all Sciences, Mathematics, foreign Languages, History, elementary Music and Art; interscholastic sports. 50-acre campus on Niagara River 3 miles below the Falls. Summer Session. **David A. Kennedy, B.A. Yale, M.A. Harvard, Hdmstr.**

FLORIDA AIR ACADEMY

Accredited College Prep. Grades 9-12 Melbourne, Grades 1-9 Ft. Lauderdale. **AIR FORCE ROTC** and Civil Air Patrol. Pilot training. **FREE CATALOGUE**, phone 305/723-3211 (Melbourne), 305/587-1261 (Ft. Lauderdale), or write:

Melbourne 55, Florida 32901



MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully Accredited. ROTC Honor School College Prep & General. Grades 6-12 & Post Grad. 44th yr. Class ave. 16. Guidance. HOW TO STUDY. Honors Courses. Flight train. Band. All sports. Pool. 30 acres. All inclusive fee $1985. Summer School & Camp. Write for catalog: **10609G Biscayne, Miami, Fla. 33138**



FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Our ONE-SUBJECT PLAN increases honor roll. Fully accred. Training toward successful manhood and sound Christian character. Upper School, grades 9-12. Sep. Jr. School, grades 5-8; housemothers. 17 modern buildings, 2 pools, 2 gyms. Bands. 71st year. *Summer School, grades 8-12.* Catalog: **Col. K. T. Whitescarver, Pres., Box 907, Fork Union, Virginia 23055**

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A., Box V-7, Staunton, Va. **BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.** **Founded 1860**

Boys' Schools

THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL

HARD WORK HIGH STANDARDS

Every graduate has entered college. Small enrollment. Student-faculty ratio 5:1. Large, modern rooms. Nonmilitary. Nonsectarian. Grades 9-12. Catalog: **Robin V. McCoy, Headmaster, St. Louis, Mo. 63127**

KEMPER

Military School & College. Fully accred. Grades 9-12; 2-yr. college. Small classes. Fine faculty. Counseling. How-To-Study Program. Jr., Sr. ROTC. Sports. Social activities. Education for leadership since 1844. Catalog: **705 Third St., Boonville, Mo. 65233.**

MARINE MILITARY ACAD.

College prep. Grades 7-12, postgraduate. Accredited. Naval Honor School. Aerospace science and FAA training. Marine Corps JROTC. High academic standards. Air-conditioned classrooms. Catalog. **332 Iwo Jima Boulevard, Harlingen, Texas 78550.**

ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY

Founded in 1910

Fully accredited military academy on the Pacific Ocean. Grades 7 through 12. Strong academic emphasis. Honor MI Unit of ROTC. Catalog: Box V, Carlsbad, CA. 92008. (714) 729-2385.

WASSOOKEAG

Dexter, Maine

Unique Program for College-bound students
Grades 8-12 September-June
SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP
SUMMER STUDY INSTITUTE
Accredited—Non-profit
Lester G. May
Lake Wassookeag, Dexter, Maine 04930
Telephone: 207-924-6202

Girls' Schools

RADFORD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Accredited college prep. in ideal climate. Music, art, dramatics, sec'l. Sports, riding. Non-profit. Limited enrollment. Est. 1910. Ctlg. **Marjorie Graham, M.S., Prin., Lucinda Templin, Ph. D., Prin. emerita, 4502 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas 79903.**

THE KNOX SCHOOL

A distinctive country boarding school. College prep. General course. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Riding, all sports. Music, art. N. Y. trips to concerts, theatre, UN, opera. 65th year. Catalog. State age, grade. **Box V, St. James, L. I., N. Y. 11780.**

GRIER SCHOOL

2 accred. Col. Prep programs. New class rms. & labs. Adv. placement & honors courses. All bdg. school, gr. 9-12. 1000 acres. Riding, indoor & out. 50 horses. Skiing, team sports, gym, pool, tennis. Social life. **116th yr. Mrs. T. C. Grier, Box 62, Tyrone, Pa. 16686.**

Linden Hall

New student residences open this fall. Excellent opportunity for sound college preparation plus art, music, dramatics, home economics, or typing. Small classes. Personal counseling. Emphasis on study skills that prepare for college success. Swimming pool. Riding. Historic school, suburban to city of Lancaster. Endowed. Address **Byron K. Horne, D.D., Box 40, Lititz, Pa. 17543.**

Junior Colleges

SOUTHERN SEMINARY

Junior College. Fully accredited 2-year. A.A., A.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts, transfer. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Sec'y, Merchandising, Kindergarten Tr. Equitation. 101st Yr. **Dr. Sidney E. Sandridge, Pres., Box 107, Buena Vis'a Va. 24416.**

GREENBRIER COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



158th year. Jr. College & 2 yrs. H. S. Liberal Arts and Career Courses. New Activities-Gymnasium Bldg., Olympic swimming pool. Indoor, outdoor riding facilities. Edith H. Christy, Dean, Box V, Lewisburg, West Virginia 24901.

Any of these schools will gladly give you further information.

Foreign Schools

LA CHÂTELAINIE—SWITZ.

International Girls' School. Estab. 1880. Lake & Mt. Branch. Grades 9-12. College Board Ent. Exam., Finishing Courses. Languages. Home Ec., Secretarial. Sports. European Tours. Summer Session. **La Châtelainie, Saint-Blaise/Neuchâtel, Switzerland.**

FLEMING COLLEGE

TWO-YEAR AMERICAN COLLEGE IN EUROPE

at Lugano, Switzerland . . . American coeducational liberal arts curriculum emphasizing international relations, political science and the humanities.

Six weeks research travel in Common Market and Eastern European countries. Independent study sophomore year.

The INSTITUTE FOR EUROPEAN AFFAIRS, an affiliate also based in Lugano . . . offers college preparatory year emphasizing political economy and the humanities . . . with research in Western Europe and North Africa.

For information write:
N. Y. Rep.
326 E. 69th St. • New York, N. Y. 10021
Tel. (212) 988-5462

TASIS—The American School In Switzerland

COLLEGE PREPARATION IN EUROPE

American education with a European dimension. Coeducational college preparation at Lugano in Southern Switzerland. Grades 9 through 12. Meets highest American academic standards. Excellent record of college acceptances. American faculty, European language instructors. Small classes. Optional European vacation travel. Sports program with ski month at St. Moritz.

M. Crist Fleming, Director

For information write:
N.Y. Rep.
326 E. 69th Street
New York, New York 10021
Tel. (212) 988-5462

Remedial

KILDONAN SCHOOL

Small coed boarding school for children of normal intelligence with problems in reading, writing, spelling. 9-16 yrs. Individualized academic prog. Riding, sports. Attractive country campus. **Mrs. Diana H. King, Box 139, Solebury, Bucks Co., Pa. 18963.**

Coeducational Schools

FENSTER SCHOOL—ARIZONA

Fully accredited for boys and girls. Grades 1-12. College preparatory. Small classes. Excellent facilities and staff. Riding, swimming in a scenic, dry, clear climate. Also summer school. Color Catalog. **John W. Howard, Hdm., Box 6230, Tucson, Ariz. 85716**

Golden Hills Academy

Grades 7 to 12. Coeducational college preparatory. Nonsectarian, high academic standard, modern languages, fine arts, new math, humanities, sciences. Swimming, golf, riding, tennis.



Summer School & Golf Camp

Route 27, Ocala, Florida 32670

Write for Illustrated Catalog

JUDSON-ARIZONA

BOARDING-COLLEGE PREP.-COED



Fully accredited. Prep and General Courses. Healthful desert climate. Grades 5-12. Informal Western life. Small classes. Excellent staff. All sports. Horseback riding. Art, music. Brochure. **David V. Wick, Headmaster, Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252**

Secretarial & Business

GRACE BALL SEC'L COLLEGE

Professional training at college level in the City by the Golden Gate. Residence. National placement service. 1-year secretarial courses. Gen'l, Executive, Med., Legal, Foreign Service. Catalog: **Registration Secretary, 525 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 94102.**

Webber College

Babson Park, Florida 33827

Learn to be an executive secretary. College life . . . college credit. Lakeside campus. A/C dorm. A secretary's life is a challenge, a choice, a career. Write **Mrs. T. P. Stevenson** for color catalog.



THE WOOD SCHOOL

Secretarial

College level secretarial courses beginning in Feb., July & Sept. For catalog write Registrar or phone OX 7-1290.



125 Park Ave. (100 E. 42nd St. opp. Grand Central), New York, N.Y. 10017

Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL

Boston 02116 21 Marlborough St.
New York 10017 200 Park Ave.
Montclair, N.J. 07042 33 Plymouth St.
Providence 02906 77 S. Angell St.

Outstanding training
Three practical courses
Student loans available
Residences · Catalog:
Associate Principal

The discoveries of a Chandler grad

That you're trusted with important jobs. That you're depended on when the boss is out of town. That you're the right hand he can't get along without. Capable. Useful. Needed. Concerned. You have specialized secretarial training in Executive, Medical, Legal, or Science-Research. With a lib. arts background. And the stimulating experience of education in Boston. 1 & 2 yr. courses. Delightful Back Bay residences. Placement service. Discover your top career potential at Chandler. *Accredited as a Two-Year School of Business.* Ctlg. 448 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115.

CHANDLER
SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • BOSTON

School & College Information . . .

gathered by Vogue's staff, is available without charge. If you need help in finding the right place for your son or daughter, please fill in this coupon and mail to Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017.

Please indicate interest in schools_____ or colleges_____

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss
Address_____

Daughter_____ Son_____ Age now_____ Grade now_____

Special interests_____

Location preferred_____ Approximate fee_____

7-69

Retailing

WEBBER COLLEGE

Personalized education. Retailing, Secretarial, Business. 2 yr. Assoc. Degree. Learning by doing. Social & sports activities. Supervised dorm. Lakeside campus. Member Am. Assoc. Jr. Colleges. Catalog: **Mrs. Thelma D. Stevenson, Webber College, Babson Park, FL 33827.**

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Intensive 1 yr. program Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling, Speech, Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Student dormitory, walking distance to school. Our 54th year. Write specifying course. **750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611.**

L.I.M.—FASHION CAREERS

12 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
Learn buying, advertising, fashion coordination. T.V., in N.Y.'s smartest section. 1- and 2-year courses. Paid store work. Graduates placed. Cat. V. **Laboratory Institute of Merchandising.**

CHAMBERLAIN

A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL OF RETAILING
Merchandising, personnel, display, fashion, adv., interior design. 2-yr. course for College age girls. Training in Boston stores. Dormitories. **Hilda V. Noones, 90 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass. 02116.**

Grahm Junior College

Retailing * Merchandising * Liberal Arts

Learn by doing. Two year Work-Study Degree Program in Retailing includes paid on-the-job training, fashion coordination, display, promotion, copy, customer services, merchandising, personnel, retail management, liberal arts. Activities. Dormitories. Placement. Coed. Catalog. Write **Miss Newman.**
GRAHM JUNIOR COLLEGE
(founded as Cambridge School)
632 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02215

BASSIST FASHION INSTITUTE

Fashion buying, merchandising, advertising, display, interior decorating, fashion show production, paid training with leading stores, approved for veterans and foreign students. Sept. to June. European Fashion Tour. Catalogue.
923 S.W. Taylor St., Portland, Ore. 97205
Home of Jantzen, White Stag, Pendleton

Fashion Institute of America

Discover the Fashion Institute of America and the prestige careers for which it prepares you. Study merchandising, retailing, designing, advertising, fashion coordination. Two-year degree course is arts based, tuition includes study trip to New York with optional quarter at The Fashion Institute of America in London. Study in the college's fashion store, The Hobble Shop, work before the camera and on closed-circuit television. Live in high-rise dorms with swimming pools. A quick ride from dorm to class in downtown Atlanta via London doubledeck bus. Approved for foreign students. Transfers accepted. When writing, please give phone number, area code, parents' names, date of high school graduation.
THE FASHION INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
A Division of Massey Junior College
Henry Grady Square, 56 Marietta St. NW
Atlanta, Georgia 30303/Dept. 310

Write to the colleges or schools which interest you, mentioning VOGUE. Be sure to give proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, course you prefer.

Modeling

Modeling Institute of America

MIA

Become a student of The Modeling Institute of America and train for an exciting career as a fashion, photographic or television model. Intensive program conducted by experienced models. In-school photo lab and closed-circuit television experience provided along with actual fashion show participation. London doubledeck buses transport you from high-rise dorms with swimming pools to classes in the heart of downtown Atlanta. Eligible for London quarter. Please state age and telephone number, area code, parents' names, date of high school graduation.
THE MODELING INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
A Division of Massey Junior College
Henry Grady Square, 56 Marietta St. NW
Atlanta, Georgia 30303/Dept. 310

Airline Training

McCONNELL AIRLINE SCHOOL

Air Careers. Romance! Travel! Adventure! Fun! Train for exciting flight and ground positions. Airline-trained teachers. Placement service. 25th year. Accredited Member NATTS. Catalog; give age. **1030 Nicollet Ave., Room V79. Minneapolis, Minn. 55403.**

Fine & Applied Arts

RUDOLPH SCHAEFFER

SCHOOL OF DESIGN (40th Year)
3 year certificate course
Interior Design and Color
Fall semester starts September 22, 1969.
2255 Mariposa St., San Francisco, California 94110.

Your career in the fashion world . . .
Learn Fashion Design & Dress Creation . . .
. . . And Make Your Own Wardrobe While You Study
Courses For Beginners & Professionals
French Fashion Academy
600 Madison Ave. (at 58th Street)
New York, N.Y. Phone: 421-7770



MAYER SCHOOL of FASHION



"The Dynamic Approach to Designing" Fashion Workshop Method; Designing Course with graduation certificate in less than a year. Individual Guidance. Day-Eve. Co-ed. Free Placement Service. Est. 1931. Air Conditioned • Summer Session
• Designing • Dressmaking • Draping
• Sketching • Patternmaking • Grading
Request Cat. U or Home Study Cat. U-1
64 W. 36 St., N. Y. 10018 LO 5-5620

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN



• 4 Mos. Practical Course • 3 Yrs. Interior Design • 6 Wks. Summer Session
A leading school offers comprehensive training under supervision of highly qualified faculty. Start Oct., Feb., July. Catalog 7R. HOME STUDY COURSE starts now. For those who cannot attend classes. Catalog 7C.
155 East 56th St., New York 10022

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*



Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
INTENSIVE SIX WEEKS' SUMMER COURSE
Beginners & Advanced. Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!*
Illustration, Layout; Life, Sketch, Paste-up, Design, Draping, Pattern, Dressmaking. Certificate Courses. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone 673-0300.
257 Park Ave. South (21st St.) N.Y. 10010

SAN FRANCISCO
ACADEMY OF ART
SINCE 1929
627 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102
ACCREDITED CO-ED COLLEGE • BFA DEGREE
Comprehensive courses in
DESIGN • ILLUSTRATION • ADVERTISING
FINE ARTS • INDUSTRIAL DESIGN • TV
FASHION ILLUSTRATION • PHOTOGRAPHY
Approved for
Vets • War Orphans • Foreign Students
FREE CATALOG-1C

INSTITUTE OF INTERIOR DESIGN

Enroll now in the Institute of Interior Design. Here is a two-year college program plus one year of advanced study. Learn by doing in booming downtown Atlanta . . . the design center of the Southeast. Training offered in all areas of residential and commercial interiors. Optional quarter of study in London. High-rise dormitory with pool. London doubledeck buses for transportation about the city. Please state age, phone number, area code, parents' names, date of high school graduation.
INSTITUTE OF INTERIOR DESIGN
A Division of Massey Junior College
Henry Grady Square, 56 Marietta St. NW
Atlanta, Georgia 30303/Dept. 310

Fine & Applied Arts

AUDITORE SCHOOL OF FASHION DESIGN

Designing. Sketching. Draping. Patternmaking. Dressmaking. Coed. Enroll now! Request Cat. V. **1182 Broadway (28th St.), N. Y. 10001. MU 3-1348.**

PAN-AMERICA ART SCHOOL

Fashion Illustration. Fine Arts. Advertising Design & layout. Story Illustration. Window Display. Co-ed. Foreign students. Veterans. Catalog V. Summer Session July 7 through Aug. 21. **318 West 57th Street, N. Y., N. Y. 10019. PL 7-0064.**

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Placement service. Coed. 46th year. Fall term begins Sept. 2. Catalog. **Irving Shapiro, A.W.S., Dir., Dept. 679, 30 East Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. 60603.**

Art

STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration and Design, Fashion Merchandising with modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Window Display. 54th year. Coed. Nearby student dormitory apartments each with kitchen, bath, and phone. Individual advancement. Excellent professional instructors and equipment. Entrance date Wed., Sept. 3. Write Registrar, specify course.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 60611
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Home Study

DRESS DESIGNING

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Low tuition & payments. Send for free booklet. **National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 717-017, Chicago, Ill. 60614.**

INTERIOR DECORATION

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Free booklet. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 717-017, Chicago 60614.**

Watch Your Language!

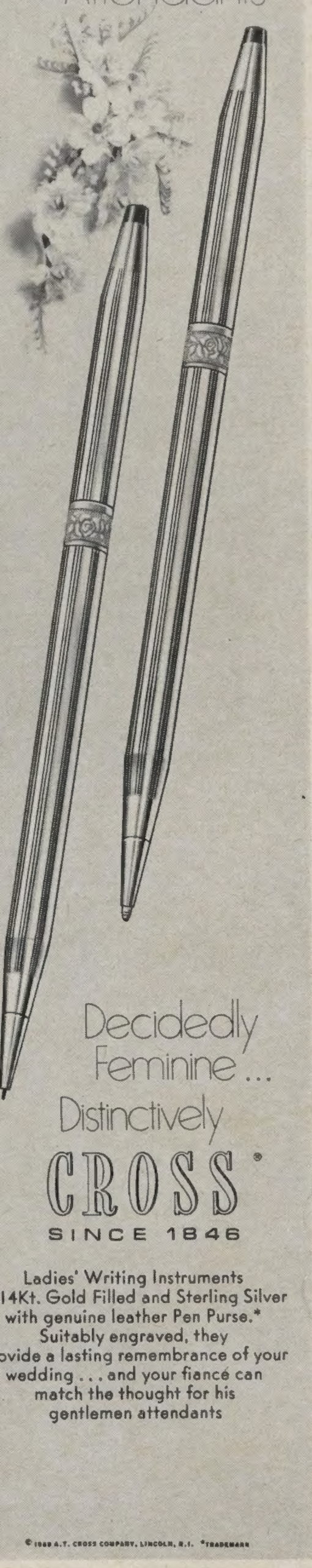
A noted publisher in Chicago reveals a remarkably effective method for building a working knowledge of over 2,000 powerful, expressive words quickly and easily.

People unable to express themselves effectively often lose many business and social opportunities. Others who use their vocabulary improperly, subject themselves to ridicule and cause others to misunderstand what they mean.

We need a good vocabulary, says the publisher, to understand more clearly what we read and hear, to think with greater clarity and logic, and to express ourselves more effectively when we speak or write. A command of words instills confidence in one's ability to speak convincingly and impress others with one's knowledge and understanding.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing a large vocabulary, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Vocabulary," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Vocabulary Studies, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 717-017, Chicago, Ill. 60614. A postcard will do.

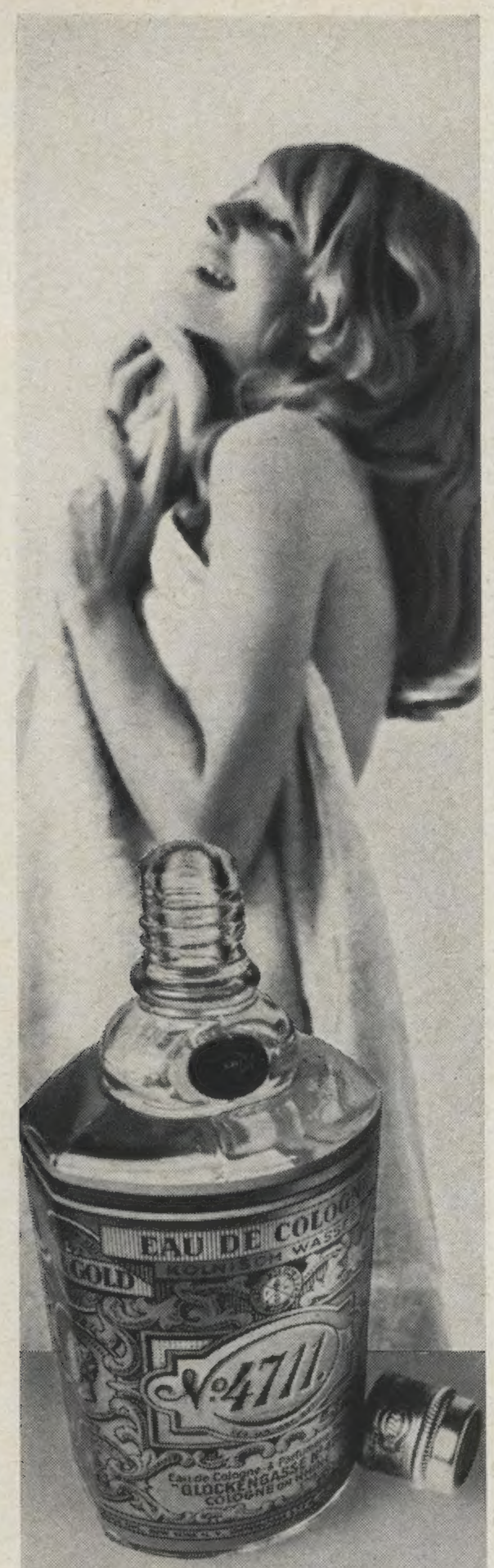
The gift for your Bridal Attendants



Decidedly Feminine... Distinctively
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Ladies' Writing Instruments in 14Kt. Gold Filled and Sterling Silver with genuine leather Pen Purse.* Suitably engraved, they provide a lasting remembrance of your wedding . . . and your fiancé can match the thought for his gentlemen attendants

© 1969 A.T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R.I. *TRADEMARK



No. 4711.

The Refreshant Cologne.

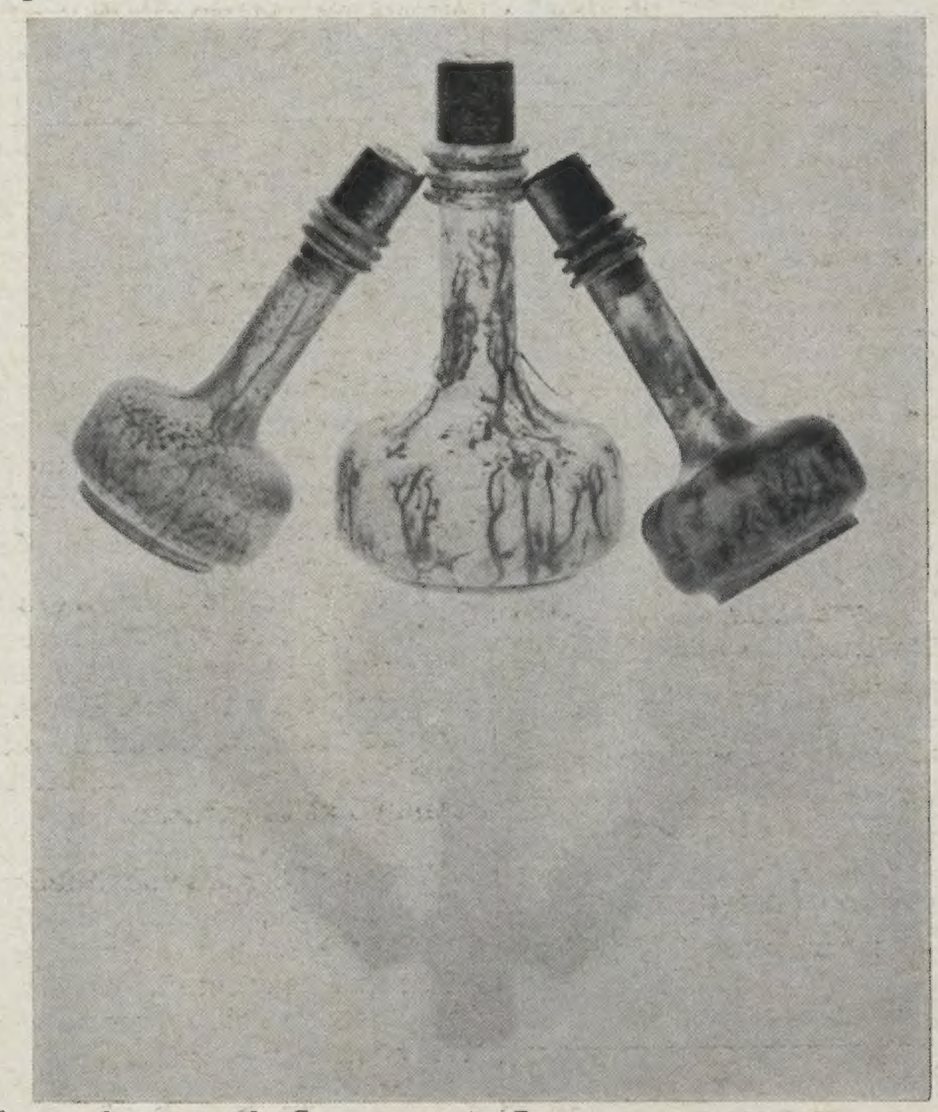
Also available in soap, bath crystals, dusting powder and talc.

Sole Distributor: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Secret urn-ings

Watch out, David. Thomas, Richard, and Harold, too. A fragrance carefully researched to emulate the lethal seductiveness of certain Biblical ladies is infiltrating New York, California, and even Philadelphia. Bat-Sheba it's called, after the woman spelled Bathsheba in our particular Second Book of Samuel. King David took a long look at Bat-Sheba bathing, summoned her to his room, and his way of looking at things eventually produced King Solomon. Urns are what Bat-Sheba perfume comes in—beautiful urns (see below), no two alike, hand-painted replicas of Phoenician flacons used to transport bath oils a couple of thousand years ago. Judith Muller, small, vital, blond Hungarian-turned-Israeli, directrice of a beauty institute in Haifa, is the planner of it all, including the two Bat-Sheba flavours: Woody Modern, fresh and foresty; Exotic Oriental, a devious meld that hints darkly of Old Testament lore and flora. There's a selection of strengths and sizes imported here now—each a well-urned compliment.



Two feet off the ground

Since long-distance walking is spectacular for our shape, but leaves us blubbering over angry feet, we were delighted to find that now we can have our hike and beat it too. Vitabath's new four-point foot program, For Feet's Sake, begins with Pumice Soufflé, an abrasive cream to help shed rough, dry skin and calluses. The next step is Touchstone, a treated seaweed sponge. Rub first over soap, then over foot bumps. Follow with Heel To Toe Cream, silky, fragrant on the skin. Finish with Refresher Spray, a cooling deodorant that can be swooshed even through stockings.

La Costa—the resort where you'll lose the things you want to lose. Like tensions you don't need. And worries you don't want.

You'll lose them at our championship golf course. At tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. Dancing every night. A trip to nearby San Diego. Or to romantic Old Mexico.

And if you want to lose a few pounds, you can do that too. At our opulent Spa.

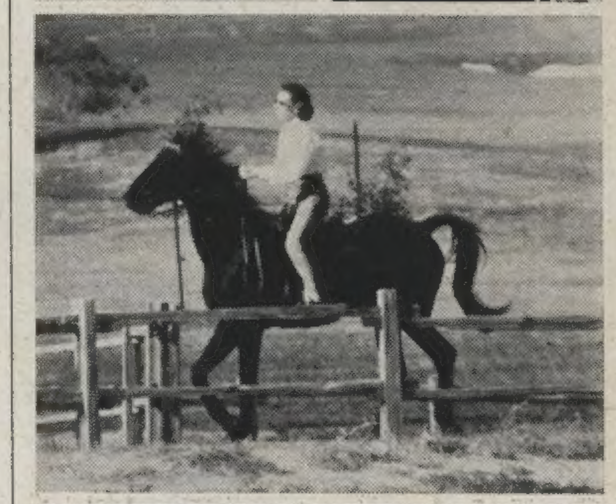
Come to La Costa in Southern California. Where you can get lost in activities. And find the you you've wanted to recapture.

Get lost at La Costa. The place to find yourself.











LA COSTA

Resort-Hotel and Spa
Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008 (714) 729-7111

For reservations or our brochure, call your travel agent. Or our nearest reservation office.

New York 757-6805
Boston LI 2-2036
Chicago FI 6-2979
Dallas RI 7-3610
Los Angeles DU 8-1151
San Francisco 434-0660
Seattle MU 2-1981
Miami FR 9-8331
Montreal VI 2-2969
Toronto 366-2941

Home of the Tournament of Champions

Be new.
Be natural.
Be now and forever.
But be sure.
Sure as new Kotex napkins–
now with deep-downy
Soft-Impressions®!

GOWN BY ANTHONY MUTO FOR JOBÈRE—SHOES I. MILLER—JEWELRY MIMI DI N.

New centers of softness in Kotex® napkins absorb faster, protect better.



ALL FOR THE GENTLE SEX
FROM KIMBERLY-CLARK

INVER HOUSE Scotch

Soft as a Kiss

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
©INHL

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.